

SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1903.

PACIFIC SLOPE HER MOXEY VERY FOXY.

Not However Sly Enough to
Take in Coffey.

Aged Wife of Youthful Swain Is
Declared Incompetent.

Decision Affecting Rights of Fruit
Growers—Tulare Enter-
prise—New Shops.

(BY THE ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.)
SAN FRANCISCO, March 6.—In a decision rendered today, Judge Coffey declared Mrs. Gage H. Moxey, an aged and wealthy woman, formerly resident of Boston, and who married a fencing instructor connected with a local physical culture school, incompetent to manage her own affairs. She declared her incompetency in the case of her husband, who was declared incompetent to manage his own affairs. Judge Coffey's decision was based on the fact that Mrs. Moxey was unable to understand the nature and consequences of her husband's actions. The decision was rendered in a case brought by her husband's creditors. Mrs. Moxey is now residing in a nursing home. The decision is expected to have a significant impact on the rights of fruit growers in the Pacific Slope region.

GEN. WOOD'S GREAT TASK.

Will Cleanse the Philip-
pines of Polygamy and
Slavery.

(BY THE ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.)
WASHINGTON, March 6.—It was learned today that General Wood, a personal friend of the President, is going to the Philippines upon a mission of vast importance, and that it is not only his duty but his pleasure to clean up the island. General Wood is expected to arrive in Manila in the near future. His mission is to oversee the implementation of the Philippine Organic Act, which aims to establish a system of government for the Philippines. General Wood is known for his strong sense of justice and his commitment to the principles of democracy.

FEAR AWFUL DISASTER.

Flood Equal to That Which
Overwhelmed Johnstown
Menaces Cloverdale.

(BY THE ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.)
TULARE, March 6.—Judge Wallace of the Superior Court has rendered a decision which will be of interest to fruit growers and packers. The decision was based on the fact that the fruit growers had failed to provide adequate insurance for their crops. The court ruled that the fruit growers were responsible for the loss of their crops. This decision is expected to have a significant impact on the fruit industry in the Tulare region.

STEAMERS' EXCITING RACE.

FINISH A LENGTH APART.

(BY THE ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.)
SAN FRANCISCO, March 6.—From Cape Mendocino to Meigs' wharf, in this bay, a distance of 200 miles, the steamer Corona, from Eureka, and George W. Elder, from Portland, were in an exciting race with each other, victory finally going to the Corona by a ship's length.

ASPARAGUS CANNERY.

CONTRACT LET FOR BUILDING.

(BY THE ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.)
STOCKTON, March 6.—(Exclusive Dispatch.) A contract has just been let for building the largest vegetable cannery in the interior of the State. It will be erected at Moorland, on the Santa Fe, twelve miles west of Stockton, and while the owners intend to put up only asparagus after the first two years, peas, beans and tomatoes will

taken an undue advantage of the other's weakness of will, or confidence in him springing from intimacy of relation.

The decision concludes: "The claim in this case is that respondent is incompetent; that she is incapable of taking care of herself and her property, and likely to be imposed upon by designing persons, and that claim is, in the judgment of this court, fully made out."

FALL OF MOUNTAIN SIDE.

ARROW LAKE IS BLOCKED.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)
VANCOUVER (B. C.) March 6.—(Exclusive Dispatch.) News of a remarkable fall of a mountain side into Arrow Lake, a body of water in the interior, has reached the city. A section of overhanging cliff, half a mile in extent, broke away and crashed into the water. The millions of tons of rock falling sounded like the reverberations of an earthquake. It was but a few minutes later that the steamer Archer, plying between Arrow Head and Thompson's Landing, came along and narrowly escaped a catastrophe. The boat was unable to get through, owing to the blocking of the lake, which is narrow at this point, and navigation is impossible. When the rock crashed down, an immense wave came rolling up the lake, over eight feet high, carrying everything before it. Ice which had formed on the shore, was carried sixty feet into the water, and was used for towing purposes was torn from its moorings and carried high up on the side of the mountain. At a point where the rock crashed down, a high rock bluff towers over the lake, and is nearly a mile in length. The natural formation made it overhang at the top, and it was a large section of this, half a mile long and of immense thickness, that suddenly dropped.

TULARE RAILWAY.

APPLICATION FOR FRANCHISE.

(BY THE ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.)
TULARE, March 6.—That the much-talked-of electric road for the fruit district of Tulare county will soon be built, was practically assured yesterday, when a petition and application for the franchise was filed with the Board of Supervisors. The application was signed by John Hayes Hammond and his attorney, Harold Wheeler of New York City. It is proposed to construct a single-track railroad, to be run by either steam or electricity, for the purpose of transporting passengers, freight, express matter and Tulare county mails. The proposed road, when built, will start from Visalia, running due east to the Broder colony, then southeast to Farmerville, where it turns east and northeast to Exeter and Lennon Grove, respectively.

VALUABLE ESTATE.

FAMILY ARRANGES COMPROMISE.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)
OAKLAND, March 6.—(Exclusive Dispatch.) Pursuant to a compromise, Judge Hall today set aside the provisions of the will of the late John J. Valentine, former president of Wells Fargo & Co., and granted the petition of the widow, Mrs. Alice M. B. Valentine, to have one-third of the estate distributed to her, instead of specific legacies. Seven children consented to a distribution, ordered in accordance with the terms of the compromise, to take effect after the arrival of money from New York for certain stocks.

By the will, Mrs. Valentine was bequeathed \$65,000 in cash, and the family residence, "Cedar Croft" in East Oakland, valued at \$45,000. The remainder of the estate was to be divided among the children, except that Samantha J. Valentine, sister, and Francis F. Norvell, a niece, each were left \$20,000.

Specific bequests of \$25,000 were left each of the sons, Edwin C. John J. Jr., William G. and Dudley E. Valentine. The youngest son, Philip C. Valentine, was left \$25,000. Two daughters, Ethel S. and Eliza R. Valentine, each were left \$40,000. The residue of the estate was to be divided among the children in proportion to their specific bequests. Three of the children, Edward C. Ethel S. and John J. Valentine, Jr., were by former marriage with Mary F. Valentine. It was provided that these children were to receive the bequests left them by will should relinquish their claims to the \$27,000 insurance money left to them through their mother.

Mrs. Valentine and her husband were married May 23, 1882. At that time she alleged he owned property valued at \$65,000. The remainder of the estate, valued at \$45,000, it was alleged, was acquired after marriage and was community property. Under the law, Mrs. Valentine would be entitled to one-half of the community property, in addition to the specific legacies left her by will. She will waive her claims to specific legacies if the children would consent to her receiving one-third of the entire estate, which is much less than if she insisted upon full legal rights. The proposition was accepted by the children and approved today.

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be canned this and next season, while the asparagus is being cultivated. The firm will make contracts with outside growers of asparagus, as it intends to put up thousands of cases, but not until a tract of 1500 acres, set to the asparagus vegetable, in producing, will the plant be given up to handling asparagus. The land is between Middle River and Whiskey Slough, and almost all the crop can be handled by boat or barge on the two streams. The Santa Fe will put in a long wharf and siding, so that the produce can be transferred conveniently.

The new cannery will have 12-600 feet of floor space, the vision season. This will be doubled next year, and dormitories will be constructed for the help. The plant will be ready for use July 1.

DEATH TO HOPES OF FAITHFUL WIFE.

EFFORTS TO SAVE FAITHLESS
HUSBAND FROM GALLOWS.

Homer Bird Probably Has Paid Penalty
for Murdering His Mistress and a
Rival—Extraordinary Efforts to Tem-
per Justice With Mercy.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)
TACOMA, March 6.—(Exclusive Dispatch.) Homer Bird was today executed at Sitka, providing the plans of United States Marshal Shoup did not miscarry. Bird was sentenced in December, after a second trial. In preparation for the event, Marshal Shoup took away the expert carpenter to construct the gallows. Bird's case became best known by the persistent efforts of his wife and daughter to save his life. The President ten days ago, quietly announced that he could not pardon the prisoner.

In the summer of 1897 Bird went to Yukon in a company of New Orleans gold-seekers, including a woman, who accompanied Bird as his wife. There was quarrel over the division of money and equipment, and to make matters worse the woman secured from Bird all he possessed, and transferred her affections. Bird killed both her and her lover, and accounted for their disappearance by stating they had gone prospecting. Later, officers recovered the bodies.

Mrs. Bird hurried to Sitka when her husband was taken there for trial. When convicted, Bird obtained a trial and trial. It was held at Juneau, resulting in another conviction. She immediately set to work to secure a pardon or commutation to life imprisonment. In New Orleans, she stirred hundreds to sign a petition for executive clemency, besides requesting Senators and Representatives to intercede. Taking her daughter, Mrs. Bird went to Washington and endeavored to see the President. He asked Atty-Gen. Knox to personally review the evidence, and on his recommendation, decided to interfere.

SLOPE BRIEFS.

Hawaiian Sugar Shipments.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 6.—Seventeen sugar-laden vessels arrived here from Hawaii during the month of February, the total receipts for the month being \$4,845,900 pounds. The total receipts at this port for the first two months of the year foot up \$9,585,000 pounds, against \$7,100,000 pounds for the same period last year, showing an increased movement this year of over 20,000,000 pounds.

New Japanese Steamers.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 6.—The Japanese steamship company, Nippon Yusen Kaisha, will order the immediate construction of three vessels, with a gross tonnage of 12,000 tons each. The vessels will be named after the three islands of Japan. The company will decide on March 20, where they shall be built.

Raiding Chinese Games.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 6.—The police last night raided three fan-tan games, and arrested eighty-four Chinese. All were held on a charge of violation of the Six Companies, who deposited \$170 for their release. The raid caused much excitement in the Chinese quarter.

New Car Shops.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 6.—At an expense of about \$100,000, the United Railroads Company has bought a large tract of land on which to build car shops and repair shops and car barns. There are about twelve acres in the tract, which is situated between the Ocean House and San Jose roads. Plans for extensive buildings are being prepared, and it is said that with the necessary machinery, they will cost an additional \$200,000.

Fishermen's Wages Exempt.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 6.—By a decision rendered by Judge De Haven in the United States District Court today, the wages of fishermen are exempt from the payment of taxes. The purpose of the decision is to establish Gov. Beckham's eligibility to succeed himself as Governor.

Arrested Coachman's Offense.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 6.—John Lund, who is under arrest at Ogden, Utah, is wanted here on the charge of grand larceny. Lund is a coachman of Grosvonts Ayer of Menlo Park, and is accused of having victimized Ayer and others to the amount of \$300.

Suspect Not Besson.

OLYMPIA (Wash.) March 6.—Sheriff Mier has wired the North Yakima authorities to release the suspect they have been holding. His photograph has been identified by the police as not Besson.

Held for Murder.

REDDING, March 6.—Fred Craven, Jr., was today held to answer without bail for murder in killing Frank C. Whitmore on December 28, last.

Easy on Myers.

VALLEJO, March 6.—Fred Myers, who, while acting commissary steward of the United States steamship Soule, deserted that ship, taking with him some \$1500 of the mess funds, and was afterward apprehended in Wyoming and returned for trial, has been sentenced by a court-martial board to thirty days' confinement on a diet of bread and water, and a loss of three months' pay.

Deputy Sheriff's Captor.

SAN JOSE, March 6.—Frank Sherman, the man who took Deputy Sheriff Stoyton prisoner at San Felipe last week, was lodged in the County Jail here today. He is an overgrown farmer, 22 years old, 6 feet 5 inches tall. He says he did not rob Stoyton, and did not know he was an officer until he had drawn his gun, and then he thought it too late to recede until he got well into the mountains.

BIBLE SOCIETY'S WORK.

Premier Balfour and the Jewish Lord Mayor of London Join in Praise of Its usefulness.

(BY THE ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.)
LONDON, March 6.—(By Atlantic Cable.) Premier Balfour, speaking at a meeting held at the Mansion House today as a preliminary to the celebration of the centenary of the British and Foreign Bible Society paid tribute in the highest terms to its work. He said few organizations had such a wonderful record in increasing the activity and usefulness of the Bible today, no less than in the past. He said the comfort and hope of the uneducated, while to the educated, who are no nearer the kingdom of heaven, it augmented scientific interest, and was a more valuable source of spiritual life

"She Quality Store."

Boys' School Suits.

We realize the fact that most boys are very hard on their school clothes, and we are particular to have ours made strong—every part reinforced.

\$2.50 and Upward.

Mullen & Bluett Clothing Co.
FIRST AND SPRING.



A Trial Package of
Driftwood Blaze
Is Only 30c

You can see the added many times
with the same beauty results in
Diamond Coal Co.

Exclusive Agents
Tel. Main 313 229 W. Third St.

INSANITY PLEA.

Relatives of Knapp Will Testify That
Kick from Horse When Child Affected
Him Mentally.

(BY THE ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.)
HAMILTON (O.) March 6.—Alfred A. Knapp was visited today by his attorneys from Cincinnati, and they say they cannot get ready for the preliminary hearing this week. There is no doubt whatever about the defense pleading insanity, and the first movement will be for an inquest.

HALF-CENT A POUND.

BIG ADVANCE IN SUGAR.

(BY THE ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.)
SAN FRANCISCO, March 6.—The fine sugar had a sharp advance this afternoon. The refiners notified the wholesale grocers that 50 cents more per 100 pounds would be charged for sugar graded made in this city. The change became effective at 1 o'clock, and tomorrow there will be a proportionate scaling up of prices at the retail grocery stores in town. The advance is due largely to the strength of the sugar market, and higher prices in the East.

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Hale's
SATURDAY SPECIAL
Beautiful Flounces
65c Yd., Worth Up to \$1.50

As a Saturday special, Hale's will sell today the most beautiful, sweet and lustrous flounces at 65c the yard. These come in widths from 27 inches to 45 inches. Most of them are worth \$1.50, \$1.25 and \$1.00 per yard.

They consist of delicate French and English embroidered flounces, with a wealth of tucks, lace insertion and ruffles. Some come in plain embroidery in open or solid effects, others are in Irish point and Swiss embroidered effects. Only 600 yards are in the lot. We consider this one of the most remarkable values ever offered in our lace department. As every woman knows, such flounces are the most desirable materials for dresses, aprons, waists, infants' long dresses.

Exactly 40 Dozen Mea's
Swell Fancy Shirts 98c

Sold Nowhere Beneath \$1.25

Our buyers picked up in New York a small lot of the absolute, excellent, clearest, fancy shirts we have ever seen in a \$1.25 quality. They come with stiff bosoms, and the fitting for spring wear. They are made of the finest quality of dress-making and other correct designs. The shirts are especially well cut and made. In short, they are the best \$1.25 shirt you could find. On sale today at 98c.

Newest styles in Men's Silk Tecks and Shield Bows
just in. Price 23c.

Handsome Carved Leather Belts for men at 35c and 50c

75c Levi Strauss Overalls 55c

There is little doubt that the Levi Strauss overalls are the strongest, most serviceable, satisfactory overalls on the market. They sell in all stores at the cash. They are made of a special quality of denim—firm and heavy. Bordered with extra care. Today we shall sell these overalls at 55c each.

Jackies to match—regular 75c quality, 60c.

San Diego and Coronado Beach

4 HOURS AWAY

The Hotel del Coronado, with its wonderful natural attractions and its myriad of amusements, is the most popular resort in California.

Trains leave Los Angeles on the Santa Fe every day at quarter to nine in the morning and twenty minutes past two in the afternoon, carrying comfortable Parlor Observation Cars.

Sunday Excursions
—IN MARCH—

TO LOS ANGELES FROM PASADENA

Kite Shape Track \$2.05 \$2.05

Redlands 2.05 1.80

Riverside 1.75 1.75

San Bernardino 1.75 1.50

Capitola Mission 1.80 2.05

Oceanside 8.15 3.40

Monrovia .50 .25

Arroyo .70 .50

Santa Ana 1.00 1.25

Orange .95 1.80

Anaheim .80 1.05

Fullerton .70 .95

Redondo .35 .45

Manhattan .35 .45

Grand Excursion to Mt. Lowe, \$2 ROUND TRIP

TODAY AND TOMORROW, MARCH 7th and 8th.

Grandest scenic trip on earth, over a mile high. Cars leave 6th and Spring Sts. at 8 a.m. and 2 p.m. The PACIFIC ELECTRIC RAILWAY. Come to Mt. Lowe. The Main 400. ADMIRAL SCHLEY says this is the most magnificent trip he has ever taken.

GOING BACK EAST

CALIFORNIA LIMITED.

Peerless. The highest attainment in elegance and comfort of equipment, and appointments and excellence of dining service. Just one "Limited" and all energy bent toward sustaining its superiority. A home-like comfort not found on other trains.

66 hours to Chicago.

OVERLAND EXPRESS.

Free reclining chair cars. New, neat, comfortable Pullman tourist sleepingcars and Pullman palace sleepers. Meals at famous Santa Fe dining stations.

EASTERN EXPRESS.

A sister train to the Overland Express. No comfort lacking. Every provision for a pleasant, interesting trip.

Santa Fe

**SACRAMENTO
SAID BROWN
WAS "FIXED."****Drew's Tongue Slips in the
Heat of Debate.****He Appears 'Overtaken' by
With a Happy Amendment.****Poor Outlook for Code Revision
Measures—Governor Vetoes
the Noster Bill.**

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)
SACRAMENTO, March 6.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] The entire evening session of the Assembly was consumed in the consideration of Senate Bill No. 198, about which there has been almost as much discussion as the Works Irrigation Bill. The title of the bill follows:

"An act requiring uniformity in the furnishing of water for sale or rental in any county or counties of the State for irrigation, or for agricultural purposes, and in the rates charged therefor in any county, and to prevent discrimination and abuse in such furnishing or in such rates, or the collection thereof, and prohibiting the collection of any rates in contravention of this act, and providing remedies to enable the stockholders of corporations engaged in the business of furnishing such water to prevent such corporations and their officers, agents and employees from violating the provisions of this act, or from unlawfully diverting or appropriating said water."

The discussion was long and to many of the members tedious. For the bill, Drew, Johnson, Pann, Traber and others spoke. Walsh, Brown and Knight opposed. Johnson, Pann and Traber aroused Brown's ire by saying that he knew he was fixed, but when called to order by Brown, he said he knew Brown was fixed in his purposes. Drew vainly endeavored to amend the bill to provide for prior right in the distribution of water. His amendment being lost, 19 to 46.

Then occurred one of the liveliest parliamentary battles of the session. After a hard fight the hour of adjournment was extended until 11 o'clock.

Camp endeavored to strike out a section of the bill, but his amendment was voted down. On final roll call the bill was passed by a vote of 49 to 15.

BROUGHTON LAW.**IT IS NOW AMENDED.**

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)
SACRAMENTO, March 6.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] The amendments to the Broughton street railway franchise law which were proposed by the city authorities of Los Angeles and San Francisco, and which were passed by the Assembly last night, have been amended.

Under the original law, after the bids for a franchise were opened the highest bidder was entitled to raise the highest bid by 10 per cent, and run the price up as high as he wished. This provision had often been taken of this provision for the purpose of preventing competing companies from securing franchises. Dummy bids at very high figures were introduced. They were so extreme as to preclude the possibility of a raise of 10 per cent, necessarily they were accepted in good faith, and it would then be found that they were not bona fide.

There was no opposition to the amendments, the railroad corporations having come to the conclusion that it was intended for their protection when they acted in good faith, as well as for the protection of the city which advertised franchises for sale.

It is more than probable that all the bills in which Los Angeles is particularly interested will become laws, the only possible exception being the county boulevard bill. The opposition to this measure has not been altogether allayed, and there may be some difficulty in passing it.

CODE REVISION BILLS.**ASSEMBLY RIDES AT THEM.**

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)

SACRAMENTO, March 6.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] The prospects of the ultimate passage of the much-discussed code-revision bills are not bright, as their friends would desire; in fact, a doubt as to the ultimate success of this set of bills seems to pervade the Assembly. Those who assert that some of the members are playing for an extra session, hoping that in the event the bills fail of passage, the Governor will realize the necessity for legislation of this character, will summon the Legislature in extraordinary session. There are other members who oppose the bills because they do not like them, and still others who, having their own bills to look after, are unwilling to give right of way to the code-revision bills, and thus reduce the chances of the success of their own measures.

The first test on the matter came late this afternoon, and the result of it was anything but favorable to the passage of the bills. The Senate had devoted a whole session to them, and had passed one hundred and one of them, and they were immediately transmitted to the Assembly. There the Committee on Rules endeavored to secure the adoption of a special rule to take them up as a special order of business tomorrow afternoon, to the entire exclusion of all other measures, except by unanimous consent.

The adoption of this rule was vigorously opposed by Carter, Traber, Snyder and others. In the other side was Brown, Soward, Houser and others. Snyder seemed to strike the keynote of a sentiment which pervades at least a portion of the Assembly when he said: "If they want these bills passed, let them call an extra session for that purpose alone. It is now too late for us to jeopardize more important bills by giving a whole day to these."

Dunbar asserted that because of differences between Johnson and Houser, it would take two weeks to pass all the bills. The proposed rule was defeated by a vote of 21 to 42.

This means practically that after the Assembly has finished with its other

business, it may then take up the code-revision bills. One of the Senators predicted tonight that unless the Assembly took up the measures, it would be considered a discourtesy to the upper house, and the Legislature might be resorted to. He refused to explain his statement further than to say that the Senate will not be trifled with in the matter.

WILD CAT BANKS.**NO DANGER FROM THEM.**

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)

SACRAMENTO, March 6.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] If the opinion of Gov. Pardee is correct, none of the numerous wild-cat banking concerns which have sought corporate existence during the past two days have a legal standing. With reference to the matter the Governor today said:

"It requires more than the mere filing of articles of incorporation to perfect a banking business, and in my opinion all of the provisions necessary to perfect such a business must have been perfected by the filing of the articles of incorporation to make them legal, and as this has not been done in any one instance, I hold that these incorporations are void and the paper they are written on."

"I must confess that at first I was somewhat disturbed by the flood of articles of incorporation that were launched at the Secretary of State until I became convinced that they are all illegal, and yet when one takes a closer view of the matter one sees how utterly senseless they are."

"Supposing, for instance, that these articles of incorporation were valid, and that some one should attempt to start a bank in either San Francisco, Los Angeles or Oakland on slim capitalization, does it not stand to reason that the old established banking concerns would combine to demonstrate to the public that these wild-cat banks with their small capital were not reliable, and does it not seem likely that the public would care to trust them with their funds where there were so many reliable banking concerns in the same place? I hardly think so."

CALIFORNIA LEGISLATURE.**THIRTY-FIFTH SESSION.**

(BY THE ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.)

SACRAMENTO, March 6.—In a message to the Assembly today, Gov. Pardee gave notice that he had vetoed the famous Noster bill. In an impassioned speech, Senator Shoptidge asked that the bill be referred to the Senate to collect money due the State from the United States be passed over the head of the chief executive. The amendment being lost, 19 to 46.

In his message vetoing the bill, the Governor says: "I do not believe that it is in the hands of any individual when the possibility of individual wishes of the State, as expressed through her proper officers."

Other bills vetoed by Gov. Pardee were as follows:

By Duryea—Relating to liens upon real property and improvements thereon.

By Bangs—Relating to the organization and government of irrigation districts, and to provide for the acquisition or construction of works for the irrigation of lands embraced within such districts.

Chairman Knowland, of the Committee on Banks and Banking, introduced a bill in the Senate this morning which provides for the creation of a new bank, to be known as the State Bank of California.

Another bill offered by Senator Knowland this morning codifies the provisions of the law relating to everything pertaining to banks and banking, not outside of the powers and duties of the State.

The following bills were passed:

By McLaughlin—Relating to the time of commencing actions for the recovery of real property.

By Carter—Relating to township officers of the second class and their associates.

By Johnston—To regulate the sale of commercial fertilizers.

By Belshaw—Relating to the registration of voters in the Senate.

The following bills were given final passage at the night session:

By Johnston—Relating to the organization of the city and county boards of supervisors of adjoining counties.

By Knight—Allowing corporations to consolidate their respective properties.

By Luchinsger—Relating to the sale of State lands.

By Sanford—To establish a uniform code of county and township governments.

By Bunker—Prohibiting the sale of goods in railroad cars.

Senator Devlin gave notice of reconsideration, as a similar Assembly bill is pending.

The Senate took an adjournment to meet next Monday morning at 10 o'clock.

HOUSE PROCEEDINGS.

(BY THE ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.)

SACRAMENTO, March 6.—The appropriation of \$150,000 in Senator Smith's bill providing for a California exhibit at the St. Louis Exposition in 1904, was reduced to \$100,000 by the Assembly.

As soon as the new measure was recommended of the Ways and Means Committee. The measure was also amended to provide for the appointment of two instead of three commissioners. One of the commissioners is to be appointed from Southern California, and the other from the northern part of the State.

The bills by the Senate committee providing for a ballot law and a voting machine law, came up as a special order. Consideration was first given to the voting-machine law, the opponents of which made several ineffectual attempts to amend it. The bill was finally passed, with but two dissenting votes, which were cast by Allen, Dorsey and Knight.

Under a suspension of the rules, the Assembly tonight passed a bill appropriating \$500,000 to pay the bill of Robert Hays for his services rendered the State Board of Harbor Commissioners.

Maj. C. W. Kyle, formerly overseer at the State Prison, was appointed assistant reading clerk by the Assembly today. He will receive \$6 per day.

Wright withdrew his constitutional amendment proposal, the title of the Capitol to San Jose.

Johnston's bill appropriating \$12,000 for farmers' schools, was referred to the auspices of the University of California. Coggins' bill appropriating \$25,000 for the erection of additional buildings for the Normal School at Chico, and Wicks' bill appropriating \$10,000 for the erection and equipment of buildings for the San Francisco State Normal School, were passed.

The following bills were introduced:

By Duryea—Relating to liens upon real property and improvements thereon.

By Allen—Relating to the power of

the State Board of Harbor Commissioners.

By Olmstead—Appropriating \$10,000 to pay the claim of the county of Mono.

By Dunlap—Fixing the powers of railroad corporations.

The Assembly constitutional amendment exempting mortgage deeds from taxation was adopted by the Assembly today, after three calls of the House.

ADJOURNMENT RESOLUTION.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)

SACRAMENTO, March 6.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Just before adjournment tonight the Committee on Ways and Means presented a report to the Assembly providing for the final adjournment of the Legislature at noon on March 14. It was in the form of a concurrent resolution, and was an amendment to Brown's resolution of several days ago, providing for final adjournment on March 6. The report of the committee was unanimously adopted, thus showing that the members want to get away at noon of a week from tomorrow, instead of at midnight.

The present plan is to pass this resolution on the last day of the session to take a recess at noon until evening. The permit the Governor to call the evening session will be given over to the usual programme of songs, speeches, etc., but if the resolution passes, no business will be transacted after noon on the date mentioned.

FERTILIZER BILL.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)

SACRAMENTO, March 6.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] It is now up to the Governor whether the agriculturalists of the State shall be given the benefit of a law for which they have been fighting for ten years or more. Johnstone's fertilizer bill passed the Senate today and will be sent to the Governor tomorrow.

This is the bill for which Maj. Anderson of Fresno came here some time ago, and secured the support of a number of members.

Its success in the Senate today is due to the work done by the committee which yesterday had it advanced upon the floor, and who today had it taken up out of order and passed without division. It is similar to the bill which former Senator Currier worked so hard during the last two sessions of the Legislature. Its purpose is to insure to ranchers protection from the sale of fake materials which heretofore have been floated upon them by the fertilizer manufacturers.

If the bill is signed and becomes a law, Johnstone of San Dimas will have accomplished more real good for his constituents than all the other members from country districts.

Signed by Governor.

SACRAMENTO, March 6.—The following bills were signed by Gov. Pardee this morning:

By Smith—Relating to unlawful interference with public fire alarms.

Other bills vetoed by Gov. Pardee were as follows:

By Duryea—Relating to liens upon real property and improvements thereon.

By Bangs—Relating to the organization and government of irrigation districts, and to provide for the acquisition or construction of works for the irrigation of lands embraced within such districts.

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**AMERICANS TURNING
TABLES ON GERMANS.**

(BY THE ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.)

BERLIN, March 6.—[By Atlantic Cable.] Export, a trade paper, devotes a series of articles to studying the methods by which American goods are supplanting German goods in foreign markets. The articles consist largely of letters from Germans living in Mexico, Venezuela, Brazil and Australia. The writers explain that the German houses are being beaten because they are unwilling to guarantee agents fixed salaries, as Americans do, and also because they depend upon sending out catalogues, whereas the Americans keep stocks of goods in established agencies where buyers can select to purchase after seeing the goods.

and therefore prefer to deal with the Americans. The German agents, it is added, are largely taking service with American houses because of the better terms offered them and owing to their handling exclusively American wares.

Exports urges the German manufacturers to abandon their penny-wise pound-foolish policy and give their agents decent, fixed salaries, so as to enable them to withstand the flattering offers of their American competitors, adding: "This is all the more important, since American competition in the world's markets will evidently become more keen during the next ten years."

was engaged at the time of his death with the official history of the South African war. This work is unfinished. Col. Henderson contemplated writing a life of Gen. Robert E. Lee and another of Wellington.

Capt. William Winder.
OMAHA (Neb.) March 6.—Capt. William Winder died of cancer today, aged 80 years. Capt. Winder won fame on the battlefield of Mexico and the Civil War, and for eighteen years has been ailing agent of the Land Department at Rosebud, S. D. He was a brother-in-law of Admiral George Dewey. He leaves a widow and son.

Mrs. Jeannette A. Brown.
NEVADA, March 6.—Mrs. Jeannette A. Brown, wife of N. P. Brown, a pioneer journalist of Nevada county, died today.

DENOUNCES TREATY.
Cuban Senator Thinks it a Scheme of United States to Control Commerce of Island.

(BY THE ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.)
HAVANA, March 6.—[By West Indian Cable.] The reciprocity treaty was up in the Senate again today, and the debate was adjourned until tomorrow.

In this afternoon's debate Sen. Sanguinetti denounced the treaty as a scheme of the United States to control the commerce of Cuba, in order that the United States might secure the entire commerce, as well as the political control of the island.

He made a lengthy speech, quoted figures to prove that even if the allegations made that the sugar industry would be ruined, the result would not be otherwise than beneficial to Cuba.

It has been asserted that the sugar and tobacco industries will make additional profit under the treaty of \$10,000,000 annually.

Mr. Sanguinetti made a lengthy speech, calling on President Palma to repudiate the treaty. He said that the treaty was a scheme of the United States to control the commerce of Cuba, in order that the United States might secure the entire commerce, as well as the political control of the island.

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**During
Convalescence****Recovery is hastened, health restored and vitality renewed by the use of****ANHEUSER-BUSCH'S****Malt-Nutrine****The perfect malt tonic. A liquid form. It quickly builds flesh and tissue.****All druggists sell it. Prepared by the Anheuser-Busch Brewing Association, St. Louis, U. S. A.****for Infants and Children.****The Kind You Have Always Bought****Signature of****Charles H. Fletcher****In Use For Over 30 Years.****WHOLESALE HAY****L. A. HAY STORAGE CO., 335 Central Ave., Phone 1****FLASHES FROM THE WIRES.****Rev. J. M. Caldwell, at one time president of the Methodist Episcopal Church, was yesterday declared insane by a Chicago jury. He probably will be taken to a private sanatorium.****Earthquake shocks have been felt for two days in the district of Volga, Saxony, (Germany). Mountains, yesterday's shocks were violent. The inhabitants of Gravitia left their houses and passed into the streets.****A syndicate, composed chiefly of Cleveland capitalists, is negotiating for an almost all the coal mines on the Kanabwa and New Rivers.****Gen. Robert Foster was buried at Crown Hill, Indianapolis, yesterday, with military honors.****William Winder was hanged at Rosebud, N. D., yesterday for the murder of Thomas Walsh in July, 1932.****The Ohio River bridges have been closed at the foot of Fourth street, Louisville, yesterday, the highest of the season, but the danger line has not been yet reached.****Fire yesterday destroyed the Oila House, Watertown, N. Y., and caused serious damage to the same. The hotel was crowded with guests and many narrow escapes were reported.****Dr. Daniel C. Gilman has been elected president of the American Bible Society.****Vicar-General Mooney is in New York with his gripe.****W. Bourke Cockran is dangerously ill at Aswan, Egypt, with bronchial pneumonia.****By giving the Yale library an exceptional collection of Russian and Slavic literature, and more recently a book library on music, the late J. Sumner Smith so far impoverished his fortunes that Yale graduates have had to step to raise a fund for the aid of his widow.****Alonso Clark and Elizabeth Austin, aged 19, were married six weeks ago in Oswego, N. Y. They are now in jail here, charged with burglary and larceny.****Mrs. Clark says that on the night of February 5, her husband and a woman named "Bessie" entered a store at Hastings Center, near here.****Charles Henderson, a negro, was hanged at Duluth, Minn., at 2 o'clock yesterday morning. He murdered his mistress.****J. A. Taylor, alias Dewet, alleged operator of a matrimonial agency in St. Louis, has been arrested. Taylor is believed to have operated agencies in the principal cities of the country from Detroit to San Francisco.****A new United States monitor has been placed in commission at the Portsmouth navy yard.****The British army estimates for 1934-35 call for a total expenditure of \$171,225,000, and provide for 25,700 men, exclusive of the troops in India.****The government of Victoria has appointed Thomas Tait traffic manager of the Canadian Pacific Railway to be chief commissioner of the Victorian railways.****The mystery surrounding the strange disappearance four years ago of Joseph Trimbom, a wealthy brewer of Great Falls, Mont., whom it was thought had met with foul play, has been cleared up by the discovery that he is alive in Tasmania, Australia.**

THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY.

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HARRY CHANDLER, Vice-President and Assistant General Manager.
MARIAN OTIS-CHANDLER, Secretary. ALBERT McFARLAND, Treasurer.
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for 1964, \$135.00; for 1965, \$137.50; for 1966, \$140.00; for 1967, \$142.50; for 1968, \$145.00; for 1969, \$147.50; for 1970, \$150.00; for 1971, \$152.50; for 1972, \$155.00; for 1973, \$157.50; for 1974, \$160.00; for 1975, \$162.50; for 1976, \$165.00; for 1977, \$167.50; for 1978, \$170.00; for 1979, \$172.50; for 1980, \$175.00; for 1981, \$177.50; for 1982, \$180.00; for 1983, \$182.50; for 1984, \$185.00; for 1985, \$187.50; for 1986, \$190.00; for 1987, \$192.50; for 1988, \$195.00; for 1989, \$197.50; for 1990, \$200.00; for 1991, \$202.50; for 1992, \$205.00; for 1993, \$207.50; for 1994, \$210.00; for 1995, \$212.50; for 1996, \$215.00; for 1997, \$217.50; for 1998, \$220.00; for 1999, \$222.50; for 2000, \$225.00; for 2001, \$227.50; for 2002, \$230.00; for 2003, \$232.50; for 2004, \$235.00; for 2005, \$237.50; for 2006, \$240.00; for 2007, \$242.50; for 2008, \$245.00; for 2009, \$247.50; for 2010, \$250.00; for 2011, \$252.50; for 2012, \$255.00; for 2013, \$257.50; for 2014, \$260.00; for 2015, \$262.50; for 2016, \$265.00; for 2017, \$267.50; for 2018, \$270.00; for 2019, \$272.50; for 2020, \$275.00; for 2021, \$277.50; for 2022, \$280.00; for 2023, \$282.50; for 2024, \$285.00; for 2025, \$287.50; for 2026, \$290.00; for 2027, \$292.50; for 2028, \$295.00; for 2029, \$297.50; for 2030, \$300.00; for 2031, \$302.50; for 2032, \$305.00; for 2033, \$307.50; for 2034, \$310.00; for 2035, \$312.50; for 2036, \$315.00; for 2037, \$317.50; for 2038, \$320.00; for 2039, \$322.50; for 2040, \$325.00; for 2041, \$327.50; for 2042, \$330.00; for 2043, \$332.50; for 2044, \$335.00; for 2045, \$337.50; for 2046, \$340.00; for 2047, \$342.50; for 2048, \$345.00; for 2049, \$347.50; for 2050, \$350.00; for 2051, \$352.50; for 2052, \$355.00; for 2053, \$357.50; for 2054, \$360.00; for 2055, \$362.50; for 2056, \$365.00; for 2057, \$367.50; for 2058, \$370.00; for 2059, \$372.50; for 2060, \$375.00; for 2061, \$377.50; for 2062, \$380.00; for 2063, \$382.50; for 2064, \$385.00; for 2065, \$387.50; for 2066, \$390.00; for 2067, \$392.50; for 2068, \$395.00; for 2069, \$397.50; for 2070, \$400.00; for 2071, \$402.50; for 2072, \$405.00; for 2073, \$407.50; for 2074, \$410.00; for 2075, \$412.50; for 2076, \$415.00; for 2077, \$417.50; for 2078, \$420.00; for 2079, \$422.50; for 2080, \$425.00; for 2081, \$427.50; for 2082, \$430.00; for 2083, \$432.50; for 2084, \$435.00; for 2085, \$437.50; for 2086, \$440.00; for 2087, \$442.50; for 2088, \$445.00; for 2089, \$447.50; for 2090, \$450.00; for 2091, \$452.50; for 2092, \$455.00; for 2093, \$457.50; for 2094, \$460.00; for 2095, \$462.50; for 2096, \$465.00; for 2097, \$467.50; for 2098, \$470.00; for 2099, \$472.50; for 2100, \$475.00; for 2101, \$477.50; for 2102, \$480.00; for 2103, \$482.50; for 2104, \$485.00; for 2105, \$487.50; for 2106, \$490.00; for 2107, \$492.50; for 2108, \$495.00; for 2109, \$497.50; for 2110, \$500.00; for 2111, \$502.50; for 2112, \$505.00; for 2113, \$507.50; for 2114, \$510.00; for 2115, \$512.50; for 2116, \$515.00; for 2117, \$517.50; for 2118, \$520.00; for 2119, \$522.50; for 2120, \$525.00; for 2121, \$527.50; for 2122, \$530.00; for 2123, \$532.50; for 2124, \$535.00; for 2125, \$537.50; for 2126, \$540.00; for 2127, \$542.50; for 2128, \$545.00; for 2129, \$547.50; for 2130, \$550.00; for 2131, \$552.50; for 2132, \$555.00; for 2133, \$557.50; for 2134, \$560.00; for 2135, \$562.50; for 2136, \$565.00; for 2137, \$567.50; for 2138, \$570.00; for 2139, \$572.50; for 2140, \$575.00; for 2141, \$577.50; for 2142, \$580.00; for 2143, \$582.50; for 2144, \$585.00; for 2145, \$587.50; for 2146, \$590.00; for 2147, \$592.50; for 2148, \$595.00; for 2149, \$597.50; for 2150, \$600.00; for 2151, \$602.50; for 2152, \$605.00; for 2153, \$607.50; for 2154, \$610.00; for 2155, \$612.50; for 2156, \$615.00; for 2157, \$617.50; for 2158, \$620.00; for 2159, \$622.50; for 2160, \$625.00; for 2161, \$627.50; for 2162, \$630.00; for 2163, \$632.50; for 2164, \$635.00; for 2165, \$637.50; for 2166, \$640.00; for 2167, \$642.50; for 2168, \$645.00; for 2169, \$647.50; for 2170, \$650.00; for 2171, \$652.50; for 2172, \$655.00; for 2173, \$657.50; for 2174, \$660.00; for 2175, \$662.50; for 2176, \$665.00; for 2177, \$667.50; for 2178, \$670.00; for 2179, \$672.50; for 2180, \$675.00; for 2181, \$677.50; for 2182, \$680.00; for 2183, \$682.50; for 2184, \$685.00; for 2185, \$687.50; for 2186, \$690.00; for 2187, \$692.50; for 2188, \$695.00; for 2189, \$697.50; for 2190, \$700.00; for 2191, \$702.50; for 2192, \$705.00; for 2193, \$707.50; for 2194, \$710.00; for 2195, \$712.50; for 2196, \$715.00; for 2197, \$717.50; for 2198, \$720.00; for 2199, \$722.50; for 2200, \$725.00; for 2201, \$727.50; for 2202, \$730.00; for 2203, \$732.50; for 2204, \$735.00; for 2205, \$737.50; for 2206, \$740.00; for 2207, \$742.50; for 2208, \$745.00; for 2209, \$747.50; for 2210, \$750.00; for 2211, \$752.50; for 2212, \$755.00; for 2213, \$757.50; 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10

THE CITY IN BRIEF.

NEWS AND BUSINESS.

Escaped Manic Arrested.

Frank Harrison, who escaped from the Stockton Insane Asylum about a month ago, was arrested by detectives on Spring street yesterday evening and lodged in the City Jail. He will be taken north this week.

Not a "Featherweight" Jolt.

Yesterday afternoon a street car ran into Whitney's delivery wagon at the corner of First and Lake streets, smashing the wagon to atoms, scattering featherweight trunks and seriously injuring the driver.

Barn Mysteriously Burned.

Fire of unknown origin broke out in the barn in the rear of the house occupied by Davis Richardson at No. 2701 Orchard avenue at 1 o'clock yesterday afternoon. The loss on the building was \$500, and on the contents \$300.

For New Business Block.

The Alta Planning Mill Company has secured the contract for building for F. L. and F. M. Lee the three-story brick business block at Nos. 588 to 610 South Main street. The plans are by Architects Morgan & Wallis, and the improvement will cost \$20,750.

Valuable Armoire.

H. R. Smith sells to Wilbur O. Dow, A. W. Ellington and C. H. Minton, through Nolan & Smith, thirty-five acres on the east side of Central avenue, opposite Fifty-second street, without valuable improvements, consideration named, \$40,000. Buyers will subscribe.

Died Natural Death.

An autopsy and a coroner's jury determined the fact yesterday that Ralph P. Newton, the young man who was seized with convulsions on a Seventh-street car Thursday night and died two hours later in the Good Samaritan Hospital, succumbed to an attack of heart trouble. There was no evidence to substantiate the belief that he took poison.

Northrop's Condition Critical.

Theodore Northrop, the machinist who was jammed between an elevator and the shaft in which it was ascending in the Leachman building Thursday morning, is in no better condition. No thorough examination of his injuries may be made yet owing to the danger likely to be incurred. It is reported that his chances for recovery are slight.

Will Shino No More.

Early yesterday morning the body of Kitty Davis, fifteen years ago the notorious "Diamond Kitty" of the half world, was found on the sidewalk on Figueroa street near Alameda. A woman was evidently walking toward her room near by when she fell and died almost instantly. The body was removed to Pierce Bros. morgue, where a coroner's jury returned a verdict of death by apoplexy.

Illustrated China.

Rev. Louis Agassiz Gould gave a stereoscopic lecture in the parlors of the Y.W.C.A. last evening on "China and the Chinese." The entertainment was under the auspices of the California Y.W.C.A. and a good-sized audience filled most of the available seats in the hall. The lecture, which was entertaining, was illustrated with photographic plates showing in a life-like manner customs as they really exist in the Celestial empire. The proceeds of the exhibition went to the aid of the home for self-supporting girls.

Verdict for Plaintiff.

The jury sitting in the United States Circuit Court on the case of L. L. Peters vs. A. G. Hubbard, involving a dispute over an option to purchase certain mining properties, including the Bonanza mining claim, Consolidated Gold Eagle lode claim and others, yesterday brought in a verdict of \$100,000 for plaintiff and a verdict of \$100,000 for defendant.

Mrs. Della Improved.

Mrs. Robert N. Bull, wife of ex-senator Bull, is quite ill at her home, No. 328 South Burlington avenue. She has not been well for several months, and although many means have been tried, including travel and rest, she has been but little benefited. A short time ago a trip was taken by herself and her husband, but, fatigued by the journey, she seemed to grow worse and was brought home again, where she might be at least in comparative comfort. She is suffering from a complication of diseases, the dangerous symptom being heart weakness, which has given most disturbing manifestations of late. Yesterday she was better than for several days, and was reported resting quite easily in the evening.

Lines of Outer Harbor.

Cot. W. H. Heuer, Corps of Engineers, United States Army, president of the board lately appointed to fix the lines of the harbor at San Pedro, and to consider changes in the lines of the inner harbor, desires that all applications and suggestions bearing upon the subject be submitted through the United States Engineers' office here before March 25. It is the intention of the board to consider proposed changes, and to have a public hearing concerning them at a date to be determined later, the hearing to take place before the board either in this city or in San Pedro. Letters to this effect have been sent out to local yachting and shipping organizations that are waiting to build wharves and bulkheads within the prescribed lines of the outer harbor. Maps showing the location of existing lines and changes proposed by interested parties may be seen at the local government engineer's office, in the Bradbury building.

Today's Big Excursion.

The complimentary Chamber of Commerce excursion that will depart for Pomona this morning over the new Salt Lake line will be the largest of its kind ever organized here. Last night 750 tickets had been engaged by members of the chamber, and no more applicants can be accommodated. If you have put off your request for a ticket until this morning, you are forever too late. As it is, eleven large coaches will be necessary to carry the crowd, and the vehicle accommodations of the hospitable townpeople of Ontario and Pomona, who have arranged to take the visitors for long drives, will be severely taxed. Train starts from the Salt Lake depot sharp at 9 o'clock. The Los Angeles Railway Company has arranged for a special two-and-a-half minute service to the depot from the Grand Central streets, beginning a little before 8:30, to relieve the rush at the critical moment. The following "steering committee" has been appointed, to have charge of the travelers while en route: A. W. Skinner, chairman; G. G. Johnson, W. T. Liversgood, D. C. McGavin, F. T. Barnes, C. E. Gardner, R. W. Burnham, C. E. Bittly, C. O. Valentine, G. T. Gay, Henry Alders, John Hughes, E. B. Thomas, P. L. Allen, W. H. Valentine.

Rudolph Aronson.

Rudolph Aronson, the well-known projector and builder of the Casino Theater and Roof Garden in New York, and director of some of the most popular operas ever presented in this country, including "Ermine," arrived at the Van Nuys yesterday. Mr. Aronson came here to break the ground for Jaroslav Kocian, the Bohemian violinist, who appears at the Los Angeles Theater next Tuesday evening.

In conversation yesterday, Mr. Aronson said: "Not since the days of Wieniawski has a violinist created such a sensation as Jaroslav Kocian. It began in London, where he appeared first two years ago, when only 17, and where he performed the remarkable feat of playing twelve great concertos at that number of orchestral concerts, conducted by the famous Hans Richter. Since coming to this country, Kocian has gained more laurels. It is the same story everywhere—New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, and now San Francisco. All have gone wild with enthusiasm. After four performances to standing-room only, I have been obliged to arrange for another date in San Francisco to satisfy those who apparently can't get enough of him."

Richmond Pearson Hobson.
Capt. Richmond Pearson Hobson, who has been jokingly called the "Hero of the Merry Snack" by some who are perhaps just a little bit jealous of his fame, will lecture at Simpson Auditorium Tuesday evening, March 26, under the auspices of the Y.M.C.A. Capt. Hobson will make but one appearance in Los Angeles, as his time is very limited, and will be all taken up with his numerous dates through Southern California.

BREVITIES.

Rev. Dr. George Thomas Dwyer will preach in Christ Protestant Episcopal Church, Flomby street, corner Pico (13th St.) Sunday at 11 o'clock on "Sacredotalism and Magic: A Reply to the Rev. Dr. J. H. Dwyer and the Rev. Dr. H. C. H. Dwyer." The tenth thousand, with a new preface of the author, will be distributed to the congregation at the close of the service. At 4 p.m. he will deliver the fifth of a series of lectures in the congregation, on "What the Protestant Episcopal Church Believes and Why We Believe It." No. 5, "Confirmation: What It Is and What It Is Not." Those desiring information concerning the practice and teaching of this communion are cordially invited. A verbatim report in full of Dwyer's morning discourse will appear in the Herald of Monday.

Commencing Saturday morning, March 7, depot line cars of the Los Angeles Railway Company heretofore operated via Spring street to the Plaza will be operated from Southern Pacific (Arcade) station via Fifth, Fourth, Spring and First streets, to Salt Lake Railway station. Service every five minutes until 3 p.m., when cars will be operated to and from the Plaza same as heretofore.

Spiel, importer of French millinery, announces that he has now received the latest in fashion for the season, consisting of many artistic and tasteful models from the best French designers, which he is exhibiting to his patrons. His own original creations are equally interesting. Ladies' hat, 121 S. Spring St., sole agent Connelly turban and Croft's tailored hats.

Miss Stacie, chiropodist and masseuse, 417 W. 5th. Hours from 12 to 5. Vincent M. E. Church, Twenty-ninth and Main streets, pastor, Rev. Geo. A. Hough, will preach morning and evening tomorrow. Morning service, "Religion and Business," evening, "The Amusement Question."

Francis Murphy will give an address at Plymouth Congregational Church, Twenty-first street and Estrella avenue, Sunday at 11 a.m.

H. A. Gets, first tailoring, at moderate prices, 408 S. Broadway, under Chamber of Commerce.

Dr. E. C. Chapman will speak at Young Women's Christian Association Sunday, 4 p.m.

Five cinema photos reduced to \$1.15 per dozen. Sunbeam, 226 S. Main.

There are undelivered telegrams at the Postal Telegraph-Cable Company, No. 226 South Spring street, for A. P. G. Smith, Dr. Joseph Scroggs, Ephraim Nelson, Claude H. Smith, S. J. Butcher.

There are undelivered telegrams at the office of the Western Union Telegraph Company for Mrs. C. W. Hann, Mrs. O. Emerson, John Fogarty, Theo. Grabowski, Rufus Jacob, M. A. Davidson, Elbert Elbert Edwards, Charles Geyra, Mrs. M. L. Cummings, W. J. Hamer, Dr. George Allen, Frank M. Smith, Chester A. Congdon, E. A. Harrison, Oscar Graham, H. V. Burdette, Fred M. Grace, S. Coffin, H. F. Vannest, Jr., J. J. Carpenter, Miss Ethel Keitner.

DEATH RECORD.

SHAW—Died March 5, 1935, at Workman, Cal. Mrs. John H. Shaw. Funeral services to take place at 10 o'clock tomorrow morning, 10 a.m., Saturday, March 7. Friends of family invited.

BELL—At 1621 East Fifteenth street, Elizabeth Bell, beloved mother of the late Samuel Bell, a native of England, aged 75 years. Funeral from the E. D. A. Church, 1610 East street, at 2:30 p.m. today.

M'KAY—At 1010 Gablest, Thursday morning, March 5, John McKay, aged 64, a native of Nova Scotia, died at 4 o'clock today (Saturday) from his late residence.

M'HEIL—Elin Jane M'Heil, a native of Massachusetts, aged 70 years and 10 months. Funeral from her late residence, 1621 South Olive street, Sunday, March 8, at 2 p.m. Friends invited. Eastern papers please copy.

BRADY—At 1010 Gablest, March 5, 1935, Ailie Brady, a native of Ireland, aged 60 years. Funeral from the E. D. A. Church, 1610 East street, at 2 p.m. Friends invited.

LEWIS—At 1010 Gablest, March 5, Minnie C. Lewis, aged 21 years. Funeral from the undertaking parlor, Cunningham & O'Connell, 424 S. Main street, today at 2 p.m. Friends invited.

HUTCHINSON—At his late residence, 128 West Twenty-eighth street, William T. Hutson, a native of Pennsylvania, aged 48 years. Funeral Sunday, March 7, from Elin's Hall, on Spring street, between Second and Third streets, at 2 p.m. Friends invited.

LEWIS—At 1010 Gablest, March 5, Edward Lewis, aged 77 years. Funeral from residence, Sunday, March 7, at 2 p.m.

FUNERAL NOTICE.

The funeral of Brother James Williamson of La Granda Lodge, No. 5, T. F. B., will be held at St. Alban's Church, Center street, at 1:30 p.m., Sunday, March 8, at 2 p.m. Interment Hollywood Cemetery.

Funeral of Brother J. M. BAKER, President of Funeral Committee of T. F. B.

Sons of St. George.

Members of Royal Oak Lodge and visiting members are requested to meet at St. Alban's Church, Center street, at 1:30 p.m., Sunday, March 8, to attend the funeral of our late brother, Robert Livingston.

JAMES LANGDON, W. Pres. EDW. COOPER, W. Sec.

Los Angeles Transfer Co.

Will check baggage at your residence to any point. Office, 141 W. First st. Tel. M. 65 or 24.

Orr & Rines Co.

Funeral directors. Lady undertaker takes care of the chamber, and no more applicants can be accommodated. If you have put off your request for a ticket until this morning, you are forever too late.

W. H. Sutcliffe.

Funeral director and embalmer. Lady assistant. 221 S. Spring. Phone Main 167.

Breese Bros' Lady Undertaker.

Has charge of all ladies and children. Broadway and 1st St. Tel. Main 20.

DENTON SAMSON Co. funeral directors.

Lady assistant. 122 S. Spring. Phone Main 63.

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Lady assistant. Embalming a specialty. No. 41 and 43 South Spring street. Tel. Main 103.

Pierce Bros. & Co., Undertakers.

221 S. Spring. Tel. M. 42; lady attendant, 42-3 South Hill. Tel. M. 42; lady attendant.

When the clock needs repairs telephone to us, Green 1917, and

We Will Send For It

without delay. No additional charge.

We employ clock builders to repair clocks.

Trust your clock with us for best workmanship at least cost.

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PEERLESS BRAND WINES

Are the Purest and Oldest. Port, Sherry, Muscat, Angelica—75c, \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00 a Gallon.

Southern California Wine Co.,

220 W. Fourth St. Tel. M. 332.

St. Magdalen's

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Girls' New Dresses

In styles that the home dressmaker would never think of. A variety of styles in white and colored dresses. We have dresses for girls of all ages ready to put right on. As we make up the dresses, particular mother would wish to see them. Almost every day some new arrivals are shown.

Office Specialties.

We have everything used by the business man, the professional man in his office.

Announcements, Invitations and Visiting Cards—you can rely upon us for correct forms.

Sanborn, Vail & Co.

357 S. Broadway.

Headquarters For Ladies' Washable Neck Dressings And Belts.

The largest assortment of Fine Exclusive Novelties in this city.

See our Windows.

MACHIN SHIRT CO.,

High Grade Shirt Makers, 124 S. Spring St.

"THERE AIN'T NOthin' NO MORE STYLISHER"

This may be bad grammar, but it's one way of expressing a fact about our

Kaufmann Carriages.

They lead the fashion, and are examples of the highest quality and workmanship in the carriage building art.

Baker & Hamilton

Wholesale and Retail

150-156 N. Los Angeles St.

Long Body Business Wagons

HAWLEY, KING & CO.

Don't place your order for a spring until you've seen our NEW GOODS.

Brauer & Krohn

121-123 S. Spring St. — 1445 S. Main St.

Every cough disappears when Dr. Barker's Cough Cure is used.

Hard coughs or light coughs. Old coughs or new coughs—all cured with Dr. Barker's. 25c.

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A. M. JONES, Gen. Agt., 415 WILCOX BLVD.

Spring Blocks

Tourists and strangers in the city who are on the look out for the swellest styles shown in New York, Boston and Chicago are asked to look at this collection of

America's Best \$5.00 Hats

Tourists' Crush Hats of real silver beaver, leather weight, with raw edge, \$2.00. All the correct shades.

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FOOT FORM SHOES

In the S-E-Z shoes

We promise comfort, service and a good fit.

We cordially invite you to examine them, criticize them, put them to any test in reason and then pass your own judgment. We assert them to be well worth every cent you pay, and believe you'll admit them to be a splendid \$3.50 shoe.

Remember they are from "maker to wearer" direct.

"FOURTH—BROADWAY"

Tired Eyes.

If your glasses are the proper lense your eyes will not get tired. See us about tired eyes.

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KYTE & GRAY, CHIEF, Props.

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J. C. Cunningham's Famous Rattan Trunks

Save money and worry in traveling.

221 S. Main St. Tel. M. 616.

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Latest fashions in suits and overcoats.

Radcliffe Shoes \$2.50 for \$3.50

SHRADER'S, 402 S. B'way.

New Bicycles, \$20. Ladies' and Men's. Genuine Bicycles. BURKE BROS., 408 S. SPRING ST.

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A. S. VANORRICK, Prop., 222 W. 24th St. Coltonville, Pa.

Only \$5

Full Set

FIT GUARANTEED

If you are hard up, or for any other reason you must economize, we can make you a CHEAP PLATE as low as

\$2.50 ON RED RUBBER.

SUCTION PLATES AND ADHESIVE \$4.50 up PLATES

I had twenty-seven teeth extracted by Dr. Schiffman without any pain. I have since had an upper and lower set made, and they fit fine. They fit so tight that I can eat anything I want. I can remove them, I cannot speak too highly of Dr. Schiffman and his work, and advise every one needing work to be patronized.

MRS. E. J. KELLER, 144 W. 14th St.

We refer you to the Merchants' National Bank, and the Broadway Trust and Safe Co., as to the reliability of our responsibility. We have been here 12 years and have the largest dental practice on the coast.

No Boys or Students

To experiment on you, don't be deceived by persons offering a ten-cent "cheap" set of teeth, where they are unable to be in ten years, or only even in two years, and then you are left with a set of teeth that are a disgrace to you.

Schiffman Method Dental Co.

167 N. Spring, over State's.

Also open evenings and Sunday forenoon. See specimens of our up-to-date work at our entrance.

Our Foot Form Shoe for Men \$2.50

at \$2.50

Is stylish, strong, durable, excellent value.

The "Majestic" for women at the same price, is equally good, and those who purchase will be fortunate.

Blaney Shoe Co.

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A stock replete with novel designs, distinctive in character and moderate in price; the best productions of the best makers. Such is the plain, unvarnished tale of our Silverware, which are adapted for wedding presentation.

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Full Choice of any Business In Stock \$9.55

A grand final clean-up of left over from the past, including our highest priced marked \$30, \$17.50, \$15 and None reserved. We do the cure space for our new night. Pick any Business the store at \$9.55.

50c President Suspenders

These Suspenders are well known readers of magazines as a valuable article. They are very comfortable, and have many styles. Today only 50c.

If You Haven't Tried The Harris \$3.00 Shoe

You can have no idea of what we mean by perfect fitting, perfectly designed, satisfactory. We make no false claims about these shoes. Do not tell you they are worth \$3.00, for not, but we do say, and we are able to prove to anyone's satisfaction, that the Harris Shoe equals in any respect any \$3.50 shoe in Los Angeles.

Our Foot Form Shoe for Men \$2.50

at \$2.50

Is stylish, strong, durable, excellent value.

The "Majestic" for women at the same price, is equally good, and those who purchase will be fortunate.

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is always healthy hair. The

to use this dye. No other

can make hair so beautiful

and long. Attention, boys and

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We're Easy to Dye

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Pain drives out every

to use this dye. No other

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ry item mentioned here represents something new; a

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W of white or black moire

its silk crushed, with pretty

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in several styles and

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For Lasting Qualities

The Sterling Stands Alone.

ess you intend paying \$500 or more there is no other piano

class with the Sterling in durability; while its matchless

is a delight to the vocalist, pure and full, yet remarkable

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The Huntington is another high-class instrument—soundly and

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GROUND

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Spring

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Of Purity and Goodness...

Ghirardelli's Ground Chocolate

wholesome, palatable, refreshing beverage, that nourishes the body,

and makes the brain clear and vigorous.

Look for horizontally sealed cans. Never sold in bulk.

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The Largest House Furnishing

Store in the Southwest. The popu-

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Novelties in Millinery.

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MILLINERS,

349 S. Broadway

NOLEUM

Large 50c per yd.

CALIFORNIA CARPET CO.

814 S. Broadway

the GOLD DUST twins do your work

Los Angeles Daily Times

SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1903.

BALL SEASON IS UPON US NEW PLAYERS AT WORK.

THE Los Angeles Ball Club for the present season commenced its work yesterday afternoon on the Chutes diamond, and from now on to the beginning of play on March 25, there will be tri-weekly if not daily practice. The boys, on the whole, made a good showing.

Those taking exercise were Crawth, Dillon, Hollingsworth, Toman, Wheeler, Hall, Gray, Hoy, Lawler, Ross and Drinkwater. Spies being about. The diamond was full of players not belonging to the club, among those being Raymer, Buck Franks and Householder and a number of amateurs.

The star of the day was Hollingsworth on second base, and he made a good impression on the spectators. He is as fast as Buck Franks and throws about as well, and that is saying a good deal, for Buck cannot be shown anything except by Monte Cross and a very few others in that class, when it comes to quick recovery and a speedy wing. Toman at short was as good as he ever was at his best last season, and Jack Lawler made a number of the running catches in the field, as he has been overlooked, for they have just finished a journey across the continent and have not become acclimated. They did enough, however, to show that the fans need not be afraid of them.

Crawth did not show up well, for he appears stiff. In fact, he says he has a sore arm, and until this gets well, he cannot do a great deal. Gooden, of throwing, Dillon held down first in his usual style and Pitcher Wheeler took care of third in a creditable manner.

MINOR BASEBALL.
GAME AT FIESTA PARK.
There will be a game of baseball at Fiesta Park this afternoon between the nine from the Alhambra and Com-

mercial High schools. This will be the second game between these teams of the Inter-school League, and will be hard fought. Wayne will do the box work for the Alhambra school and Keeler for the Commercial. The line-up of the Commercial team will be: Catcher, Bronson; pitcher, Keeler; first base, Dickson; second base, Bogan; third base, Gamble; shortstop, Ralier; left field, Streeter; center field, Gooden; right field, Lawler or Harlow. Fred Raymer will umpire the game, which will be called at 2:30 o'clock.

HORSE RACING.
BENEFIT FOR RUNNERS.
Since Tom Williams of San Francisco presented a running meeting in this city, and will not allow the horsemen who came here to race in San Francisco or Oakland, the owners of running horses who are stuck here have formed a benefit race. They came hundreds of miles to race their horses, and being denied the privilege, are a long way from home, without the price to get back.

In order to assist them to return East, J. W. Brooks, the lessee of Agricultural Park, has decided to get up a one day's

LETTERS TO THE TIMES.
[The Times freely publishes the views of correspondents without holding itself responsible for writers' opinions. It prints, with suitable abridgment, the views of those who, on the average, are sufficient for the expression of an idea.]

The Danger of the Hour.
LONG BEACH, March 5, 1903.—[To the Editor of The Times:] In yesterday's Times I found an editorial that was characteristic of The Times, in its fearlessness and advanced thoughtfulness. But in this particular instance I was struck with the failure of the writer to properly diagnose the case. After lamenting the "riot, murder, robbery, torture, rapine and devastation" every sort and nature rampant, the writer puts the burning question of this age: "What is going to be done about it?" He then proceeds to suggest that the criminals be caught and punished. But he does not ask himself whether or not the inquiry should be, "What is the cause of all this horrible increase in criminality?" If the cause can be ascertained, the authorities can then, with some hope of permanent success, go to the fountain head and dam up the stream, if not dry it up entirely. The cause will not be found in the blood, as hinted at, although, doubtless, this has been pointed out and corrected. Nor will it be found in the courts, nor to any great extent in executive clemency, which unquestionably has been abused. We must go deeper. I would suggest

that a commission of honest, intelligent, non-partisan philanthropists be appointed to make careful inquiry and report. If they do not find it in the nation system of the present day, they will differ from all congressional and other similar bodies. The court does its duty, but while it is trying one criminal, the criminal-maker of America is creating out of heedless boys twenty criminals to take up his work of thievery or death. Well-authenticated statistics, gathered by persons with no theory to bolster, show that nine-tenths of all crimes result directly or indirectly from the saloon, the clubhouse of the criminal. If this nine-tenths can be stopped, we would soon cease to be "about the worst people on the face of the earth today," and might begin with some color of truth as a nation to "plume ourselves on our high-class civilization," and in the course of time might even develop a Christian civilization. You pertinently inquire where does the blame lie? I answer, with each citizen, according to his ability. Yes, these things do demand attention, and it is as certain as that cause follows effect, that if this attention is not intelligently and honestly given, the fear that soon "we shall be swarming about in a maelstrom of anarchy," will find forest and direct realization. Doubtless there has been too much coddling of criminals in America, but the root of the evil has been there ever since the liquor league went into politics there has been too much coddling of the criminal-maker,

nia Golf Association was finished yesterday, and from the appearance of the scores it would seem that the bulk of the money offered as prizes will be carried off by two well-known professionals, the brothers Alex and Willie Smith. The play was at the Los Angeles Country Club.

It was expected that they would be first and second at the end of the play, and consequently no local golfer was surprised at yesterday's results. They were certainly entitled to a top position, for Willie Smith beat bogey two strokes in the thirty-six holes, and Alex was only two "down." The third low score was made by Arthur Rigby, the well-known professional of the local club.

There was little to choose between these three players in the morning round of eighteen holes, for Willie

Smith and Rigby made it in seventy-nine strokes, and Alex Smith in seventy-eight. Willie, however, showed his steadiness at medal play in the afternoon round, turning in a card for seventy-seven, his total score being 156.

Quite a crowd of spectators watched the play, for the work of champions and ex-champions is always interesting to the enthusiasts. The championship will be decided today, eighteen holes to be played both morning and afternoon. The conditions are seventy-two holes, medal play. The scores yesterday were as follows:

Name	1st 18 H.	2nd 18 H.	Grand
Willie Smith	79	77	156
A. Rigby	79	77	156
Alex Smith	80	78	158
George Turpin	81	79	160
C. E. Martin	82	80	162
O. G. Neill	83	81	164
R. E. Hunter	84	82	166
W. F. Walker	85	83	168
W. Welch	86	84	170
C. E. Hunter	87	85	172
J. A. Brown	88	86	174

Bowling.
The winter bowling tournament, which has been in progress for the past three months, will come to an end next Thursday night, the final games to be played by Long Beach and Pasadena teams at Pasadena, and the Coliseum and Oaks teams at the Oaks alleys in this city.

There was no match at Long Beach on Thursday night, Higgins and Woods of the Brunswick team failing to put in an appearance. Under the circumstances the three games went to the Long Beach team by default.

Crane Company Wins.
In a match game last night at the Sunnyside alleys, the Crane company

defeated the Union Hardware and Metal Company by a margin of twenty pins. The following were the scores:

Crane Co.	1	2	3	Total	Avg.
Crane Co.	121	118	116	355	118.3
Union Hardware	112	110	108	330	110.0
Holmes	112	110	108	330	110.0
McClure	112	110	108	330	110.0
Parke	112	110	108	330	110.0
Total	528	506	490	1524	114.3
High score—Hollis, 121-1.					
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...best possible and admits of the
...art in its treatment, but the
...fails to rise to his opportunity.
...fortunate that this scene should

[illegible][illegible]

W. C. C. FEDERATION.—The W. C. C. American Federation of the Women's Christian Temperance Union has its next in The First Baptist Church on Sunday, June 10, at 11 a. m. All are invited to be attracted at this meeting will be a special feature. The subject of the session will be "The Christian Commission as a Moral Defender."

W. C. C. FEDERATION.—The First English Lutheran Church, Rev. Herbert J. Weaver, pastor, is pleased to provide more room for its members and friends to assemble and enlarge the present chapel. The final session of the conference will be held on Sunday, when the program of improvement will be pushed vigorously.

WILL ADDRESS PREACHERS.—The attraction at the Methodist Episcopal Church on Sunday, June 10, next to be an address by Rev. B. M. Cherrington, pastor of Centenary Church, New York City, and a member of the American Board of Christian Workers in Theology. Cherrington is counted a profound thinker and a powerful speaker. He is expected for upon the topic announced.

DURING STOCKS.

LOCAL EXCHANGE SALES.

On the Miner's Exchange yesterday morning was active from the start.

If a Man

Finds weak physically
feels his best; falls ill;
and he gets no enjoy-
ment from life; if he is
victims of Nervous In-
stability in various ma-
nifestations; if his nat-
ure they soon be re-
turned to themselves by
Dr. Gross, the reason
is all explained. He has
cures. He offers us
treatments which are
methods, and the most
thoroughly equipped men-

Out-of-Town Patients &

Consultation at

DR. GROSS

Morven Daily 9 to 12 and 1 to 4.
B'wings - 7 to 8. Readings 10 to 12.

Cook: Well, the proof of the pudding is in the eating.
My. Bumcker: No, it isn't. It's in the digesting.

n, Young or Old,

his mental faculties cannot possibly be as strong and clear as they were in the days of his youth. He is naturally a man of strong will and strong convictions, and his mental faculties are so strong that he is able to overcome the weaknesses of his body. He is a man of strong will and strong convictions, and his mental faculties are so strong that he is able to overcome the weaknesses of his body. He is a man of strong will and strong convictions, and his mental faculties are so strong that he is able to overcome the weaknesses of his body.

ROSS,
254 1/2 South Spring Street

Full advertisement and details for this
franchise in Dallas. **WOLFE**
Loomis Inc. Times Bldg., New York.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: Afterward
for for 14 years
an epitheliosis of
eros, prostates
durbian. I was
found to try the
**BOOKE CANCER
SERUM**
and in 2 weeks
cancer was removed
without the use
the knife, and I
am entirely cured.
Mrs. T. M. Voss
Los Angeles,
Calif.

**Booke's Cancer Serum for sale at 122 S. Flower St.
L.A. ANNEHLS, CAL.**

RUPTURE

Call and get the proof that I can cure you
in 2 months
J. R. BAKER, M.D.
425 1/2 South Spring St.
Rupture Specialist

American Dye Works
CLEANERS OF FINE WEAVER APPAREL

FOCKE

THE FOO & WING CO. HE
903 South Olive Street,
Celestial Chinese Herb Doctors.
Will Give You Free of Charge, a Correct
Scientific Pain Diagnosis
Office always open. Call for Free Consultation

Rupture
CAN BE CURED
NO SURGERY
PROF. FANDRE
and South Main St.
Los Angeles

PARIS CLOAK AND SUIT CO.
Importers and Retailers of Ladisani Coats
Suits, Tailors and Waist, Tailored garments
and Hosiery

1

ARIZONA LAWMAKERS AT LOGGERSHEADS

making it unlawful to ride bicycles on

INCORPORATIONS. Los Angeles Box and Hive Company, capital stock, \$75,000; sub-scribed, \$75,000. Directors, H. P. Thornton, D. M. Cloud, Edward D. Silent, E. N. Grant, Frank J. Thomas.

Los Angeles Rock Oil Company, capital stock, \$50,000; sub-scribed, \$50,000. Directors, D. C. McGarrin, E. A. Edwards, L. E. DeBeymer, C. M. Wood, Robert McGarrarin, Alfred Walker, J. H. Dewey.

THE INFERIOR COURTS.

APPEAL TO MOSES LAW DENIED IN POLICE COURT.

MAN IN SELF-DEFENSE.

Divorced, but Still Loves—Butterfield Didn't Steal, but is Charged With Petty Larceny—Fiddler Pingree Goes Back into His Stall.

with the words, "Excuse me, gentlemen," delivered with much dignity.

It appears that Wisner has made periodical visits to his wife, notwithstanding the divorce which she had obtained. Sometimes he was welcome and sometimes he was not. He made his accustomed visit on Monday evening, and Mrs. Wisner refused to have anything to do with him. They got into a quarrel, and Wisner threatened to go and live with the woman of the family which he considered as the cause of the swearing to a complaint.

"Why do you continue to annoy this woman when you know she doesn't want you to come?"

"Egsguce me, gintlemen, egsguce me; sometimes she say yes, sometimes she say no. Sometimes I get dinner, sometimes I get supper. She ask me all sorts of questions, you see. I very much like my wife."

"But you know she got a divorce, and

"Egscuce me, gintlemon, egscuce me;
I am not divorced as yet."

Butterfield to Moses law. I don't know meanings about California law."

After telling Winsor that he was not a lawyer, he said he would not execute Moses' law and said he would not execute Moses' law at court, Justice Chambers sentenced him to prison for 10 years and ordered his bond that he would not again go near the woman.

Larceny Without Theft.

C. H. Butterfield finds himself in an icky scrape, through a dose of booze, at the legal department also finds himself in a sticky one, as he hands to a lawyer his petty larceny.

Butterfield is a carpenter down on his hands, and his friend, J. A. Green, winsor, a lawyer, is a lawyer. The lawyer found a lot of carpenter tools if he should find a job. Yesterday Butterfield was in the law office of the lawyer, saying he had a job of repair work on a house on Twenty-third street. The lawyer said he would give him a dose and went into a pawnshop and offered to sell or pawn the tools. The lawyer said he would give him the exact language was, but the lawyer, who happened to be in the pawnshop, said he would not want to sell them, and it was suspicious actions of Butterfield caused him to be arrested. He was taken to the police station, where he came to an agreement in the pawnshop.

The tools were loaned to Butterfield, and he didn't sell them, the point is to establish the crime of larceny. In order to establish the crime of larceny, Butterfield's veracity concerning his having secured work on the house was in question.

...ased without bail to appear at 9:30
...ock Monday, with orders to bring

Alcohol Piques.

poor old Pingree, addler forlorn. He was arraigned at the Police Court and known to all in the city. He has been there as William W. W. Pingree, W. Hanna, and many other names, and has been repeated in other forms. Yesterday he was arraigned as William W. Hanna, and for five days he was a lady when she refused to give money. His name is William W. Hanna, and he is a very good fellow, having but a thumb and index on his right hand with which to write.

When first arrested, some months ago, Pingree looked like a skinned cat, and drank alcohol. He was charged with that of begging, he was released, his condition being such that he was not fit to be kept in jail. He was given a chance to become charity. He soon began to come regularly as a drunk, however, and spent most of his time in jail since.

John Burke was given a twenty-day

by Justice Chambers a few days after his promise to leave town. He didn't break away from the booze and was brought in again yesterday and ordered to serve twenty-five years on the chain gang.

J. McVeigh got out of jail on Friday after serving a fifteen-day sentence for passing a counterfeit \$5 bill. He is now peddling cheap rings, of which he had a boxful and was given forty days for breach of the city peddling law.

Arturo Peral, a peon who was convicted of stealing copper wire from the Los Angeles Railway, was sentenced to thirty days on the chain gang.

W. Schaber, convicted of passing a \$5 bill for \$15, was sentenced to ten days on the chain gang, by Justice Austin.

His Home Trust.

was a little late for dinner last
t. and my wife made a great fuss

"But I made her sorry for it," he said.

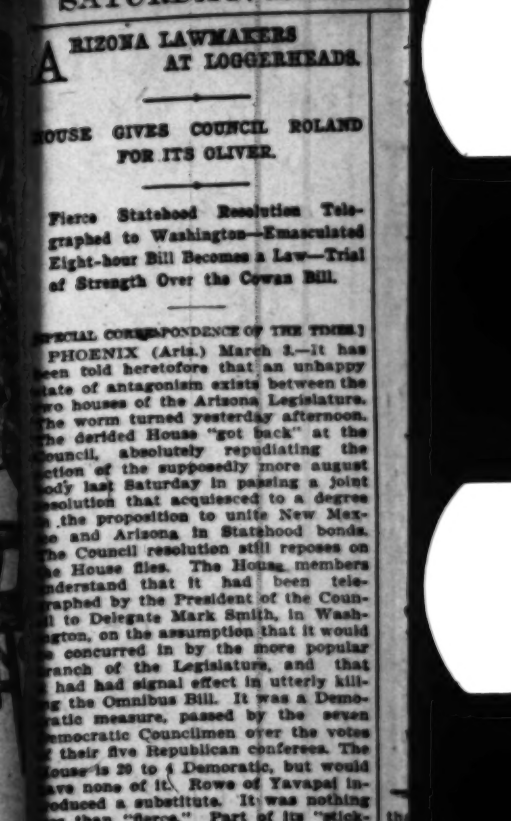
"Everything was horribly cold but I wasn't a word of fault to find. Pretty soon she sarcastically said that she wished that the steak was as cold as the mother used to be." "Well," he said in a suave way, "you must remember that mother I have a refrigerator." "—[Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Punishes of Statelessness.

"It is a hard task, this being a stateless," remarked the great man reverently. "I am sure to satisfy."

"Why," if you have money at the end of the day, they will think significant and say: "I told you so," and if you are poor they curl their lips and say: "You are poor and your imprudent character."

1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 2680, 26



Washington it is believed to be about the hottest roast ever given by one legislative body to another. Here is a contribution to the subject from the

Whereas, Council concurrent resolution No. —, which passed the Council February the 27th, recites that Arizona, under certain conditions would be willing to enter Statehood jointly with New Mexico; therefore, be it

Resolved: First, that this House re-iterates the sentiment embraced in said resolution and it regrets the action of whoever was responsible for the passage of the same.

Second—in behalf of that band of
men who have sprung from the
winds of fair land in Arizona, in
the fair of the citizens of Arizona, who
have fought its battles and developed
the conditions under which we now
live;—first, that the House has the
reputation that our members of the
people of this Territory, will ever sub-
mit to the proposition that Arizona
consent to any scheme by which
will lose its identity and name and
grand history that has been marked
the expenditure of blood, treasure,
privations.

Therefore, this House repudiates, as

one of this House in the telegram which gives publicity to the movement embraced in said resolution was the joint action of the twenty-second Legislative Assembly. Therefore, the Council instructs its chief clerk to transmit to Hon. Marcus A. Smith by telegram notice of this resolution, and that Arizona will always fight against any policy even by implication through which she may lose her name, identity or history."

BOFALL EIGHT-HOUR BILL. It cannot be denied that the Council is far more expeditious in its work than the House.

fore the Council has been disposed daily, while the House is flooded with bills and makes rough weather of its work. Thus far, only five bills have passed the Legislature, and two-thirds of the session is over. The session bills number about one hundred and thirty thus far and the Council has about half as many. The last measure passed was the Eight-hour law, approved May 10.

derground miners. It will have little effect, save in the Clifton district, most of the mines of the Territory work their miners only eight hours a day. It is. Most of the

tion and Moreland are Mexicans, and in such conditions there prevailing is very different from those known anywhere in the Territory.

"My argument over the Eight-hour bill in the Council house, and my speech from Judge J. H. Kibbey the Republican minority. His text was the Democratic platform, which had promised the laboring man an eight-hour working day; and in an eight-hour working day, had promised the diversion of the treasury of the large fees now paid by Territory officials; had promised freight and farm legislation; had promised a primary election and other pledges that had made a campaign thunder.

"Democratic friends, most cordially, bring on these campaign-plovers, and say that they may have voted away the money, but they have assured the majority that they would be found even ready to prepare to vote, and I trust thought of something, President, and I will come down from the chair."

of Republican assistance.

out the pledges of the Democratic platform. And immediately thereafter the Eight-hour Bill was passed, though amended by striking the provision relating to smelter and mill hands.

Afternoon came the

over the Cowan bill, the measure diverting the Territorial Secretary's fees to the benefit of the Territorial suspension of the rules. At the last moment, Mr. J. J. Mari- one switched, leaving the vote 11 to 10 in favor of the bill. The bill passed on to the Enrolling Committee and to third reading. Now the only question is, whether the bill will come up for

... it and may hold it up indefinitely. Rowe of Y...

He tried to amend today by inserting a provision that the act should take effect till after the expiration of the term of office of the incumbent. The senate of Santa Cruz had a substitute, that the fees for incorporation in Arizona be doubled, the Spanish language one-half.

...over to the other half to
treasurer. Both to the Territorial

which it developed down before
metary's superiors that was the
tenside, Insula of Tuma, Barrow
Morrisson of Yavara, and
killing of Final and Lamont of
it's a sweet row.

LAW AND MEDICINE.

A curious condition of affairs was
posed the other day on introduction
a bill requiring that district attor-
neys be individuals well qualified in the
and who had practiced in the courts
to practice in the courts. It ap-
pears that there has been no restric-
tion of the kind heretofore.
The Council has passed a resolu-
tion to take up the bill.

it. The most notable feature

... is the light upon it

100



ARIZONA LAWMAKERS AT LOGGERSHEAD.

HOUSE GIVES COUNCIL ROLAND
FOR ITS OLIVER.

Pierce Statehood Resolution Tele-
graphed to Washington—Emancipated
Eight-hour Bill Becomes a Law—Trial
of Strength Over the Cowan Bill.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.
PHOENIX (Ariz.) March 5.—It has
been told heretofore that an unhappy
state of antagonism exists between the
two houses of the Arizona Legislature.
The worm turned yesterday afternoon.
The derided House "got back" at the
Council, absolutely repudiating the
action of the supposedly more august
body last Saturday in passing a joint
resolution that acquiesced to a degree
in the proposition to unite New Mex-
ico and Arizona in Statehood bonds.
The Council resolution still reposes on
the House files. The House members
understand that it had been tele-
graphed to the President of the Coun-
cil to Delegate Mark Smith, in Wash-
ington, on the assumption that it would
be concurred in by the more popular
branch of the Legislature, and that
it had had signal effect in utterly kill-
ing the Omnibus Bill. It was a Demo-
cratic measure, passed by the seven
Democratic Councilmen over the votes
of their five Republican confederates.
The House is 20 to 4 Democratic, but would
have none of it. Rows of Yavapai in-
troduced a substitute. It was nothing
less than "heres." Part of the "veto"
was pulled out, but as passed, un-
animously, and telegraphed to Wash-
ington it is believed to be about
the hottest roast ever given by one
legislative body to another. Here is
the resolution, in the milder form in
which it was passed:
"Whereas, Council concurrent resolu-
tion No. 1, which passed the Council
February 27th, recites that Ariz-
on, under certain conditions would
be willing to enter statehood jointly
with New Mexico; therefore, be it
"Resolved: First, that this House re-
pudiates the sentiment embodied in
said resolution and it represents the
action of whoever was responsible for the
telegram to our Delegate which con-
veyed the impression that said resolu-
tion was the joint action of both
houses."

"Second—In behalf of that band of
patriots who have wrung from the
Senate this fair land of Arizona; in
behalf of the citizens of Arizona who
have fought its battles and who have
been conditions under which we now
happily exist, this House repudiates the
impression that our members of the
Senate of this Territory, will ever sub-
mit to the proposition that Arizona
be united to any scheme by which
it will lose its identity and name and
its grand history that has been mar-
ked by the experience of blood, treasure
and privation.

"Third—Therefore, this House in-
gives its chief clerk in transit to
the Hon. Mark A. Smith by telegram
the sense of this resolution which is,
that the Senate shall amend its resolu-
tion so as to include only the eight-
hour bill, and that there will be no hitch in
the deal, as the impression is that the
northern transportation company is
getting the valuable oil property at a
reasonable figure.

"FOURTH—The House repudiates, so
far as it concerns itself, any use of
the name of this House in the telegram
which gave publicity to the idea that
that sentiment embodied in said resolu-
tion was the joint action of the
Legislative Assembly.

"FIFTH—Therefore, this House in-
gives its chief clerk in transit to
the Hon. Mark A. Smith by telegram
the sense of this resolution which is,
that the Senate shall amend its resolu-
tion so as to include only the eight-
hour bill, and that there will be no hitch in
the deal, as the impression is that the
northern transportation company is
getting the valuable oil property at a
reasonable figure.

"SIXTH—The House repudiates, so
far as it concerns itself, any use of
the name of this House in the telegram
which gave publicity to the idea that
that sentiment embodied in said resolu-
tion was the joint action of the
Legislative Assembly.

"SEVENTH—Therefore, this House in-
gives its chief clerk in transit to
the Hon. Mark A. Smith by telegram
the sense of this resolution which is,
that the Senate shall amend its resolu-
tion so as to include only the eight-
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the deal, as the impression is that the
northern transportation company is
getting the valuable oil property at a
reasonable figure.

"EIGHTH—The House repudiates, so
far as it concerns itself, any use of
the name of this House in the telegram
which gave publicity to the idea that
that sentiment embodied in said resolu-
tion was the joint action of the
Legislative Assembly.

"NINTH—Therefore, this House in-
gives its chief clerk in transit to
the Hon. Mark A. Smith by telegram
the sense of this resolution which is,
that the Senate shall amend its resolu-
tion so as to include only the eight-
hour bill, and that there will be no hitch in
the deal, as the impression is that the
northern transportation company is
getting the valuable oil property at a
reasonable figure.

"TENTH—The House repudiates, so
far as it concerns itself, any use of
the name of this House in the telegram
which gave publicity to the idea that
that sentiment embodied in said resolu-
tion was the joint action of the
Legislative Assembly.

"ELEVENTH—Therefore, this House in-
gives its chief clerk in transit to
the Hon. Mark A. Smith by telegram
the sense of this resolution which is,
that the Senate shall amend its resolu-
tion so as to include only the eight-
hour bill, and that there will be no hitch in
the deal, as the impression is that the
northern transportation company is
getting the valuable oil property at a
reasonable figure.

"TWELFTH—The House repudiates, so
far as it concerns itself, any use of
the name of this House in the telegram
which gave publicity to the idea that
that sentiment embodied in said resolu-
tion was the joint action of the
Legislative Assembly.

"THIRTEENTH—Therefore, this House in-
gives its chief clerk in transit to
the Hon. Mark A. Smith by telegram
the sense of this resolution which is,
that the Senate shall amend its resolu-
tion so as to include only the eight-
hour bill, and that there will be no hitch in
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northern transportation company is
getting the valuable oil property at a
reasonable figure.

"FOURTEENTH—The House repudiates, so
far as it concerns itself, any use of
the name of this House in the telegram
which gave publicity to the idea that
that sentiment embodied in said resolu-
tion was the joint action of the
Legislative Assembly.

"FIFTEENTH—Therefore, this House in-
gives its chief clerk in transit to
the Hon. Mark A. Smith by telegram
the sense of this resolution which is,
that the Senate shall amend its resolu-
tion so as to include only the eight-
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northern transportation company is
getting the valuable oil property at a
reasonable figure.

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the name of this House in the telegram
which gave publicity to the idea that
that sentiment embodied in said resolu-
tion was the joint action of the
Legislative Assembly.

"SEVENTEENTH—Therefore, this House in-
gives its chief clerk in transit to
the Hon. Mark A. Smith by telegram
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tion so as to include only the eight-
hour bill, and that there will be no hitch in
the deal, as the impression is that the
northern transportation company is
getting the valuable oil property at a
reasonable figure.

"EIGHTEENTH—The House repudiates, so
far as it concerns itself, any use of
the name of this House in the telegram
which gave publicity to the idea that
that sentiment embodied in said resolu-
tion was the joint action of the
Legislative Assembly.

"NINETEENTH—Therefore, this House in-
gives its chief clerk in transit to
the Hon. Mark A. Smith by telegram
the sense of this resolution which is,
that the Senate shall amend its resolu-
tion so as to include only the eight-
hour bill, and that there will be no hitch in
the deal, as the impression is that the
northern transportation company is
getting the valuable oil property at a
reasonable figure.

"TWENTIETH—The House repudiates, so
far as it concerns itself, any use of
the name of this House in the telegram
which gave publicity to the idea that
that sentiment embodied in said resolu-
tion was the joint action of the
Legislative Assembly.

"TWENTY-FIRST—Therefore, this House in-
gives its chief clerk in transit to
the Hon. Mark A. Smith by telegram
the sense of this resolution which is,
that the Senate shall amend its resolu-
tion so as to include only the eight-
hour bill, and that there will be no hitch in
the deal, as the impression is that the
northern transportation company is
getting the valuable oil property at a
reasonable figure.

"TWENTY-SECOND—The House repudiates, so
far as it concerns itself, any use of
the name of this House in the telegram
which gave publicity to the idea that
that sentiment embodied in said resolu-
tion was the joint action of the
Legislative Assembly.

"TWENTY-THIRD—Therefore, this House in-
gives its chief clerk in transit to
the Hon. Mark A. Smith by telegram
the sense of this resolution which is,
that the Senate shall amend its resolu-
tion so as to include only the eight-
hour bill, and that there will be no hitch in
the deal, as the impression is that the
northern transportation company is
getting the valuable oil property at a
reasonable figure.

"TWENTY-FOURTH—The House repudiates, so
far as it concerns itself, any use of
the name of this House in the telegram
which gave publicity to the idea that
that sentiment embodied in said resolu-
tion was the joint action of the
Legislative Assembly.

"TWENTY-FIFTH—Therefore, this House in-
gives its chief clerk in transit to
the Hon. Mark A. Smith by telegram
the sense of this resolution which is,
that the Senate shall amend its resolu-
tion so as to include only the eight-
hour bill, and that there will be no hitch in
the deal, as the impression is that the
northern transportation company is
getting the valuable oil property at a
reasonable figure.

THE OLD RELIABLE



Absolutely Pure
THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE

that is being made by the Christian
Science element of the population,
which, singular to relate, is not small.
Even the Attorney-General of the Ter-
ritory appeared in advocacy of the
claims that the "scientists" be given
recognition as a school of medicine.
But Dr. Whitehead of Mohave pushed
the bill through and it has the best
of chances for becoming a law, with-
out amendment.

THE OIL INDUSTRY FUEL OIL SCARCITY IN MANY DISTRICTS.

SALE OF WESTERN UNION WELLS
NOW PROBABLE.

Standard Storage Tanks Full—Mecca
Lives Wells in Kern River—Prospects
of Dayton Well in Midway—Work on
Midland Progressing.

Representative Cameron of the Pa-
cific Oil and Transportation Com-
pany has been in the city several days
in the interest of that corporation,
which several months ago secured an
option on the holdings of the Western
Union Oil Company in the Santa
Maria district, Santa Barbara county.
The option, which was for the pur-
chase of the entire holdings of the
Western Union and Los Flores com-
panies, involving close to \$1,500,000,
will expire April 1, unless a further
extension is granted. It is understood
that there will be no hitch in the
deal, as the impression is that the
northern transportation company is
getting the valuable oil property at a
reasonable figure.

The Pacific Oil and Transportation
Company is shipping oil to the Ha-
waiian islands, and handles the en-
tire output of the Western Union com-
pany.
Representative Cameron states that
it is very difficult to obtain oil in
the northern fields, as almost the en-
tire output is contracted for. In the
Kern River district, the wells are
pumped to their limit and the produc-
tion is enormous. All of the tanks
of the standard company are full, and
as soon as its pipe line is in opera-
tion, there will be a flood of oil to the
bay.

MECCA LIVES UP WELLS.
On section 23, 24, 25, the Mecca
company has again lived up its wells
that have remained idle over a year.
This company began operations in the
Kern River field over two years
ago, and completed four wells, but
owing to the low price of oil, very
little of it was removed from them.
Owing to the improvement in the oil
market, it has been decided to pump
the company to begin taking out oil.

DAYTON'S MIDWAY PROSPECT.
The Dayton company, operating in
the Midway field, is confident of suc-
cess. Its well on section 9, 22, 23, has
reached a depth of 800 feet, and the
formation encountered is in many re-
spects similar to that found in the
proven portions of the Midway ter-
ritory. Those in charge of the opera-
tions believe that when the drill has
been sent a few hundred feet deeper
a fine body of oil sand will be found.
Operations in this well are watched
with considerable interest by property
owners in that end of the field.

WORK ON MIDLAND TELLING.
Work on the Midland Pacific is
progressing favorably, and it is re-
ported that already three miles of the

"Now watch me get more."—Oliver.



H-O makes a man ready
for any sort of a day.

How often do you feel dull and sluggish in the
morning for a few hours after breakfast? Do you
ever lay it to what you eat for breakfast? Did
you ever try H-O and notice
how differently you felt after-
wards? If not, do so.



Walk-Over Shoes \$3.50.

Unsurpassed at \$5.00.



Walk-Over Shoes
For Men.

Nothing more swaggar for street
wear, nothing more elegant for dress
in the \$5 and \$6 shoes you've been
wearing than you'll find in the new
Walk-Over. Looker calf, Broncho
coat, patent calf, Vic Kid and all the
other high grade leathers. Specially
treated oak-tanned soles.

The Walk-Over
Shoe House.

111 S. Spring
San Francisco Store Opposite Emporium.



Walk-over Shoes
for Women.

Styles for every service, from dancing
to trampng, each with a distinctive-
ness that marks the work of expert
shoemakers.
Street boots and Oxfords with all
the snappiness an extremist could de-
sire; dress shoes and slippers with all
the dainty touches refined taste can
suggest.

DOAN'S Kidney Pills CURE Bad Backs



Los Angeles Backs

FEW are the people in Los Angeles who never have
a bad back. Nearly everyone you know has "now and then" an aching
back—some suffer severely from backache pains, others have mild attacks
that only harass, annoy and seem not serious. Many grievous mistakes are
made through back neglect. Ever stop to think that there is reason for the
weakness which causes every strain of the back—every cold—every exertion
to bring backache pains? There will be less pain—less back trouble when
'tis understood the kidneys are to blame for it all nine times out of ten. The
kidneys' constant call for help comes through the back—kidneys are over-
worked and become easily disordered, unable to perform their proper func-
tions, then it is the back warns you to assist nature and right the wrong that
is going on in the system causing impure blood to circulate and breed disease.

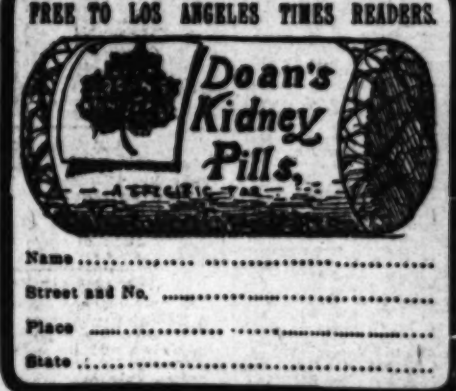
Doan's Kidney Pills.

Cure all kidney complications from common backache to dangerous diabetes. Not an ill in the kidney calendar
this great specific will not reach. Doan's Kidney Pills cure: Inflammation of the Bladder, Infrequent and Too
Frequent Urination, Excessive Urinary Discharges, Painful Urinary Passages, Dropsical Swellings, Kidney
Rheumatism and Resultant Conditions of Uric Acid Poisoning.

Los Angeles
Proof.
EAST EIGHTH STREET.

Mrs. Lena Derrick of 2305 East Eighth
street says: "Besides backache, which
occurred so often and was so persistent
that it forced me many a day to stop
in the middle of ordinary housework and
rest, there were other indications that
my kidneys were either weakened or
over-excited. An advertisement about
Doan's Kidney Pills influenced me to
go to Dean's drug store, corner of 4d
and Spring Sts., for a box. I have this
to say about the results: they are a
preparation which acts directly on the
kidneys, and act at once. In addition
to that, you have not to continue tak-
ing them indefinitely, because they do
their work thoroughly."

A TRIAL FREE.
This coupon good for one free trial box of DOAN'S
KIDNEY PILLS. Write plainly name and ad-
dress. Send to Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.,
and a free trial will be mailed you promptly.



Los Angeles
Proof.
JUDSON STREET.

W. D. Babcock of 830 Judson street, now retired
from the active business affairs of life, residence
830 Judson street, says: "Long before I came to
Los Angeles I knew all about Doan's Kidney Pills,
Near Vassar, Mich., where I lived I contracted
kidney complaint and my druggist strongly urged
the use of Doan's Kidney Pills. A course of the
treatment absolutely cured that particular attack.
Since coming West recurrences have taken place,
and on more than one occasion I have sent to
Michigan for Doan's Kidney Pills, and in each
and every case they not only stopped backache,
but also checked too frequent action of the kidney
secretions. I want to emphatically assert this:
Any one in Los Angeles troubled with kidney
complaint in any of its forms need be no ways
dubious about going to Dean's drug store for
Doan's Kidney Pills. They are a preparation
upon which the public can rely."

THE NAMES-MIRROR PRINTING & BINDING HOUSE

FINE COLOR PRINTING
BOOKS, CATALOGUES, NEWSPAPERS
FINE JOB PRINTING.
ALL KINDS OF BOOKBINDING
AND BLANK BOOK MAKING.



GERMAIN'S RELIABLE SEEDS.

If you buy your seeds from us, you need never
ask if they will grow. The fact that we sell
them answers that question. First, we test
nothing but the best seeds obtainable and all
we do are tested before being offered to our
customers—that's why we have the largest
business. Satisfactory illustration.
Just out, mailed free on application.

Germain Seed & Plant Company
200-220-230 E. Main St.

Go-Carts, \$3.45 A GOOD THING.
EASTERN OUTFITTING CO., 544 South Spring Street.

Illustrated Weekly Magazine.

Los Angeles Sunday Times

MARCH 8, 1903.

FIVE CENTS.

HOW SWEET A THING IT IS TO SEE BRETHREN DWELLING IN UNITY"



This is what the Irish Nationalists think will happen when the proposed bill for the amelioration of the condition of the Irish country comes Parliament.

OUR ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

A MAGAZINE OF THE SOUTHWEST.

California in tone and color, Southwestern in scope and character, with the "favor of the land and of the sea, the mountains, the lakes, the valleys and the plains."

Dedicated to the development of the country, to the exploitation of its marvellous natural resources and to the word-painting of its wonders and beauties. The contents embrace a wide range of good reading matter: Popular descriptive sketches, solid articles, thorough and picturesque editorials, brilliant correspondence, poetry, pictures and bright miscellany.

The Magazine being complete in itself, may be served to the public separate from the news sheets, when required. It is also sent to all regular subscribers of the Los Angeles Sunday Times.

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Los Angeles Sunday Times

Editorials by Eliza A. Otis.

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ESTABLISHED DECEMBER 1, 1897.

Contents of this Number.

CARTOON	1
EDITORIAL	2
HOLLAND'S BACKWOODS. By Frank G. Carpenter	3
WEATHER SIGNS. By Mary H. Coates	4
PRESIDENT'S NEW SECRETARY. By John Elfreth Watkins, Jr.	5
LIFE IN PANAMA. By Frederic J. Haskin	6
CORTELVOU IN YOUTH. By Laura Frenchie Stevens	7
LAST TOIN OF THE ASTER. By Edward C. Butler	8
AFRICAN COTTONTAIL. Isabel Bates Winslow	9
A LINGUA SONG. By A. R. Ross-Selby	10
MEN WHOM NOTHING CAN BEAT. From Answers	11
BARBARA DOODLE. By Edward Marshall	12
SOCIETY IN THE KITCHEN. By Harriet Quimby	13
WHARF PLEASURES. By B. M. Elerton	14
THE IRON BRIGADE. By Maj. A. J. Watrous	15
A LITTLE-KNOWN NEIGHBOR. By Americans	16
THE YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT	16-17
The Story Machine—The Games We Play—Our Wild Cats—Joe Jolly Boy	
WOMAN AND HOME	18-19
THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL. By Kate Greenleaf Locke	20
WAYS OF WOMEN. By D. R. Montgomery	21
Women Street Peddlers—Beauty Don'ts for Women—Art Galleries That Travel—The Light House Keeper—Her Unique Business	
CARE OF THE BODY. By a Staff Writer	22-23
STORIES OF THE FINE LINE—ANIMAL STORIES	24
GOOD SHORT STORIES	25
GRAPHIC PEN PICTURES	26
DEVELOPMENT OF THE SOUTHWEST. By a Staff Writer	27
FARMING IN CALIFORNIA. By J. W. Jeffrey	28-29

THE EXTENT OF OUR DOMAIN.

THIS great country of ours at the time when the Declaration of Independence was issued to the world was but a mere infant in size compared with what it is today. How closely it hugged our Atlantic borders, while the vast West behind it was practically further from its life than the Old World is today. What did our Revolutionary fathers know of the unpeopled wildernesses lying between them and these Pacific shores. And never once did they dream of the march of American civilization across the continent upon highways bordered by bands of steel, while across the mighty distance the lightnings traversed the air, the swift couriers of speech, placing the Atlantic and Pacific dwellers in constant communication with each other. We have grown in every direction, north, south, east and west, and we take pride in the great land over which floats the Stars and the Stripes.

But there are really but few people, even among the most intelligent, who realize fully the extent of our domain. Take, for instance, Alaska. But few people appreciate what an empire of space is embraced in our Alaskan possessions alone. The lowest boundary is 50 deg. 40 min. north, and the highest, the Arctic Ocean. The eastern limit is 120 deg. west of Greenwich, and the western, 127 deg. 20 min. San Francisco is about five hundred miles nearer the farthest point of Maine than it is to the western coast of Attou, the most remote of the Aleutian Islands. Thus San Francisco is only about two hundred and fifty miles short of being the geographical center of the United States.

One-sixth of the area of the United States is represented by our Alaskan possessions, once belonging to the Muscovite Czar. A portion of this Arctic land is a region girdled with fire, for it is the seat of several active volcanoes, which tower thousands of feet upward above the sea, their lofty crests mantled with eternal snows, and frowning forever upon the valleys at their base.

Of Alaska, a recent writer says: "Of the ethnologically interesting aboriginal inhabitants of Alaska—the Tlingit Indians, with their totem poles, the clever Aleuts in their kayaks braving the sea, the jovial Eskimos—I did not propose to speak, but the mention of the trading companies reminds me that while here is a country, that with all its hardships of climate, might yet support a large population. . . . The coun-

try so far has been merely exploited. . . . An area of land covering nearly 600,000 square miles, even if situated near the North Pole, must show considerable diversity of conditions, and cannot be described by wholesale characterizations. The information regarding Alaska is now increasing almost as rapidly as that of Africa did a few years ago as a result of systematic exploration. We find that there is as good an opportunity for a population of over two millions as there is in Norway, and the thousands of Americans who visit annually the fjords and glaciers and forest-clad hills of Norway should know that for grandeur and variety of scenery of the same sort, their home possession far exceeds that of the Scandinavian peninsula."

As we regard the facts in reference to the extent of Alaska given above, and the growth of our country from the Atlantic to the Pacific borders, what a grand march of empire do these facts suggest. We have a country upon which the sun never sets. As its first rising beams shed their light upon its far Atlantic shores, the last warm glow of the sunset is resting upon those farthest Aleutian isles that lie asleep upon the waters of the Eastern hemisphere. What a country, and what a mighty destiny is ours, if we be but true to liberty and the right.

LET US CONSIDER THE QUESTION.

WE hear good words from across the seas from the lips of that great man and marvelous surgeon, Dr. Lorenz, who proved such a benefactor to the afflicted while in this country. Since his return to his home in Vienna, he has been unsparing in his praise of American physicians, nurses and hospitals, declaring that "they lead the world."

His enthusiasm is also great for our "magnificent charities," which have built our great hospitals, and so thoroughly equipped them for the work of healing, and the skillful practice of surgery and medicine. But in the face of all this the great man finds somewhat to marvel at. It is a problem to him that in the midst of so much intelligence, and practical scientific medical knowledge, American communities will sustain and be made the prey of such a great army of alleged healers, belonging to the school of Christian Science, faith cure and the like.

What wonder that he marvels? We also marvel ourselves when we stop to consider it. Is it that we, as a people like to be humbugged, that we are forever running after some new thing, through which we hope to obtain emancipation from the ills that flesh is heir to? It is a subject worthy of our honest consideration. Let us consider it.

REMARKS BY MEN OF THE TIMES.

Edison may succeed in putting the horse out of business, but it will be a long time before anybody invents a substitute for the goat as a tomato-can destroyer.

The breakfast food fad seems to be losing its popularity, and Boston is now priding itself on its conservatism in sticking to pie throughout the whole excitement.

The critics say that Rudyard Kipling is "no poet," but as long as publishers eagerly pay him fifty cents a word for the stuff he reels off, the opinions of critics will not materially disturb his slumbers.

The month of March is, on the whole, more certain to bring rain than any other month of the year in Southern California. This is indicated by the records of rainfall extending over a long term of years. If we are blessed with an abundance of "the later rains," this month, the agriculturists of Southern California will rejoice in the most bountiful harvests they have had for years.

Tourists who have traveled extensively over country roads, in California and other States, declare that the roads of Los Angeles county are the worst they have found anywhere on the continent of North America—and they are doubtless right in the assertion. This is emphatically as it ought not to be. In no part of the country are the facilities better for building good roads than they are in Los Angeles county. We have the best of materials, and the climate is such that good roads, once built, would last longer than in most sections. Isn't it about time for us to "get together" on this proposition?

A dispatch from Schenectady, N. Y., under date of March 1, states that "the Potter case has been settled by the painters' union abandoning its position, and William Potter will be allowed to go to work as a union painter and at the same time remain a member of the militia." This is well. The action of the Schenectady painters' union in suspending Potter because he belonged to the militia has served to call widespread attention to some of the methods of unionism, and to bring those methods under public condemnation. If the union's foresight had been equal to its hindsight, it would not have placed itself in so reprehensible a position.

One is reminded of the well-known saying about shipping coals to Newcastle, by the announcement that an experimental shipment of sixty boxes of fresh fruit had reached New York from South Africa, consisting of plums, peaches and nectarines, grown on the estates of the Cecil Rhodes Fruit Farms Company, and that a portion of the shipment had been forwarded to California. The fruit is said to have arrived in perfect condition, after its voyage around three-fourths of the earth. This should encourage California fruit growers to experiment with fresh-fruit shipments to all parts of the world during the season when it is so plentiful here. To make this a success, however, the very greatest care must be devoted to packing, not only in order to preserve the fruit, but to please the eye of the purchaser.

Bits of Verse.

ON THE MOUNTAIN TOP.

Oh, I have climbed and climbed the heights
Of mountains far above the clouds
Which wrapped them round like giant hands
Hiding from view the birds' swift flight.

The glory of the vales, the sea,
The forests with their swaying trees,
And life with all its mysteries,
Till there seemed left but sky and sea.

The lonely vastness did appall,
My spirit seemed to drink so deep
Of silence, and the lonely sweep
Of that sky-world which over all.

The world I loved, the world I knew,
Hung like some strange creation there,
Cloud-paved and silent everywhere,
Beneath the vast and sun-filled blue.

As if the world were blotted out,
The world where I had lived and loved,
The sweet, glad world where I had roamed,
Had heard the voice of childhood shout.

In joyousness of being sweet,
Yet here alone, alone was I,
With cloud below, above, the sky,
No paths familiar to my feet.

Then rose the wind and seemed to breathe
Familiar notes into my ear,
In cadence wondrous full and clear—
Clear as the notes that Pan might weave.

As through the wooded ways we went,
Or through the vales and o'er the hills,
When Morn with golden sunbeams came,
The spaces of the continent.

And then the mantled heights aside
Their garments threw, the clouds were
A bannered army off they drift,
And lo! once more the valleys wide.

The sea, blue as the sky o'erhead,
The forests all light crowned and fair,
The world I loved was everywhere
Again beneath my feet outspread.

March, 1902.

A Sea Lyric.

There is no music that man has heard
Like the voice of the minstrel sea,
Whose major and minor chords are heard
With infinite mystery—
For the sea is a harp, and the winds of heaven
Play over his rhythmic breast,
And bear on the sweep of their mighty wings
The song of a vast unrest.

There is no passion that man has sung,
Like the love of the deep-souled sea,
Whose tide responds to the Moon's soft smile
With marvelous melody—
For the sea is a harp, and the winds of heaven
Play over his rhythmic breast,
And bear on the sweep of their mighty wings
The song of a vast unrest.

There is no sorrow that man has known,
Like the grief of the wordless main,
Whose Titan bosom forever throbs
With an untranslatable pain—
For the sea is a harp, and the winds of heaven
Play over his rhythmic breast,
And bear on the sweep of their mighty wings
The song of a vast unrest.

—[William Hamilton Hayne, in Atlantic]

CURRENT COMMENT.

The Sultan of Morocco calls Secretary Hayne "a veritable Vizier." Now will John be good? Commercial-Appel.

The Missouri man who condemns had spoken the greatest of crimes will never be a success as a novelist.—[Philadelphia Inquirer.]

Now that Dr. Loeb of Chicago has discovered for St. Vitus dance, let him cast about for some other cake walk.—[Kansas City Star.]

The Newark man who kissed a widow and returned a return from her broomstick had an idea of "the widow's might."—[New York World.]

An exchange thinks a harmless old bachelor make a brute of a husband. By that same old maid might make a devil of a wife.—[Denver Post.]

If report is true, perhaps after all Lammie has not lived in vain. He is said to have been the initiator of the expressive phrase "nothing doing."—[Moines Leader.]

The department stores are not advertising in ties in sackcloth and ashes this Lent. Last year will prevail, and it is believed that the Lenten will easily exceed the demand.—[Anaconda Standard.]

Kentuckians are terrorized by the floods. A terrible thing about the floods is that they are composed of an infinite number of chasers, without the way of proper forerunners.—[Baltimore Sun.]

It is heard from Chicago that beef is now as pork. This might be very assuring but for the fact that it is an optimistic way of stating that pork now costs as much as beef.—[Chicago Tribune.]

From the number of rising statesmen who form so prominent a feature of the present generation, the average mortal is beginning to wonder whether or not a prerequisite for becoming a statesman is the possession of the office.—[Chicago Tribune.]

Holland's Backwoods.

By Frank G. Carpenter.

THE RURAL DUTCH.

HOW THE PEOPLE DRESS AND LIVE IN THE COUNTRY.

From Our Own Correspondent.

IF YOU want to see the Dutch as they are you must go to the backwoods of Holland. You will find there districts where the people dress the same from generation to generation and where their customs are unchanged by the ages. This is so on some of the islands located, lying in the mouth of the Scheldt and also in the backwoods on the edge of the German Ocean.

Take for instance the Island of Marken, in the Zuyder Zee, not far from this great city of Amsterdam. It is to be another world. The people look down upon their clothing and dress as the Dutch did fifty years ago. The men wear bloomers so full at the hips that they could make a dress skirt out of one pair of trousers. They have roundabouts or shirt waists of black wool, with big silver buttons running in two rows down to the waist, where the trousers are fastened by buttons as large as an after-dinner coffee cup saucer. The trousers stop at the root of the calf and below are woollen things and clogs.

The women wear gorgeous red and white caps, red and white skirts, which fall to the knees and have blue or black stockings and clogs. Their hair comes down almost to the eyes, ending in a fringe of braided hair which covers the ears, a curl of hair hanging down each cheek to the shoulder.

I went out to Marken one day and spent the day photographing the people and houses. I had no trouble getting good pictures, for every man, woman and child was ready to pose for a certain number of pennies. The little ones trotted along at my heels in their caps, begging me to take their pictures and then asking money. Even the men demanded money when photographed, and I think the burgomaster himself would pose for less than a guilder. I usually paid 4 cents a person, and a little more when I photographed the houses.

The houses of Marken are low, one and a half story buildings, with ridge roofs painted black, built along the streets in little villages here and there over the island. I entered one at the invitation of the owner, an old Dutchman, who wore a pair of trousers each leg of which was as big as a two-bushel bag. His whole house was not more than twenty-four feet square, but was so clean that you could see your face in everything in it. The floors were scrubbed like a kitchen on Saturday night, and the plates on the walls shined. About the room were cupboards, each containing a bed, with the whitest of pillows and quilts carefully embroidered. The kitchen utensils were new, and two brass candlesticks, which shone like gold, stood on a shelf under the plates.

Dutch Farmhouse.

On my way to Marken I stopped at Broeck, a little fishing town in the midst of the meadows, to see a cheese factory. The factory was house, stable and cheese-making establishment combined. This is so throughout the dairy region of Holland. The hay is stored away in the garret, and one-half of the house is given up to the cows, which are brought indoors during the winter and kept there.

The stable part of the house had accommodation for forty cows, two for each stall, and it was cleaner than the average American kitchen. The cows were out during my visit, but I walked with clean feet from stall to stall, making notes of the arrangements. The walls of the stalls are painted black to the height of the cows' white above that. In front of each stall there is a window with lace curtains over it, and at the back a six inch deep, which is flooded daily with water kept so clean that there is little perceptible odor. It is for that the Dutch say that cow smells are refined, and the farmers do not mind them at all.

Dutch Tie Up Their Cows' Tails.

I was interested in the arrangements to keep the cows clean. Every cow is well bedded, and it has, in addition, a rope the size of a clothesline with a strap looped around and held up her tail. One end of the rope is fastened in the rafters just over the cow, so raising the tail that there is no danger of it being flung through milk or into the eye of the milker.

A room adjoining this was the cheese room with a row of racks of fresh Edam cheese on the racks. The cheese was of a rich yellow color and more delicious than any we have in the United States. I was shown some cheese presses, and as I examined them I noticed an American oil stove on the shelves near by, an evidence that the American invasion has evidently reached its place in this out of the way factory. The old owner of the establishment explained the process of cheese-making, hobbling the gold horns over his eyes and fro as she did so.

Like the Dutch country people! They are the quaintest of all characters of the Netherlands, and they regard you as the pictures of Holland you see in the galleries. The people of the towns dress about the same as we do, but in the back districts are girls with lace and helmets of gold, silver and brass, and also narrow gold horns sticking out on each side of the head. The women working in the fields wear black hats with wide linen skirts, and it is not uncommon to find a man with a thick mop of hair cut straight off at the neck, a richly embroidered shirt, a roundabout with various silver buttons and trousers of velveteen which look like enormous bags tied in at the knee.

The Dutch are plain and simple in their ways. They never look, but they can laugh upon occasions, many of them are hospitable.

Land of Small Farms.

More than half of the farmers of Holland own the land which they farm, but the holdings are compara-

tively small. There are not in the whole country two hundred farms, each containing more than two hundred and fifty acres, and 80,000 of the farms have each less than fifteen acres. Indeed, a large part of Holland is tracts of heath and of swamp and water, which are good for nothing. There are 2,500,000 acres in pasture, and more than 600,000 acres in forests, so that the land actually cultivated does not comprise more than one-third of the country.

The people are more devoted to stock farming and dairying than to tilling the soil. The country raises excellent grass, and there are now here something like a million and a half cattle, chiefly Holsteins. There are a million and a quarter hogs, more than half a million horses and 750,000 sheep.

Alkmar and Its Dutch Cheeses.

Some of the chief dairy regions are in the North, and at Alkmar is a famous cheese market, to which the people from seventy or eighty villages bring in their cheese for sale. Each cheese is marked with the initials of its maker. The stock is spread out on waxed cloths, and is bought by the wholesale merchants who ship it to all parts of the world. Holland exported about \$5,000,000 worth of cheese in 1900, the bulk of the product going to England, Belgium, Germany and France.

Thousands of tons of this are sold at Alkmar, the stuff being brought in in wagons over the road, on barges up the canals and by the small farmers in dog carts. The price of cheese makes good or bad times in the dairy regions, and by the rise or fall of a cent or so a pound the farmer is happy or miserable.

I am surprised to see how well the Dutch care for their cattle. They treat them like children, and are careful that nothing is done to excite or disturb them. On a

and that the smaller ones are much more expensive than the steel structures of a similar kind in America.

Money in Bulbs.

The Dutch make money out of gardening, and especially flower gardening. They raise vegetables and fruits for England, but their peaches and pears lack flavor, though they are full of juice. They taste to me much like the fruits of Japan, which has about the same climate.

There are parts of Holland, however, which are just right for flowers. Take the region about Haarlem, where more bulbs are raised than at any place in the world. The soil there is a mixture of sand and loam just fitted for the best of tulips, hyacinths and gladioli. There are syndicates and individuals at Haarlem who do a big business in bulb raising. They have patches of tulips, hyacinths and other bulbs acres in extent. The hyacinths load the air with their perfume and the fields are of such colors that in passing through on the railroad at certain times of the year, you seem to be traveling over a crazy quilt more gorgeous than any ever put together in reality.

There are in all about 2000 different kinds of tulips raised here; 2000 varieties of gladioli and 1700 hyacinths. The bulbs are planted in trenches, with the large plants in the center and the small ones at the side. The varieties are kept separate, each row being labeled with its own name.

The most of the bulbs exported by Holland are raised near Haarlem, and this means an amount equal to about \$5,000,000 annually, much of which comes from the United States.

The Seat of the Tulip Crase.

It was at Haarlem that the best tulips were raised during the great crase, when such bulbs brought their



cold day if in the fields they are blanketed, and when hot the blankets are often kept on as a protection from the flies. The cows are fed in the fields, and the milking is done in the pasture, the farmers claiming that the animals should not be worried by being driven into the stable. On large farms the milk is collected by wagons, and on the small ones the milkmaids often bring it in themselves, using a yoke which fits over the shoulders, with a bucket hung to each end.

In France I found the cattle tied to stakes to keep them from destroying the crops next the pastures. Here in Holland nothing is tethered or watched. There are but few fences, but little canals two or three feet wide take their places. The gate to a field is often a drawbridge, which is let down when the animals pass in or out, but at other times remains up. Other bridges have gates built upon them, and it looks funny to see such gates standing here and there alone in the fields.

The farmers are everywhere thrifty. Nothing goes to waste. The haystacks are roofed with boards or thatched in such a way that the thatch can be lowered as the hay is fed out. All woodwork is painted, and rot and rust are not to be seen. Indeed, the only things that show signs of decay here are the windmills, some of which are hundreds of years old. In some cases these have been replaced by steam or oil engines, but they still do a great deal of pumping and grinding. You see them everywhere upon the Dutch landscape; some are huge affairs with arms thirty or more feet long, and great stone or brick towers rising high above the rest of the landscape. Many furnish the power for grist mills. Some saw lumber and others grind flour and food for the stock. It takes only two men for a large mill, so that the expense of running is slight. I am told that a large mill costs one or two thousand dollars,

weight in gold. That was about the only time that the Dutch lost their heads and went wild over speculation. They speculate still, but most of their enterprises are on an investment basis. During the tulip crase, along about when Boston was started, one Haarlem tulip bulb brought \$1500, with a team of gray horses and a carriage thrown in, and an Amsterdam bulb was sold for twelve acres of land. Both of these bulbs were of the variety known as the Semper Augustus, of which there were then only two in existence. At the same time, other varieties brought enormous sums. Tulip buying was a regular business, and men grew rich and poor from the trade. Some Dutch mortgaged their houses to buy tulips, and the loss of a peck of bulbs caused a man's ruin.

The Dutch tulips now sell for ordinary prices, but they are still handled on business principles, and both cultivation and marketing have been reduced to a science. The bulbs are set out in September and October. They are carefully cultivated by skilled workmen, many of the farms employing hundreds of hands. They are packed for the market just so and are shipped to seed and flower dealers all over the world.

Low Wages.

I doubt if the ordinary Dutch farmer makes money. Take the 80,000 who have less than fifteen acres. They cannot at best produce more than a living. Indeed, some of these are selling their farms and renting others. Lands are high and rents are calculated at about 3 percent of the land value.

Wages are very low. A good farm hand can be hired for from 30 to 40 cents a day, and a common price is \$60 a year, with a suit of clothes and a pair of boots thrown in. Many of the farm hands now go off to Belgium and France at harvest time, so that labor is scarce,

There is also an exodus from the country to the cities and the factories, where the wages are higher.

Even in the cities the wages paid seem ridiculous in comparison with those of the United States. The government usually pays as much as any one. Here are some figures recently published as to what men received who worked on state contracts: Common workmen got 5 cents an hour, carpenters 6½ cents and masons and bricklayers 7 cents. Blacksmiths received 7 cents an hour, and turners, planers, fitters and iron workers 8 cents. The wages in the factories are no better, and the hours of work range all the way from nine to thirteen per day. On the farms both men and women work, and the women, as a rule, do as much as the men.

In the factories there are also women and children. Children are allowed in the factories at the age of 12. The little ones go to their labors at 6 o'clock, starting work on nothing but a cup of hot coffee or perhaps a piece of rye bread, and coming home to breakfast at 8. They go back an hour later, and lay off for dinner from 12 to 1, when they return to complete the day. The wages paid children are but a few cents a day, and boys start into a trade as low as 20 cents a week. There are fixed rules as to apprentices, some shops refusing to take them because there are no laws by which they can hold them after they have learned enough to be of value. Of late, however, technical schools have been established, and the children will have a better chance to learn trades than in the past.

Amsterdam, Holland.

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A TOAST TO TEACHING.

This story I had from a man who was present: A wealthy woman who affects patronage of education drove up one morning to the school of which she is a trustee and invited the teachers to spend the evening at her home. When the refreshments were served that night, one little cake, which by mistake had escaped the vigilance of the overseer, came into the hands of one of the guests and proved to have a curved omission as if something had been bitten out. The discovery was made in a cosy corner, where some of the irreverent young women of the teaching staff were making merry. Annabel, who is a musical accompanist, whispered to the girls that this was the second successive evening she had attended a reception in this house, once as a hired entertainer and once as a guest. She suggested that the things to eat were what were left over by the "society people" of the night before. At this revelation there were indignant looks, but the teachers' inviolable safeguard, the sense of humor, came to the rescue, and the holder of the telltale wafer lifted it up and proposed, sotto voce: "Here's health to us; the rag-tag and bob-tail of the learned professions; beloved by children; tolerated by youth; forgotten by maturity; considered municipally, financially and socially as good enough for what is left."—[William McAndrew, in the World's Work.]

PATTI'S FORTUNE.

Mme. Adelina Patti has earned at least \$5,000,000 with her wonderful voice. During one single year she netted \$350,000, a sum much greater than many a successful lawyer or doctor earns in a lifetime. Day after day, during one part of her career, she made within two or three hours over \$5000, and was coining money at a rate which, if it could have been maintained, would have made her a millionaire within three years. The highest figure ever paid to a singer at Covent Garden was the sum of \$18,000 paid to Mme. Patti in 1870 for sixteen appearances, or \$2000 each appearance. Mme. Patti has, however, beaten this record in her American tours, when she obtained, as she did at New Orleans in the '80's, as much as \$6000 a night. This "prima donna assoluta" has many simple methods of preserving her voice from the effects of the artificial heat of the stage and concert room, one of which is gargling the throat, when she rises, with salt and water. Her fees for singing have been " princely," but she probably "bears the palm" in her profession for being paid for not singing, for at one season at Covent Garden, besides her \$3000 a performance, she was paid a "retainer" of \$60,000 not to sing elsewhere for a certain period. She was probably the original of the insurance of voice. Here is "underwritten" for \$5000 a performance, or for \$40,000 for total loss of voice. Only twice has she drawn the insurance, although she is nearly 60 years old.—[Chicago News.]

WHAT MAKES THINGS GROW?

According to Maurice Springer, a recent French writer on the subject, the energy of growth is closely related to electric energy, and may be identical with it. At any rate, growth-energy is closely connected with the phenomenon called osmosis; that is, molecular pressure due to differences of density in adjacent liquid masses. Such molecular pressure in the cells of the body he believes to be the phenomenon that underlies the multiplication of these cells in growth; and osmosis has been shown by experiment to be closely connected with electricity. The writer referred to believes that we shall soon be able to measure growth-energy as we now do heat or electricity, and perhaps control it so as to produce tall or short families or races at our pleasure.—[Success.]

ENORMOUS TRADE IN TOBACCO.

The enormous extent of the tobacco business in America may be realized from the fact that 7,000,000,000 cigars, 3,000,000,000 cigarettes and 280,000,000 pounds of manufactured tobacco and 15,000,000 pounds of snuff are produced every year. The retail value of all the smoking and chewing tobacco, in its various forms, approaches \$500,000,000 annually. It is indeed a business of royal proportions, and its control is worth fighting for.—[Ladies' Monthly.]

Weather Signs.

PROPHECIES THE SAILOR READS IN SUNSET SKIES.

By a Special Contributor.

AS THE sun god passed behind the pearl and violet curtain hung across the farther rim of the Pacific Ocean, one might not long since, he seemed to pause on a low-lying leaden ledge there, while he hung back a bouquet of petal-like red clouds, trailing them over the western sky as a springtime breeze-frolics among blossoms through orchard reaches.

Then it was that a rosy-faced old man, once a seafarer, deserted his lounging bench in the sun, glanced at the sky splendors, and shook out his long gray curls with a knowing nod: "Old Triton will be fluting little tunes on his twisted shell somewhere before long," he remarked as he turned homeward.

Signs of Storm.

"Think there's a storm brewing?" sympathetically inquired another lover of sunny ease.

"See those brassy trimmings to the southward? Wind, and showers, I should say. Just remember it tomorrow, and see for yourself," he replied.

The most significant of the sunset weather symbols may be easily conned. Classify them by colors and by clouds. The primal signs of the evening skies, reading them by colors, are pink, crimson-red, yellow and gray. Shape is of higher importance than color in clouds, thin, long-drawn, brushy or curl-like patches kinds into which they have been divided: Cirrus clouds, thin, long-drawn, brushy or curl-like patches, the cat's tail of the sailor and the mare's tail of the landsman; cumulous clouds, billowy masses often piled up like gigantic bales of wool; stratus clouds, low-lying banks stretching horizontally; and nimbus or rain-clouds proper, ragged-edged, gray-tinted, often covering the sky in seasons of continued rains. After these are the mixed clouds, which are made up of fragments in different groupings, and really more interesting than those from which they spring.

Scientists have patiently picked these heavenly delineations apart, letting the pieces fall in "mist," "vapor," "wind" and "rain," but nature-lovers and west-



CRIMSON ABOVE A LEADEN HAZE—RAIN.

window-dreamers, in California, are wont to say, "a yellow sunset for wind, pink for fog, red and leaden for rain."

The reader of sky signs, especially of our sunset skies, has an unfailing and ever-changing mine of innocent pleasure for his own. It is wealth as color—sumptuous as it is ethereal; and he follows the kaleidoscope splendor, day by day, with eager eyes. The inquisitive thought: Will his prognostication prove correct? lures the student onward; and later, when it comes true, he turns back with a gratified I-told-you-so expression, then Janus-like, looks both ways.

Wind-mark Sunsets.

The clear, calm, unmarked close of day has its own appointed place in the great procession; but might be considered the interval between scenes, or the background to the moving pictures of the heavens. Taking distinct colors next, our golden sunsets cover a wide range of shades, indeed; running from pale, delicate yellow to dusky copper. The unclouded, extremely brassy-looking sunset, or the afterglow shining upward in sharp spokes of a sunburst invariably foretell the coming of wind, either high or moderate, determined by its intensity or degree of brightness.

Gold, glittering and unclouded, that burn like living flame, indicate cooler weather; but thick or muddy-looking yellows presage moisture, and a silken net of fairy rain-ropes lowered, or the sunburst turned upside down, generally brings more wet weather.

A pronounced type of the wind-mark sunset occurred in the first week in February of last year. Keen, like burnished brass, it was, and stretched half-way around the horizon, its outline rising against the sky like a vast forest. Its glow lasted more than half an hour, during which it faded and flamed up, died away and rose, like a burning sea replenished again and again. It was followed in twenty-four hours by a very high wind, which lasted several days; and brought frost, hail and snow in several exposed sections.

A yellow sunset that sinks into peachblow and melows till it simulates a soft crepe-like fabric, trailing along the horizon in a scarf, suggests fog in the morning, with a sunny, breezy afternoon; or veering to amber and pearl for a clear morning and foggy evening.

Pink that is the ghost of a red sunset and that thickens till it oversteps the border line into the cloud kingdom, to lift an outstretched raven's wing, forecasts foggy weather, ending in showers; or, the west all raven-wing clouds and the east suffused with crimson, as if the sun had boarded his long-abandoned myth ship, made a new century speed trip around, to rise again that day, foreboding fog ending in rain.

Red sunsets, if a great red rose laid against violet that

deepens to plum, or when made of crimson bands separated by leaden streaks, if the red signals a pathway down shot with brassy feathers, a storm Southern California, rain and wind Signs That Came True.

These sunsets were seen before the present year; and a red-rose sunset of the month in last year brought rain, turbulence on the ocean, seamen's worst sea they had known between San Francisco in twenty years.

The heavy rainfall in Central California, 1900, was preceded by a vivid red sunset, three crimson bars laid between purple and the sun, as it passed down, turning blood-red disk.

A mackerel sky, cirro-stratus clouds like strolling sheep reluctantly leaving for the fold, form the warning sign—

"Mackerel's scales and mackerel's fins" Make lofty ships to carry heavy loads when the fleece at nightfall slowly reddens or when these clouds ripple black sand on a shallow river's broad shoals spatter the sky with a without a tinge of coloring, there will be cooler weather.

These mixed clouds are most frequent months; but the variations in sky colors earth is not in the same place it was the year before. One cloud does not nor one season of study make a student altogether!

Cirro-stratus clouds in three white storms of more than passing notice of which occurred in May. The three stretched across the sky from north to south to exquisite apricot, then orange, blow of the season," in which the most eventful trip across the channel.

Southern California's weather wondrous lightning—last year, in June, was bands of white that took on rose changing to amber and melting into after sunset sent down an afterglow of

Cumulo-stratus clouds reveal in fancies sky with faces unknown or wondrous giants, with beards unwritten about, moated castles, donjons, and shining thrilling cloud shapes are merely the for change of weather—any kind of a sunset is succeeded by one in which the bivouac behind an unshaded velvet the weather-wise sun lover contentedly be a beautiful warm day tomorrow.

MARY

THE GAGE OF THE SEA.

I.

We have banded a boat of our prowess
We have flung down the gage of the
From the coasts of the East to the
Our pennons have flouted free;

With the pride of our wondrous treasure
With the zeal of our youthful hour,
We have measured our strength with
We have scoffed at their pomp of

The banner of Stars, unrended,
Has flown thro' the storm and the
It has shone thro' the smoke when the
It has followed the typhoon's track

Yet, dream not that days of glory,
The deeds that our fathers wrought,
Can carry the boast of an unarmed
And fight the fights to be fought.

II.

Not thus did the old sea rulers
Who fashioned the laws of the main,
Not thus did the kings of the ancient
Not thus wrought the builders of Spain

The stanch old burghers of Holland,
In the days when she wept the wave,
Tied her broom at the head of a thousand
And ten thousand hearts of the brave

Look now to the proud sea islands
At the gate of the northern seas—
Lo! cities of ships with thunderous
Speak stern command on the breeze

And the Teuton giant yonder—
Think you he dreams, in his hold,
Of a phantom peace when war shall
And the weak shall keep from the

III.

No! Not in the plaint of the sluggard
And not in the miser's plea,
May be found the shield of the mighty
Set down by the coasts of the sea

When the winds shall burst upon us
With the hail of the fire-ringed
We shall look in vain to the deeds of
And the strength of our unarmed

Set down by the seas of half the world
We shall turn to the sea or ken,
And out of her breast from the
Shall come strange armed men:

The boast we made, in our hour of
Shall crumble beneath their hate,
And our fame of the sea, that we held
Shall be blown on the winds of
—[John Jerome Rodney, in the

President's New Secretary

REMARKABLE CAREER OF THE MAN
WHO SUCCEEDED CORTLEYOU.

From a Special Correspondent.

WASHINGTON (D. C.) March 1.—Of all young Americans in their thirties the most conspicuous in our national life today, is William Loeb, just elevated to the difficult and responsible office of Secretary to the President.

Secretary Loeb is only thirty-six. He receives a Secretary's salary of \$5000 a year. His rank is but one step above that of our department heads. His new office has been a stepping stone to the Cabinet, once to the office of Ambassador. A brilliant future would await him. The bright star of the young man's national life has been rapidly in the ascendant during the past six years. It is nearer the zenith today than before in our entire history.

The new secretary is entitled to an "honorable" be-
lieve the same. An incumbent of his office must now be confirmed by the Senate. Just before President McKinley's first term, the title of the office was changed from "private secretary" to "secretary." "Mr. Secretary" (the same form of address applied to Cabinet members) is employed by White House visitors who greet Loeb—at least by those versed in official etiquette. Secretary Loeb has been known as "Roosevelt's right-hand man" since the head of the nation came here as President in 1901. He has been nearer to the President than any other man, young or old, during the past half a century. He has stood in the same relation to chief as did Mr. Cortleyou to President McKinley, and the incumbency of the late John Addison Porter Secretary to the President.

Secretary Loeb is the most American Officer.

He presides over the busiest office in all of the American capital. It is a small task for a young man in the thirties. But he has "watched the wheels go round" for many months. He took his station at the throttle controlling the White House.

Under present conditions, it would be well-nigh impossible for a "green" man to assume these responsibilities. Before entering upon his White House duties, Secretary Loeb received some tutoring from his predecessor, Secretary Thurber, and even from the former Private Secretary Lamont for administrative details. Secretary Loeb's new office in the much-criticized White House annex, which Democratic Representatives have referred to in public debate as a "western dug-out," "chicken coop," "carriage barn" and "coal house," is on the south side of the little white building. He sits at a broad, flat-top mahogany desk. To his right hand is a smaller desk occupied by Assistant Secretary Barnes. On his left is a large room filled with clerks and stenographers; on his right, a doorway leading to the President's private office. The secretary's desk is furnished in mahogany and his massive desk is upon a handsome India rug. He faces a cheerful room, kept bright during the chill winter days. A messenger, a woman colored messenger, who has been about the White House since Johnson's administration, guards the secretary's door leading into the combined hallway and reception room in which the President and secretary must now wait their turn. Simmons is the buffer between the impatient crowd and the secretary. He owes his long tenure of office to his success in "sizing up" strangers. One can see the President without first seeing Secretary Loeb, and no one can see Secretary Loeb without seeing Simmons and inducing that functionary to lead him to the President.

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Loeb's routine is as follows: The official team of the government allows an incumbent of his office to move into the new executive office building soon after his inauguration. By that time a goodly collection of Senators, Representatives and other callers have arrived and given their cards to Simmons. The secretary, after glancing over the important letters sorted out of the morning's mail, receives the cards and at 10 o'clock delegates to Simmons those visitors who may be admitted to see the President. These fortunate ones are in groups in the secretary's office, and directly after the President opens and the President enters. He begins the first "round-up" of the morning, and then, after making his initial call, departs amazed at the order with which the head of the nation disposes of callers. The President grasps the hands of the callers. "Good morning, I am very glad to see you. Indeed, I am very sorry that I cannot do more for you. Remember that in the case of Senator Blank to refer a commission on the same grounds. I am, however, I can help you sometime in another way." "Good morning, Congressman—yes, I think that you should be attended to—just step into my private office." "Do you do, Major—I will give the matter my immediate attention and you shall hear from me at the earliest possible moment." And so he "cleans up the desk" and disappears.

Loeb begins the daily routine on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays. The secretary has been and posted the "White House Rules," which state that on these days the President will receive Senators and Representatives between 10 and 12, and other callers between 12 and 1, so far as the public business permit. Tuesdays and Fridays being Cabinet days, visitors are received by the President. After Mr. Loeb has disposed of the first room full of callers, he is invited into his sanctum, another batch of men admitted to the secretary's office. To these the President returns, and they receive the same cordial

but brief treatment. And thus the crowd is sifted down until time for luncheon.

A Sad Invitation.

On Secretary Loeb's first day at his new post, a grief-stricken woman, with a little girl weeping at her side, begged between her sobs that she might see the President to gain a commutation for her husband, sentenced to be hanged in Alaska. The last hope which could take word to stay the execution was to start before many hours. The man had deserted her and his children for another woman, but she was fighting a brave battle for his life. The Attorney-General had reported against the condemned man, and the unfortunate woman had to be gently turned away. This was the new secretary's initiation.

Mr. Loeb will serve as the mouthpiece through which the President will talk to the press. While jacking some highly-trusted newspaper men into his confidence, the President never grants interviews in which he is quoted. The secretary provides the press correspondents with lists of appointments and statements in regard to the official acts of the President, or, when necessary, furnishes in personal interviews such further particulars as he deems wise to divulge. But he follows the rule adopted by his predecessors of refusing to indicate the prospects of candidates to office or the probable action of the President on matters under discussion.

While letters are now coming into the White House at the rate of about 200 a day, the President sees but few of these. But far be it from the fact that the secretary scans all of those remaining. They pass through the hands of a clerk, who skims off the cream of each day's correspondence. The secretary answers the more important letters, but is too busy a man to write these replies himself. He dictates to his stenographer or indicates a reply which that trained amanuensis frames.

Launched on Wave of Office-seekers.

In office-seeking times a secretary to the President suffers his worst trials and tribulations. Secretary Loeb came into office facing a temporary wave of this nuisance resulting from the establishment of the new Department of Commerce and Labor. But as a result of the well-nigh complete civil service reform now extending over the great executive establishment, office-seek-



WILLIAM LOEB, JR., AT HIS NEW DESK.

ing will never become so much of a nuisance as it has been in times gone by.

Tact and a wide acquaintance with men of affairs are the main keynotes to Secretary Loeb's success. He is not a college man. He commenced his career as a messenger-boy, at 12, but later received a High School education and a thorough training in stenography. His first employment after graduation, was in the office of a newspaper correspondent, where speed and a willingness to adapt himself to irregular hours were the prime requisites. Then he found better pay in the offices of business men until Bishop Doane selected him as his amanuensis.

In his make-up there was none of the nomadic spirit characteristic of the average young man with equal self-reliance. He was born in Albany of stolid German parentage, and as he matured he gained the friendship of the influential men who frequented the empire capital. Unlike his predecessor, he had a taste for politics, and at an early age became the chief lieutenant of Eugene Burlingame, the then Republican leader of Albany. He was secretary of the Republican county committee when scarcely more than a youth, and served two years as vice-president of the Unconditional Republican Club.

When only twenty-two, he was elected official stenographer of the lower house of the New York Legislature, a position which demanded great skill, and which was fraught with many responsibilities for one of his few years.

Meeting With Roosevelt.

During the first few months of Mr. Roosevelt's administration as Governor of New York, Mr. Loeb served as one of the four executive stenographers. Had he been a young man of mediocre ability, he would never have attracted the strenuous Rough Rider's attention. As it was, Mr. Loeb had so much improved his time in his short career that he had a personal acquaintance with all of the public men frequenting the State capital. Since serving as stenographer to the

Assembly, he had been private secretary to a Lieutenant-Governor, a president pro tem. of the State Senate, a speaker of the Assembly and a candidate for the office of Governor. With the latter, Mr. Fassett, he had toured the State during a spirited campaign. He had reported the debates of the constitutional convention and had been stenographer to the District Attorney and grand jury. Gov. Roosevelt soon realized that a young man with such experience and wide acquaintance would be valuable to him as his private and confidential secretary. Mr. Loeb received the promotion. And he has been "Roosevelt's right-hand man" ever since.

Prior to President Buchanan's administration, each President had to furnish his own private secretary and pay for such services out of his own pocket; and in those days the presidential salary was but \$25,000 a year. But the work of the Presidential office was as nothing in those early times compared with what it is now. No books were kept, and all official letters were answered in the executive departments.

The first official private secretary authorized by Congress received \$2500 a year. Fifteen or twenty years later, this was increased to \$3500. It was during President Cleveland's regime that it was raised to \$5000, the present figure.

Thrice Led to Cabinet.

Two men besides Secretary Cortleyou have found this office a stepping stone to the Cabinet. These are John Hay, the present Secretary of State, and Daniel S. Lamont, Secretary of War during President Cleveland's second administration. John Hay, immediately after being admitted to practice before the Supreme Court of Illinois in 1861, was offered the position of assistant secretary to President Lincoln, and accepted it. Later, he was appointed adjutant and aide-de-camp to Lincoln, whom he served in the capacity of military secretary. Lincoln's only civil private secretary was John G. Nicolay, who has collaborated with Secretary Hay in the preparation of a notable life of the great Civil War Presidents.

Gen. Horace Porter, our present Ambassador to France, served President Grant as military secretary and attached, but both Hay and Porter did military service after relinquishing their duties at the White House, while the former's subsequent stepping stones to the Cabinet were secretaryships in several of our legations abroad, and the office of Assistant Secretary of State.

JOHN ELFRETH WATKINS, JR.
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UNSPOKEN WORDS.

The kindly words that ring within the heart
And thrill it with their sympathetic tone,
But die ere spoken, fail to play their part
And claim a merit that is not their own.
The kindly word unspoken is a sin—
A sin that wraps itself in purest guise
And tells the heart that, doubting, looks within
That not in speech, but thought, the virtue lies.

But 'tis not so; another heart may thirst
For that kind word, as Hagar in the wild—
Poor, banished Hagar!—prayed a well might burn
From out the hand to save her parching child.
And loving eyes that cannot see the mind
Will watch the expected movement of the lip.
Ah! can ye let its cutting silence wind
Around that heart and scathe it like a whip?

Unspoken words, like treasures in the mine,
Are valueless until we give them birth;
Like unfound gold their hidden beauties shine,
Which God has made to bless and glid the earth.
How sad 'twould be to see a master's hand
Strike glorious notes upon a voiceless lute!
But oh! what pain when, at God's own command,
A heart-string thrills with kindness, but is mute!

Then hide it not, the music of the soul,
Dear sympathy, expressed with kindly voice,
But let it like a shining river roll
To deserts dry—to hearts that would rejoice.
Oh! let the symphony of kindly words
Sound for the poor, the friendless, and the weak;
And He will bless you—He who struck these chords
Will strike another when in turn you seek.

—[John Boyle O'Reilly.]

THE FLOOR OF THE PACIFIC OCEAN.

If the waters of the Pacific could be drained, there would be revealed a vast stretch of territory comprising enormous plateaus, great valleys for which no parallels exist on the land surface—lofty mountains, beside which the Himalaya and the Andes would look like hillocks, and tremendous hollows or basins, only to be compared with those on the face of the moon.

While there are great mountains, and huge basins or "deeps" the plateau areas are by far the most extensive. Relatively speaking, the floor of the Pacific as now at last revealed on the plateau areas, is level. There are undulations and depressions, but the general area is about the same depth below the surface.

Soundings develop a mean depth of from 2500 to 2700 fathoms. In shallower spots there is a mean depth of from 2300 to 2400 fathoms. Deeper spots show from 2200 to 2900 fathoms.—[Leslie's Monthly.]

A LITTLE MINISTER.

Far up the crag, 'twixt sea and sky,
Where winds tempestuous, blowing by,
Leave giant boulders swept and bare,
Where jagged lightnings flit and flare,
And petrels sound their stormy cry—

A dainty bluebell, sweet and shy,
Lifted its head complacently,
As guarded by the tenderest care,
Far up the crag.

And now, whenever fear draws nigh,
In thought I stand 'twixt sea and sky,
And, as of old in my despair,
I bless the Power that set it there—
That tiny thing with courage high,
Far up the crag!

—[Florence Earle Coates, in the Outlook.]

Life in Panama.

CONDITIONS NOT ENCOURAGING TO PLEASURE SEEKERS.

From a Special Correspondent.

CITY OF PANAMA, Feb. 18.—This is truly a land of impossibilities. The people are wretchedly poor, and yet the statistics show that they buy more liquor than flour. From the balcony of the Grand Central Hotel you can see blue mountains in the distance, which invite you across the blazing interval, offering cool, shady relief from torrid heat, but it is nearer to New York or London, because there are no roads leading to the mountains. Religious zest is so strong that the rifle is the arbiter, instead of the prayer-book. From a high place in Panama you can see more water than land, and yet you have to pay for a drink. It is a novelty for an American to find such an item as "one pitcher of ice water, 20 cents," on his hotel bill.

Ice costs 12½ cents per pound, and water is peddled through the streets of Panama, as kerosene is sold in American cities. It is hauled in tanks and sold for 5 cents for each five-gallon can. During the dry season the price is doubled. Probably this does not seem expensive, but if you stop to figure up how much it would cost at this rate to supply the average American household, you will soon see why it is that the poor here, to

the intention of opening an eating-house, who said: "This is no place for a white man, let alone a white woman. It has cost me several hundred dollars of hard-earned money to find this out, but I am willing to lose it all and quit. I am going back to the States on the first steamer."

Familiarity Breeds Indifference.

The people on the Isthmus talk very bravely on the subject. Like all other self-respecting folks they have local pride. They will tell you that conditions are nothing like what they were formerly, and that now they are not nearly so bad as they are represented to be. They may be right in the first instance, but anyone who has been here lately will agree that it would be next to impossible to do Panama an injustice in referring to its present sanitary conditions, no matter how unfavorable this mention might be. People can become accustomed to almost anything, and by long familiarity with their surroundings they do not seem so bad to residents of the Isthmus as they do to outsiders who see them for the first time. The little funeral train which plies back and forth so industriously between Colon and Monkey Hill, arouses no comment among the natives, but it is likely to cause the stranger to go look in the glass to see if his tongue is coated, and to begin to inquire around for some information on the first symptoms of yellow fever.

Buzzard Scavengers.

The presence of those feathered gluttons, the buzzards, that are always gorging themselves on the rotten

The duty on all merchandise coming to Panama is 30 per cent. of its value, and this makes it so costly that the poor native is blocked on them the totals always have come out of the little end of the stick of importing tobacco and cigarettes at the highest bidder for six years. The so changeable the inference has been made on assessment on goods of this character, badly the government needs money when it comes into port. Disposing of such a commodity to be a popular way of raising money for even the gambling privilege has been a manner. If the strip conceded to the city of Panama, the owner of other concessions may soon find them.

Plenty of Room for Development.

Many are looking to the Isthmus as a valuable investment. There is plenty of room for development if one judges by what has not been done. It would be hard to find a similar area on the edge of the beaten track of the world where more industries have not taken root. Important business is the banana trade, confined to the districts bordering on the coast, account of there being no roads in the country. Bananas are used for highways. Natives bring them in canoes, loading them with them, and are sunk down almost to the water's edge.



Partial view of Panama from water.

People in Panama.

Disease breeding ruins in Panama.

Hospital near city of Panama.

whom a dime looks as big as a cart wheel, have to economize on this great necessity of life. The peddlers procure their supply from seep wells and natural springs at the base of a mountain, a short distance from Panama. Generally an excavation is made, partly covered over, and the water runs in as fast as it is taken out. I rode out on one of these carts, examined some of the wells, and by so doing became an immediate convert to bottled lithia for the remainder of my stay. Not one of them was clean. Pieces of plank, old shoes and rotten vegetables were floating around in them. In one well I saw an old pair of trousers, and in another a dead parrot.

Warning to Would-be Residents.

Panama is quite a city, just how large it is impossible to say, because none of the officials have ever taken the trouble to have the inhabitants counted; the population is estimated to be about 25,000. With the exception of those who live in two hotels and probably a half-dozen residences, that have large tanks in which rain water is caught and stored, the people depend upon these seep wells and springs, thus making the quality of their supply as bad as the quantity is small. A gentleman who has made a study of the causes of disease in Panama told me that the closets in two-thirds of the houses were made without any way of cleaning them, thus forcing the inmates to breathe the foul air from the cesspools of filth. I dwell upon the poor conditions of living in Panama, disagreeable as the subject is, because there will be a great influx of Americans to the Isthmus as soon as it is definitely settled that we are to put the canal through, and it is well to let all who contemplate coming here know what they may expect to contend with. Some are arriving in advance who are altogether ignorant of what they are coming to. I met one woman from New Orleans who came with

things lying around, apparently without ever getting their fill, receive no notice from the inhabitants, but the visitor wavers between disgust for the birds for having such repulsive appetites, and censure for the community for furnishing them with the means for gratifying the same. Any place that is dirty enough to be a popular hang-out for several thousand buzzards can hardly qualify as a health resort. Our Consul in Panama, H. A. Gudger, acted as mediator for the two parties during the revolution, and he told me that on his trips back and forth between their camps he saw thousands of buzzards despoiling the dead. No burials were attempted at all, and these loathsome scavenger birds soon cleaned the bones of horses, men and everything left in the wake of battle.

The commission recommends that a year or more be devoted to cleaning up and improving the conditions which prevail along the route and in the terminals of the canal before the actual work of construction is commenced. This is a very wise plan, and until this work is done the safe policy for all who have any regard for their health is to stay away.

Little Foreign Trade.

The foreign trade of Panama is very small. It buys less in a year than Cuba does in a month. More European goods are used than American because our merchants have made no attempt to control the market. As far as Panama is individually concerned they have probably made money by leaving her alone, because the rule is twelve months' credit, and experience has shown that these long-time accounts for small sums are not worth fooling with. The European business men would probably not be so keen for trade of this kind, if it were not in accordance with their policy to cultivate the whole Central and South American field, with the expectation of evening up on general results.

handle them so skillfully that they never have an accident, and deliver their freight in good shape for 20 cents for a large bunch and 10 cents for a small one. The difference between this price and what bananas sell for at your grocery or fruit stand is the profit. There are fourteen steamers that carry bananas from Panama to American ports, about twice a week. Business passing through Mobile and New Orleans.

Half of Land Uninhabited.

Panama's land boundaries are Costa Rica to the north and Venezuela on the other. It is estimated that half of its territory is uninhabited, and the swampy condition of a great portion of the land and the other the inaccessibility of much of it account of lack of roads. About one-third of the population lives along the canal route and in the terminals. One of the best chances for business on the Isthmus is said to be truck gardening, raising. The army of laborers that will be employed for several years in the construction of the canal will consume large quantities of supplies, and after the work is completed the surplus of this sort of provender.

The Chinese do most of the gardening and they do it well, but they are not very good at producing poultry as it is practiced in the good hotel, conducted on the American plan. It is a profitable investment in Panama, there is no hotel at all except the one mentioned by the railroad. The accommodation is the best on the Isthmus, but they are not good for doctors.

During the period when the French were at the height of its operations large numbers of

earned by physicians of good standing. Many among the better classes of people were so afraid of fever that they wanted a good physician by their constantly if they had the slightest symptom. In many instances the imagination of these fearful ones made fat fees for the doctors, while at the same time the quacks found a profitable field among the ignorant lower classes.

It will require general and extensive improvement to make Panama a modern city. A system of waterworks will have to be constructed; the streets must be paved; the electric plant is a home-made affair that does not work regularly and renders poor service when it is at its best; the street cars are crude and poorly patronized; there is no telephone system except a private line operated by the railroad company. All this offers variety enough to allow a choice for improvement companies, contractors, and skilled artisans.

It was remarked to me that if it were possible for the American people to journey across the isthmus of Panama in a great personally-conducted party, and see for themselves things as they are, and be brought to a realization of what this long-talked-of canal really means to them, and to the rest of the world, how enthusiastically they would unite in its support, sweeping aside all opposition, brooking no delay, until the mighty task was done and Yankee genius had scored its greatest triumph.

FREDERIC J. HASKIN.

TOURISTS' TALK.

CONVERSATION OVERHEARD ON THE FERRY-AT SAN DIEGO.

By a Special Contributor.

"So that's Coronado? Hum; looks like an island with a string tied to it." Miss O'Maha readjusted her nose glasses and then went on: "But it's larger than I'd supposed, and so is the bay."

"There are a great many large things in this part of the country," briskly replied her cousin, Sue City. "There's a pumpkin in the Chamber of Commerce that weighs 150 pounds, and its circumference is over six and one-half feet."

"Nonsense; you'll be trying to make me believe next that those long-billed things flying over our heads are California hummingbirds."

"No, those are pelicans, fishing. Just watch that big one take a header down below. He will get what he wants after, and then swim up to that hammock under his foot, for future reference. Those birds have 'heyes like a eagle,' but I saw one make a miscalculation yesterday that will lay him up for repairs awhile. As I stood near the bow of this boat a pelican made a sudden swoop, and came down awat against a porpoise, which chanced to rise at that moment. It was a regular head-on collision, but the ferry ploughed 'em both under before they had time to fix the blame. Over at the beach is a very, little picnic booth down by the wrecked pier, and I headed for that first, to watch the surf roll in, as a pair of spoony lovers reached the nook ahead of me, as I went on down to the monkey cage. There I found a sort of South American revolution in progress. The whole lot of missing-links were swearing mad at something or other. They tore around, made some wild names and mentioned all the mean things they saw heard about each other. It reminded me of the pointed conventions I used to report for Iowa State."

"Are you doing any specials out here?"

"No, just taking a rest, but I have so many 'expectations' every time I stir out, that it is a temptation to keep them up. While crossing the boulevard to reach the boat I was yesterday, I enjoyed(?) the distinction of nearly being run over by a noted millionaire's open automobile, which came hurtling down the pike at the pace that kills. It was with considerable satisfaction that I observed read an account of that same street car accident stuck in the mud on a sandy road, from which it had to be towed by such splendid specimens as horses."

"Mr. ten that air tastes good. It's better than a horse," said the Nebraska tourist.

"Well, you've swallowed a breaker or two, and the fever will pull on you. It's actually worse than our own big Muddy. But come inside and see if you can't stop smoking for five minutes. Why don't you take some weakling syrup, or something?"

"I have taken quinine till my head feels like a boxful of nails."

"What ails you, anyway? Grippe, hay fever or influenza?"

"Yes, I guess so. I caught it, or it caught me, on that draughty old overland train."

"The wind howled and wailed in mournful cadence; The door flew open and in flew-en-zu," quoted Cousin Sue.

"Now, look here; professed the invalid, "It's bad enough to be afflicted as I am, without having to endure such dislocated rhyming."

"Nothing the matter with that poetry, except that its feet are not mates. Mercy, what a bump! We must have run over a whale."

"To be serious, Sue, and don't tell me so many 'ferry-talks.'"

"My dear Miss O'Maha, I have been merely supplying you with facts; please remember that you are a tenderfoot, while I have been out here a whole week."

REX WILSON.

FISH EJECTED BY VOLCANOES.

The stages of dead fish thrown out by volcanoes have been revived by the recent West India catastrophes. In particular, great quantities of them are reported to have been cast into the sea from the island of St. Vincent. It is pointed out by a French expert, M. Girardin, that these fish are simply the denizens of the lakes formed in the craters during their long periods of inactivity. A crater first becomes clogged, then fills with water, and the water is in time peopled with fish that feed access to it through subterranean channels. When volcanic activity is resumed, the first thing that occurs is an explosion that blows the lake-water, fish and all—into the air, and distributes it over the neighboring land and water surface.—(Success.)

Cortelyou in Youth.

A FORMER TEACHER TELLS OF HIS NORMAL-SCHOOL LIFE.

By a Special Contributor.

IN 1879, George Bruce Cortelyou, who was recently appointed and sworn in the first Secretary of the newly-created Department of Commerce and Labor, appeared in the upper hall of the old school building of the Westfield State Normal School. He came with others who wished to prepare themselves for teaching in the public schools of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. At that time he was 16 years old, and not fully grown to his present stature. Looking over the applicants for admission with the proverbially-critical eye of the teacher, I observed that the dark, pale, straight-haired young man at a distance in front of me bore the stamp of cultured and refined ancestry and environment, and also of good individual character. At that early age his personal appearance was marked by quiet dignity and modest self-possession. When his papers were handed in, we learned that his name was Cortelyou. Being an unfamiliar one in New England, its right pronunciation was puzzling to his teachers, and led to some discussion, and an inquiry of him how he called it.

Admitted without conditions, he quietly took his place in the ranks of the pupils, and studied faithfully for three years, after the Normal methods, and fitted himself to teach in all grades of public schools, including high schools.

The Westfield Normal School was a strenuous one in its discipline and requirements. Founded in 1839, it is, with one exception, the oldest Normal school in America, and it held an exalted position in the State as an educator of teachers in methods of instruction. It always exacted logical work and clear thinking; and tolerated no triflers among its members.

A Thorough Student.

Mr. Cortelyou's school work was not so brilliantly done by him as it often was by exceptionally bright and, I may add, shallower students; but he possessed far greater thoroughness and accuracy and the spirit of investigation, while in industry he outdid all others. All the details of his tasks were carefully worked out, and he never was in arrears with his work. Nothing was put over into the next day, and when Cortelyou was called up he responded with a recitation. "You may sit," was an expression used by a certain teacher in the school when failure was imminent, but it was never addressed to him. He was an independent thinker, seldom needing to ask for personal elucidation of particular points, the class teaching being sufficient for him.

Proof Against Female Fascination.

A large boarding-hall built at great expense by the State was the home of the pupils during their school course of study, the young men occupying the north wing of the lower floor. The dining-room, where they all took their daily meals, had six long extension tables. At the foot of one of these Mr. Cortelyou sat, carved the meats, and served to their meals a dozen bright-eyed, jolly Massachusetts maidens from 16 to 20 years of age. Meeting them as he did three times daily at the table and hourly in school time, he naturally became well acquainted with them, and just as naturally they greatly admired and petted him. The Normal young ladies usually succeeded in turning the heads of their male co-students in this home life; but their girlish attractions were wasted on Mr. Cortelyou, who, indeed, enjoyed their friendship, but never lost his heart to them; in that respect differing from and contrasting greatly to his advantage with the young man who, later, became his brother-in-law, the latter being frequently engaged to various and sundry charmers of his own classmates, and of other classes.

"We have no chance with Cortelyou," roguishly remarked one of his friends; "he has left a pretty girl behind him."

Certainly, if that were true, he was as loyal and as true-hearted an admirer of his absent fair lady as ever was knight of the olden time. The lady, who, after several years, became his wife was never a member of the "Normal." But her sister, Miss Jessie Hinda, and her brother were graduates of the Westfield school. Miss Jessie was one of a large family of daughters, and was beautiful in person and fine in character. The brother was for a time a member of the Normal corps of teachers.

An Excellent Musician.

Though an amateur, Mr. Cortelyou was, in his school days, an excellent musician. When the literary society of the school occasionally held a public meeting in the "upper hall" at the last hour of the session, it always gave pleasure to his teachers and schoolmates alike when the young pupil president of the society somewhat stiffly announced, "Mr. Cortelyou will now play a solo." In his manner he illustrated Goethe's famous saying: "Ohne Hast, ohne Rast." After the announcement Cortelyou unobtrusively, unobtrusively, paused a moment, then took his piece of music from his desk, rose deliberately, walked slowly down to the other end of the long room, and sat down at the piano, rose, adjusted the stool to his liking, placed the music on the rack, looked at the notes, paused; about this time there was an uneasy feeling in the audience and a mental query, "Why doesn't Cortelyou begin?" Finally, he invariably adjusted with both hands his eye glasses, commenced immediately after to play, and continued to the end without break or mistake. The final motion before playing became so well known that it was recognized as an essential preliminary of all his work.

Every Friday evening there was a recreation hour in the south parlors when pantomimes, charades and tableaux were enacted by pupils and teachers.

On such occasions the personal peculiarities of pupils were sometimes good-naturedly travestied. "Cortelyou setting his glasses" was an earmark by which he was

recognized, and it was always applauded and received with a ripple of merriment. Referring to the brief stay of motion between his separate movements the principal of the school often said, "I like the way Cortelyou does. He never doubles his track. If I had to solve a problem in five minutes or die, I would spend three minutes of the five in thinking how I would solve it. That is Cortelyou's method."

His Record in English.

I still have in my possession a long, narrow, black book in which he recorded the rank of every Normal pupil that studied English literature under me during the many years of my teaching. As I turn its leaves, I find the names of men now well known in educational circles, grave principals of Normal and high schools, professors of language and science, rectors of Episcopal churches, pastors of Methodist and Congregational churches, book publishers, and men eminent in other positions opposite the record of their work. The record opposite the name Cortelyou shows an average in History of English Language, Shakespeare, Ivanhoe, Macaulay's Essay on Johnson, Milton, Addison, Swift and Scott, of 96.

In classes other than mine he maintained also a high standing, but I have not the data of his work. Though attaining to this high average he was not a book-worm, nor a grind, but was an excellent assimilator of knowledge.

His Opinions Respected.

While Mr. Cortelyou was a serious boy he was not melancholy nor even sober; on the contrary he was always cheerful. He seemed usually to be thoughtful and was not given to much talking, though he was in no way taciturn. His opinion had weight with the school authorities. Often when measures already prevailing or in contemplation were discussed, the opinions of the pupils were considered and weighed according to the character and judgment of the individual. The views of the light, thoughtless pupil were passed over. But when it was said, "Mr. Cortelyou thinks so," though his ideas might be directly opposed to the course held or adopted, they carried an influence that would doubtless have surprised him, had he been aware of the value that his teachers attached to his opinions.

This esteem was based somewhat on the fact that he was never obtrusive or meddlesome in the discipline and management of the school; but chiefly it was due to the confidence that he inspired by his impartial, unprejudiced breadth of character, and to respect for his judgment. Sometimes he exhibited boyish antics; but so seldom did he break out into undue trickiness that it caused strong surprise when it occurred. A certain domestic regulation having stirred up the boys to unusual restiveness, one of the teachers wearily remarked, "Even Mr. Cortelyou is cutting up," and the opinion of the faculty was that the new ruling was injudicious and would have to be abandoned if Cortelyou rebelled.

A Graceful Usher.

Several times a year the Westfield Normal engaged a lecturer and invited its friends in the community to hear the lecture with them. On such occasions the young men of the school were pressed into service as ushers, since the girls were sometimes made ill by going repeatedly up and down the long, steep, narrow stairs that led up to the assembly hall on the third floor.

Mr. Cortelyou was never called upon for this work until his senior year, mostly, I think, because of an instinctive shrinking from asking anything of him that resembled service. However, at this particular time nearly all the other young men were in classrooms, and Principal Scott requested Cortelyou to usher the guests to the study-hall. The school building, while not very large, was bewildering to people unfamiliar with it, and they lost their way in their wanderings through the rooms, disturbed recitations by opening doors of classrooms and hurrying distractedly through them. Therefore, it was necessary to meet guests at the entrance and guide them to the right place.

When I came into the lecture-room ten minutes before the hour for beginning, I saw Cortelyou toiling up the very steep stairs—the hardest ones to climb in Massachusetts—with a venerable lady and a companion behind him. If he had been Earl Marshal of England directing a coronation procession, his manner could not have been more superb, as he handed the old lady to her seat and waved her attendant a place. Then he hastened—all a Cortelyou could hasten—down to the entrance, and soon came up again with other townspeople, whom he seated with the same grand air. Deprecating the putting of Mr. Cortelyou to "base uses," I remonstrated, with the freedom that long association permits; and Principal Scott asked "What's the matter? Isn't he doing well?" "Magnificently," I replied; "but he is too good to spend his time on such matters." "Oh," replied Mr. Scott, "I think he is a superb usher."

Principal Pleased.

The next morning, just before the opening of school, as the instructors sat together on the platform, the lecture was discussed, when the principal, turning to the corps of teachers said with a flash of merriment in his eyes, "Cortelyou ushered." Being an emotional man, tears immediately struck into his eyes, as they always did when he was particularly pleased. "Cortelyou's ushering" became proverbial in the faculty and the magnificent yet unpretentious stateliness of his courtesy to the little old ladies whom he escorted as if they were queens, exhibited a quality that was before unsuspected. Later, when he was master of ceremonies at Mrs. McKinley's New Year receptions, his old school acquaintances knew that he was the lad that could marshal the guests and lend honor even to a President's drawing-room.

In observing his life-course since his Normal graduation, it is evident that he owes his brilliant success to his great industry and habit of doing everything well. Buffon says, "La g nie, c'est la patience." That is the secret of Mr. Cortelyou's genius, and his rise to the position of Cabinet Minister. He possesses infinite patience to work out details. "He never doubles his track," as his principal said. After his graduation he worked evenings with the patience that constitutes genius to perfect himself in stenography, and fitted himself for the exacting position of confidential clerk. Though I have never seen him since that January day in 1882 when he delivered in excellent form his graduating essay, and took his teacher's diploma, I recognize the same admirable qualities in his later life that distinguished him in his teens, that have advanced him from teacher to confidential clerk, that made him invaluable to three Presidents, and finally raised him to membership in the national Cabinet.

LAURA PRENTICE STEVENS.

[From advance chapters of "Mexico, Old and New," by Edward C. Butler, formerly Secretary of the American Legation in Mexico. Copyright applied for.]

Last 'Tzin of the Aztecs.

CUAUHTEMOC AND HIS REMARKABLE CAREER AS A RULER.

By a Special Contributor.

THE virgin Valley of Mexico had been rudely awakened from its slumber of centuries, and the dense forests that enfolded Anahuac were strangely astir. Although the Spaniards had been driven from Tenochtitlan, flying eastward to escape extermination, rumors reached Cuauhtemoc that a second attempt was under foot. He continued to gather the Aztec warriors round the capital. The forests that descended to the borders of the lakes were full of warriors. The old traditions of their predecessors suggested themselves to the wary Aztecs; the pilgrimage of the Toltecs from Huehueltapayan in the year 667 A.D. and their empire that had flourished in Mexico till the year 1031; then the influx of the Chichimecs, the sun worshipers, also from the north, and their occupancy of the Mexican table lands until the first news reached them that the Aztecs of the distant Californias were moving southward.

The Aztecs were then governed by Huitzilizin and Teopitzin. They left Aztlan, a country located in the region now ranging between Los Angeles and San Diego. This was in the year 1169. They moved eastward and southward until they reached Huicohuacan, today known as Culiacan. At that point they were said to have discovered their god of war, Huitzilopochtli, and thence carried it in all their wanderings, on a litter of willow boughs. Their route took them past Zacatecas, Ameca and Colima, and then going east they reached Tula, the ancient and abandoned seat of the Toltecs.

In the year 1216, after fifty-six years of pilgrimage, the Aztecs reached Zumpango, on the edge of the Valley of Mexico, thence passing seven years later to Tizapacan, where Huitzilizin, their first King, was born. Then commenced the most strenuous period in their history, for a century should elapse ere they could commence to establish their capital, and that within a few miles of the spot they first reached in 1216. The baby King was carried in their future wanderings round the Valley of Mexico, till he assumed command. Skirting the valley by way of Guadalupe, they reached the Grasshopper Hill, Chapultepec, and finally located for a time at Acoacalco. They were at the time a despised, little tribe, half-hunters, half-fishermen. It was an indomitable tribe, however, and soon their island homes commenced to blossom into beauty, although in their agricultural pursuits they were constantly on the defensive. Though housed in huts of reed and rush, they had rare dreams, those ancient nation builders, dreams of a rock-bound city of palace and temple, rising from the fretted foam of the lake. For fifty-two years they thus lived, subject to constant oppression by the jealous tribes that surrounded them, until they were forced into vassalage to the King of Acolhuacan. Being vanquished, they were carried captive to Tizapacan, a picturesque spot located in the foothills of Ajusco. Years later the Xochimilcos attacked the Acolhuacan, and the latter called on the Aztecs for help.

Horrible Sacrifices.

For the first time the bravery and military prowess of the Aztecs were noted, but their savagery in battle horrified the Acolhuacan. It was the custom of the latter to reward their soldiers according to the number of the prisoners which they would bring into the camp—alive. The Aztecs brought no prisoners, and were subjected to anner until they brought out great sacks full of human ears, the ears of the Xochimilcos they had slain. This horrified the Acolhuacan, and the horror deepened when the next day the Aztecs offered up in human sacrifice four of the unfortunate Xochimilcos whom they had kept alive for that purpose. These, the first human sacrifices, so horrified the tribes living in the Valley of Mexico, that they shunned the Aztecs, and hated them thereafter. The Aztecs then took up their home among the floating islands of Ixtacalco; rather, they built the islands themselves, planting long-rooted growths that settled to the bottom of the lake, they massed thereon soil and vegetation, until they had garden patches all over the lake. Long since these chinampas or floating islands have ceased to float, and one can find them, lining the great Viga Canal for miles, to the eastward of the City of Mexico. The Aztecs lived there till the year 1325, when, after subjugating the surrounding tribes, they established their rock-bound homes upon the lake, as they had dreamed a century before.

All these heroic reminiscences of his race recurred to the valiant Cuauhtemoc, as he prepared for the new defense of his empire. His was not an imperial coronation, as was that of Moctezuma II. The latter had been inaugurated with a pomp and ceremony never surpassed by any Aztec monarch. Returning from the Sacred War, with 20,000 prisoners, the human sacrifices continued for days. A crown of miter shape, curiously wrought and ornamented with gold, gems and feather work, was placed upon the head of the Emperor by the Prince of Tescuco, the most powerful of the royal allies. Not such was the stormy coronation of Cuauhtemoc. Like Napoleon, he was self-crowned, for those were days of battle, breast to breast, with the Spaniards, and the Aztec Emperor had not the time nor the inclination to submit to the religious rites.

Thousands of Human Hearts.

Following the defeat or flight of the Spaniards, the Aztecs celebrated the deliverance of Mexico by sacrifices of human hearts by the thousand, some Tlaxcalan and some Spanish, all offered to the god of war, who was supposed to have driven the strangers from the Valley of Mexico. At the temple of Huitzilopochtli,

gladiatorial combats were ordered. This typical Aztec ceremony was presided over by six priests; Topiltzin, the chief priest, clad in a crimson vestment, with a headgear of vari-colored feathers, performed the preliminary ceremonies to the nondescript god of stone. The other priests, in white robes, bordered with black, their faces hideous with pigment and mouths painted white, assisted in the savage ceremonies. Thousands of people crowded about the temalcalt, or round platform, eight feet high, upon which the combat was to take place. The victims, who were prisoners of war, included some of the unfortunate Tlaxcalans, who had fallen alive into the hands of the Aztecs during the running fight of Noche Triste. They were tied by one foot to the platform, and armed with a short spear and shield, and confronted by Aztec warriors, fully armed, who played with them as a cat plays with a mouse. The prisoner thus was soon overcome. As soon as he fell, and even if still alive, he was flung on the sacrificial stone of dark-green basalt. When on the convex surface, the chief priest opened the breast of the victim and cut out the heart; which was then held up toward the sun, and the bleeding trophy was then placed in the hollow mouth of the hideous idol. For days the dismal sacrifices continued, while the wild prayers and chants of the priests were offered up in savage thanksgiving.

Ceremonies Waived.

Cuauhtemoc, the young chieftain, who modestly waived all rites of inauguration, was content to figure as a cacique in the defense of his country. He soon had renewed opportunity to meet the masterful Spaniards. After the disastrous retreat of July, 1520, Cortez succeeded in refitting a second expedition, at Tlaxcala. On December 24, 1520, he again marched toward Mexico. He had then an army of 318 infantry, of whom 118 carried muskets or cross-bows, eighty-six cavalry, an artillery force of three battering cannon and fifteen field pieces. He had also with him a host of Tlaxcalan allies. One week later he arrived at Tescuco, overlooking the capital, preparing for its recapture. At Tlaxcala he had arranged for the construction, in sections, of the fleet of brigantines, with which he now proposed to retake the City of Mexico. It was a task of magnitude, and one that called into play all the inventive genius of the Spaniards. The entire material had to be brought from the mountains of Puebla, in the vicinity of Tlaxcala. The beams, planks, masts, cordage, sails and ironwork, and the other numerous articles necessary for the construction of the thirteen brigantines, had to be brought thus nearly 100 miles, overland, through a mountainous country. The Tlaxcalans furnished 3000 tamenes, or slaves, to carry the material on their shoulders, and appointed 15,000 warriors to accompany and defend them. Sandoval led this column. He placed the tamenes in the center, and the soldiers all about them. Thus he escorted the Tlaxcalan convoy to Tescuco. The brigantines were each furnished with one small cannon and a crew of twenty-five Spanish soldiers, and Cortez himself commanded the fleet. The big boats were launched on April 23, 1521, and soon had their sails spread to the breeze, the first sails that had whitened the lakes of Mexico. The Indian canoe men tried to contest their passage, but, like great birds, the brigantines fairly flew through the fleets of canoes and flatboats that darkened the waters; and before sunset Cortez commanded the water approaches to the capital.

The Emperor Captured.

Cuauhtemoc was but 33 years of age when he thus commenced the defense of Mexico, for the second time. As well as he could he fortified the city. Already he had gathered corn in immense quantities in the granaries of the palace, and had mobilized almost every available warrior in the empire—some on land and some on lake. Days of battle followed. Frequently the Spaniards succeeded in penetrating to the center of the city, only to be driven back. Cortez had his headquarters at Tecpan de Santiago, part of the old city, to which he had fought his way. Cuauhtemoc, finding the stock of grain running low, tried to save his family, sending them to the mainland in canoes. But the party were surprised by Tlaxcalans and Spaniards, and Cuauhtemoc and his following were captured and taken before Cortez.

On August 14, the day after the capture of the Emperor, Cortez returned to the Amacac Ward of the city, where he received the prisoners. They were Cuauhtemoc, Lord of Mexico; Coanacotzin, Lord of Tescuco, and Tetlepanquetzatzon, Lord of Tlacopan. The Lord of Mexico was accompanied by a group of nobles, who brought to the Spaniards the limited treasury captured in the convoy of Cuauhtemoc. Cortez asked the Emperor for the whereabouts of the royal treasure lost on the night of the flight of the Noche Triste, the previous summer. The conflict ceased with the capture of the Emperor. It had lasted seventy-five days, and 100,000 Aztecs had perished in battle, while over 150,000 had fallen victims to famine and pestilence. Of the population of 300,000, scarcely 40,000 remained in the city when Cortez entered, on August 13, 1521, and most of them were spent with fatigue and famine. The city was one vast ruin, one cemetery of unburied dead. Such was the pestilential condition, that Cortez moved to Coyoacan until the city could be cleared and cleaned. He then assumed control in Mexico City as Governor and Captain-General.

Hanged to a Tree.

Cuauhtemoc remained a prisoner of Cortez for four years. During an expedition to Hiburan, Cortez suspected Cuauhtemoc of organizing a revolt, and caused the great Aztec to be executed. He left him hanging to a solitary cypress near Isancanac, in the dismal swamps of Chispas. During the occupancy of Coyoacan, Cortez stained his career by the disgraceful torture of Cuauhtemoc and Tetlepanquetzatzon, in order to force from them a revelation of the whereabouts of the royal treasure of Moctezuma II. The noted Mexican poet, Guillermo Prieto, thus briefly and simply describes that occurrence:

"The conquerors, filled with the pride of their conquest and thirsting for riches, made every possible investigation to discover the treasure which, with or

without reason, they supposed to exist; they tortured to discover them, and even threatened if he failed to find them, and in turn Cortez Cuauhtemoc to uncover the hidden treasures. When refused, and then the Spaniard ordered Cuauhtemoc and his secretary to be tied to a post, then be bathed with oil, and fire to be set to the stake. Aztec hero suffered the barbarous torment without uttering a word of complaint, without a groan. Death was being roasted in the fire. Hearing the cry of his secretary, he turned, and with serene voice said: "Weak and faint-hearted man, am I revelling in torture?"

Some time since this wonderful epoch in Mexican history was immortalized in a large painting by the Mexican artist, Luis Inazguerra. The picture was famous, being 10x17 feet. It represented Cuauhtemoc, his brother, Lord of Tlacopan, the ruler, Julian de Alderete, and a group of Spaniards. The torture did not avail to wring from Cuauhtemoc, the information desired by Cortez. Emperor smiled at him in scorn, and said he had the treasure in the lake four days before the execution. He added, that it would never be found.

Treasure Never Found.

No one has ever located the treasure of Moctezuma II, be it small or great. Believing it to be buried in the great Pedregal south of the City of Mexico, numerous excavations have been instituted, to no avail. In 1559, Baron de Cusca, a Belgian, took the excavations in the Pedregal. He was a mesmerist in the work, a pretty woman, who was blinded over the jagged rocks, but located the treasure. The experiment cost the Baron about \$100,000. Nothing was finally unearthed save a few pearls and turquoise. Later, Mr. Carrasco, again organized a search party. About a mile from Cuauhtemoc, among some blow-holes, were found some Aztec and other structures. In 1539, Hilario Ocampo, descendant of Moctezuma, made search, but found nothing of the treasure.

It is tradition that Moctezuma had a country house built on the Pedregal, where he accumulated his treasure. History does not corroborate this. Neither Humboldt, Baturoal, Hernandez, or Clavijero nor Orozco y Berra mention the treasure, but state that he did have such establishments at Chapultepec and the Pedregal. As a rule, the treasure was buried with the kings. In the case of Ahuitzotl, the predecessor of Moctezuma II, the body of forty slaves were required to carry the royal treasure to the tomb. Not so with Moctezuma. He was buried with Aztec honors, now in accordance with the rites of his religion.

The heroism of Cuauhtemoc, the last Tlaxcalan Aztec race, has been further immortalized by the monument of Mexico, in a magnificent statue, Paseo de la Reforma, the great boulevard which connects the City of Mexico with the gates of Chapultepec. On the 21st of August of each year, the Indians gather round this monument in more or less typical ceremonies are not as spirited as in the past. Indians have been known to congregate by thousands, and wreaths and roses at the base of the monument. It used to be a unique and novel sight. The Indians from the Sierra, with their tawny head-gear and scarlet perches, contrasted with the curious Puebla aborigines, and occasionally a tall, slender Aztec from the isthmus of Tehuantepec, Indian seemed carved out of bronze. The Indians in Mexico are, as a rule, a stately set of men. The Diaz is of the Zapotecan stock.

Modernizing Influences.

This statue was erected on August 21, 1887. The Aztecs brought in large wreaths of Balsamorhiza with beautiful flowers worked in, with the artists so characteristically Mexican. They would have been the base of the monument till nothing was seen of the heroic figure of the last Aztec Emperor rising pathetic, motionless, from the perfumed petals. Strange music would beat about that high-poised Indian bands, with curious instruments, as if to vanquish into life their eternal hero. But Mexico is giving way to Mexico the New. As Juan A. Rios, the Mexican Ingersoll, once said: "Los dioses se van, (The gods are going). The mantle of modern influence is obliquely settling down forever upon Old Mexico. Sentiment finds no elbow-room, and is crowded into the past. The ancient aqueducts are being replaced by water-mains. The old-time city gates, with their suggestion of beleaguement, are gone. The time-honored stage-coaches are no longer seen thundering down the streets of modernized Mexico. The very streets themselves are smooth thoroughfares, with the suggestion of the cobbles pavements of the past. The old-fashioned petroleum lamps, swinging across the dimly-lighted streets, are all quenched with the witchery of electricity. The dances of the Indian devotees at Guadalupe, fast being robbed of Aztec primitiveness, are Cuauhtemoc festivities of midsummer. Part of the flank of the great Aztec monument are the windows of the Mexican National Railroad, whose shrieking gins draw out the rude "music" of the little steam bands.

A few garlands of evergreens clasp the green bronze that form the stately pile. The red element is missing. Like the scared deer of the live forests, they seem to fear the open and shrill eye of the white man. The usual official ceremonies are conducted in semi-Aztec style. The quaint features of the monument, so like the Egyptian, so truly Aztec, is half-buried in the evergreen against the grotesque panels and fluted columns of the green, white and red of the national banner.

The erection of this monument was entrusted to the City Council to Francisco Jimenez, a Mexican sculptor. The sculptor, Jesus Contreras, cast the bronze in 1884 and it was inaugurated by President Diaz on August 21 of that year. The idea of the work saved the rank of a demi-god. He is represented as standing upon the pinnacle of an ancient teocalli or temple, characteristic costume of an Aztec warrior, the headdress of cupilli crowning his fine forehead, the green feathers, title of his rank; his breast is of hardened cotton and fiber, a sweeping mantle of gold and silver, and his spear poised, aimed toward East, as if to meet the Children of the Sun coming was so long prophesied by the Aztec seers, but whose advent he neither welcomed nor dreaded.

EDWARD C. BUTLER.

Mexico, January 20, 1930.

After Cottontails.

JUNE SPORT IN THE DELIGHTFUL MATILAJA REGION.

By a Special Contributor.

UP IN the Matilaja in June, when, at the first streak of dawn, the birds begin chirruping and twittering, and the gray-coated lizards dart over the canvas of the tent roof (their tiny claw-like feet scratching in a most distracting manner on its rough surface); when the ripple of the brook just beyond the closed tent flap takes on a louder tone and sudden splashes hint at leaping trout or the morning dip of some feathered songster, the suggested fascinations of daybreak grow too strong and the morning nap shrinks into a thing of comparative insignificance. These enticing invitations to be out and doing are all-compelling, and to the lover of a little quiet sport now is the appointed hour, for on the sparsely-wooded slopes and in the sagebrush-fringed clearings of the Matilaja, just before sun-up, cottontail and jack rabbit hold high carnival. Not even the sagacious Flip is needed to start them from their burrows, but Flip has long been up and doing, sniffing about the camp kitchen, which is all fresco; snapping at the lazy turtles crawling out of the stream in search of sunbaked stones grown chill during the night, and darting off frantically through the undergrowth at every whisper of the dry leaves, hoping to surprise a brace of young quail.

The man, therefore, who is looking for a fat bag of game and a savory stew at evening bestirs himself.

The sonorous and labored breathing of the camp cook can be heard from the A tent beyond, and none but one looking for trouble would think of arousing the feminine inmates of camp, so, by manful exertions, a hasty breakfast of griddle cakes and coffee is prepared. To the production of this generally goes the cook's jealousy-boarded supply of breakfast firewood, and that

scattered over it, and every amateur succeeds in toppling over here a cottontail and there a great jack who straightens out and dies game without the squeal so characteristic to the former.

Jacks are numerous, but cottontails are "good and plenty." After a few hours of this sport come suggestions of the slaughter-house, and the sentimentalist, thrusting aside all temptation to pose among his fellow-campers as a Nimrod, whistles to Flip, the insatiable, and would start for camp; but to his consternation, as he makes a sortie for various captures, he realizes he has bagged more fat rabbits than one man can carry. Flip, however useful in retrieving, is no beast of burden, and the moment is fraught with some embarrassment.

Luckily up on the ridge a solitary horseman is discerned and his services enlisted.

Entrance into camp, with the sun not yet high overhead, is triumphant, and the appetite even of a sentimentalist so keen that the ominous frowns of the camp cook, still engaged at the dish-washing, fail to discourage an invasion into the sacred precincts of the camp kitchen for a ten o'clock luncheon.

ISABEL BATES WINSLOW.

GUAM FRUIT VENDERS.

INTERESTING SPECIMENS OF A PRIMITIVE PEOPLE.

By a Special Contributor.

It is seldom that a vessel anchors in the little bay upon which the picturesque town of San Luis d'Arpa is situated, on the island of Guam, but when such a rare event does occur great is the excitement among the fruit vendors of that isolated place.

Perhaps it may be six in the morning after the night that your ship sails into the harbor, and a bright tropical sun sheds its first rays on Orate Point, lighting up the flat, brilliantly-veined tableland that juts out into the water and sends curiously, and, as it seems, mechanically-carved masses of rock down into the ocean. At this early hour, everything is calm in this chief harbor of the Ladrone Islands. But soon figures begin to move along the water front, and in a short time the inhabitants have turned out en masse to welcome the visitors.

At length, swarms of coconut-wood canoes put from the shore with all the speed that paddles and native skill can command. A curious sight they are, these long canoes, bending high from the water at both ends, manned by three, four, five, or six dark-skinned islanders, propelled by two or three paddles, and laden with a mass of tropical fruits. And these are the fruit vendors of Guam island on a peddling tour to make use of the unusual opportunity to gather in a few American dimes and nickels.

The canoes gather around the ship and the fruit vendors begin their wild gesticulations to the passengers. They call out in Spanish and toss up green citrons, coconuts and sugarcane. A veritable shower of fruit fills the air, and the passengers of the ship reach out eagerly, throwing back a dime or a nickel for the prize. It is a busy, merry time, as passengers scurry about to get their money changed into small pieces. For, the vendors sell large and small quantities alike for the same sums, preferring nickels to dimes, owing to their larger size, and not knowing the relative values of the coins.

Canoes come heavily laden and return to the shore empty, the vendors jabbering in Spanish. And if a quarrel is provoked, you may see the canoe tip until it almost capsizes, and perhaps the splashing of a grass mat of coconuts into the water will serve as the only restorative of peace.

At last curious baskets of the most vivid green and of all possible shapes and sizes fill the air. "Lemona! Lemona!" cry the vendors in soft accents, while people lean over the rails of the ship with outstretched hands to catch these bits of bright color.

Indeed, these parrot-green baskets are the most interesting and uncommon of any of the goods offered for sale by the fruit peddlers. They are made from a curious reed that is found on the marshes of Guam. This reed has rather broad leaves that grow opposite, equidistant, and horizontal on the hollow stalk. They are only an inch apart and the longest ones reach a length of nearly three feet. The natives cut this long stalk into pieces that vary from one foot to two feet in length. Then, they bend all the leaves to one side, braiding them in a close, even network, the under part of the leaf outside, the narrow part, also closely woven, giving the tapering effect to the basket. When almost closed, this basket is filled with green lemons, and the ends of the reed leaves are tied into tight knots, thus leaving no opening at all. Sometimes the ends of the leaves are tied in an extra knot with a loop that serves as a handle, and when this is used, it gives the basket an upside-down appearance. These baskets are so finely woven that the green lemons are hardly seen, except through the very small interstices near the stalk.

Now with this tightly-closed bag of lemons, the question arises, "how to get the lemons out." The basket is tied in hard knots at the bottom and held with a round horizontal stalks at the top. But Yankee ingenuity comes to the rescue, and leads a man to draw his penknife from his pocket and open the basket by making a longitudinal slit through the whole extent of the stalk. This opens the basket as a valve opens, and you may just pull the sides apart a little, insert your hand, and draw out the lemons at pleasure. Surely nothing more ingenious than these reed baskets could take the place of paper bags.

Steamers usually anchor as far from Guam as Goat Island is from San Francisco, and from the decks a fine view may be had of the marshy flats where the basket reed grows in profusion. The women and children gather these reeds, and placing them in large grass mats, carry them on their heads to their dwellings, where the families engage in weaving them into baskets and mats for household purposes. And then, upon the very rare occasion of the arrival of ships, these weavers put to work and prepare baskets for fruit, the men turning peddlers and reaping what they consider a fair harvest.

LILLIAN E. PURDY.

TO MY SWEETHEARTS.

When I am walking among my flowers, I am very glad to see
That amid all life's wild changes they are still the same to me;
My friends may wander from me, for pleasure or for pain.
Ten thousand reasons part us—but my flowers must remain.
They have no altered destiny, which bears them far away.

Like the old familiar faces which we miss for many a day.

When first they leave a vacant place and vanish from our view,
In the pleasant, friendly circle that was formed when life was new.

For smaller, smaller every day, the lessening circle grows;
As death or change still steals away the lily and the rose;

Still lops with unremitting stroke the bough whereon we leaned;

Still blights the bud whose fairy grave our home-bower softly screened.

My flowers must remain with me; I feel there is no chance

That they should start for Italy, and cross the sea to France;

Or down the dark blue Danube sail, or tour it up the Rhine;

Or be smitten with a feverish wish to visit Palestine.
Poor, little, dumb, delightful friends, I leave them when I will.

And patiently on my return, I find them waiting still.

The daughters of the beauties of my very youthful days
Are brought to me by mothers fond, for compliment and praise;

But some are shy, and some are cold, and some with anxious eye.

Keep watching a young "Partner," who saunters idly by.
Now the daughters of the roses never turn their heads away;

Where their mothers smile, they also smile, from every verdant spray.

Each copying so closely the parent blush and bloom.
That I scarcely miss the others who have met a wintry doom;

But smiling as I walk along beneath the sunny sky
Give the buds the selfsame welcome that I gave the flowers gone by.

Oh, many-colored darlings! your speechless beauty moves

My heart to fond division of a thousand different loves;

Too surely when the angels were banished from the earth,

They left you as their legacy of beauty and of mirth;
And where'er their calm, white feet rested on the world.

A floweret's shape was buried whose germ lies closely curled

Till, in the spring, with lovely eye outpeeping from the sod,

It lays its soft cheek on the turf, and gazes up at God!
Ye playfellows of sunbeams, who does not bless your bloom?

The children in the meadow, the sick man in his room;
The youthful lover treasuring a rose which after years

Shall show all dried and withered, tho' often wet with tears;

The old man walking slowly thro' the dahlia's colored ranks,

Yes, e'en the blind man, seated lone among the primrose banks.

Love's token; childhood's treasure; manhood's soothing; age's joy;

Hope which no foe can take away, no sapping grief destroy.

How often have you met my eyes, in pleasure and in pain,

And never yet I left you, but I wished to come again!

The love that clings 'round human things must suffer and must cease.

The love of heaven's dumb life partakes heaven's own sweet sense of peace;

Great grief and heavy mourning have I given less on earth—

My sweetheart, my broken lily! that I loved e'en from your birth!

When on her pure, angelic face my eyes have looked their last,

I knew since death had nipped her spring, life's bloom for me had passed!

But I see my flowerets perish, without regret or fear.

I know that every summer sun again shall bring them near;

I know that with untarnished bloom, they'll wave around my way.

When the winter with its dead brown leaves hath melted all away.

And often by their dumb, sweet looks my heart is drawn to feel,

As if they, conscious, gazed at me, with silent, strong appeal.

For trust in God, who formed this world imperfect at its best.

Who gave us years of trial and only hours of rest;

But left them, emblems of that life of beauty and repose,
Which shall follow when the toll and care of this world's tumult close.

When the digging and the delving and the striving shall be past.

And the seeds, so long earth-buried, shall be Heavenly Flowers at last!

J. WATERLOO DUNDALE, M.D.

Los Angeles, Cal.

Sympathy for young John D. Rockefeller, who declares that he doesn't possess \$30,000 in excess of his debts will have to suspend publication in view of his admission that he owes nearly \$400,000. A young man with a credit like that and a rich father ought to be able to get along in the world.—[Pittsburgh Gazette.



RESULT OF A MORNING'S HUNT.

every available fish in the camp outfit is called into requisition and left unwashed causes no concern.

All the vision of every morning are calling, and the scented atmosphere, spicy with the fragrant odors of bay, sage and wild rose, is delightfully invigorating.

As he tramps, with his gun over his shoulder, along the stream, and wanders through the dense chaparral in the early dawn, here for the hunt, the sentimentalist gives pause to wonder if the cottontails also find the air stimulating, and a startled scurry through the low brush, the glimpse of white like a flash of light, assures him that the timid hare is insensible neither to the inclemency of the hour nor to those of the situation.

The dashes from bowlder to bowlder, sniffing cautiously, if suspiciously, about wayside clumps of caeti where some full pads hang empty where some long-eared jack rabbit has already slaked his thirst with the juice. But now the mists from the sea come rolling in a heavy fog. Slowly it settles, like a gray-white blanket, hushing the songs of the birds to a plaintive call.

Coming into the open, where the shelving rocks on either side of the narrow gorge spread out, revealing wooded slopes dotted with liveoak still showing green under the overhanging vapor, the hunter drinks his fill of fresh salt air. Trudging over stream and bowlder, ascending rising knolls and dropping again into pocket clearings, while the mist softly rises as gently as it fell, he takes on new vigor.

In the tangled brush of the foothills, half hidden by the ghostly sycamores, resting on some huge bowlder, the sentimentalist contemplates the beauty of the scene. Slowly the fog lifts, and the silence is broken only by the soft, drip, drip from the near-by trees.

Beyond lies the great panorama of undulating hills and barren rocks, hemmed in, by mountains, toward the summits of which the white clouds are drifting.

But the stillness is suddenly broken. Flip, sniffing about impatiently, has started a rabbit from the brush. A scurry, a dash, a flash—some powder and shot wasted for the first coveted victim escapes the game bag, but the sentimentalist is awake.

And, as it responds to the voice of the shotgun, one cottontail and then another dashes through the open to see the fun. Sorry sport it is to some of them. They bound in long, swift leaps from covert to covert, cocking up a knowing eye and confusing the amateur sportsman—not by their agility but by their numbers, which disconcert him as he did the pigs of the famous farmer who complained he could count them all but one, that "few around so he couldn't keep his eye on him."

But even the novice, with his "pump gun," which never stops pumping so long as there is a rabbit in sight, can hit his mark in the Matilaja, where every square yard of a rabbit-haunted region has bushels of shot

The Lengua Song.

A SAMOAN STORY OF LOVE AND JEALOUSY.

By a Special Contributor.

"Oh, the angu bloom was a moonbeam pale,
And the angu root was a hot sunray.
They met and kissed in the Fala vale
And their child was born at the break of day.

Oi, oi, ena, the lenga song,
Oi, oi, ena, let love be strong."

The lenga grates sang, as they squatted cross-legged before the long trough. Plump, bronzed damsels, with garlanded heads and green banana leaves laid across dingily-draped knees. In front of each rose a slight, sinnet-wrapped wand, and hung a long banana leaf; as they lifted the root, bit by bit, scraping it up and down the sinnet with joined hands, the orange pulp squirted on green background and green apron, on slender, brown arms moving rhythmically, on merry, brown faces, till life gradually assumed the complexion of a quarantine flag.

The voices might have been more melodious, but the part song went with a go that spoke volumes for Samoan lungs, and the rounded brown arms and busts swayed in time to the rhythm.

"Malle!" (Bravo) cried the Siilli, or head woman, as with a cockle shell she scraped the grotesquely-shaped orange roots, and the women clustered round her echoed "Malle!" with approving nods, while they added to the pile of scraped turmeric.

For that was really all it was, this "angu" and "lenga," over which they made so much fuss. Learned people call it Cucuma longa, but to humdrum folks it remains common turmeric, the base of our curry powder, and an important item in native festivities, adornments and medicine. The irreverent have been known to dub it carrots. No Samoan woman dare be irreverent on the subject. To her lenga making is a serious matter, a ceremonial Jewish in its rigidities and Jewish in its penalties.

"Oi, oi, ena, the lenga song,

Oi, oi, ena, let love be strong."

rang out the shrill, young voices. Suddenly, the Siilli looked up: "Did any one leave the house this morning while the others slept?" she asked, sharply.

Lausina, sitting at the end of the long trough, started, and her eyelids quivered. Letu'a, sitting by her, glanced sideways with a quiet smile, but said nothing. It is not wise for a Samoan girl to betray suspicion of a companion; she may stand up in need of charity herself—besides lenga harmonies had to be preserved.

"I heard nothing," said Letu'a, quietly; "what makes the Siilli think any one broke the rules?"

While lenga making goes on the women workers, married and single, must live apart, eating and sleeping together. Moreover, while the rest of the village sleeps, it is their duty to sit up half the night, singing, scraping and grating, going to rest only in the small hours.

The Siilli shook her head dubiously: "Something woke me; I fancied I heard the mat shutters rustle."

"And you did not look?" expostulated one old lady.

"Nay, I love not to look out before the dawn, at lenga time; there be too many devils around, and they might not be peaceable. Ah, Polita, that is good."

This last to an old lady, who had staggered into the hut under the burden of a huge, oblong wooden bowl piled high with exceedingly sodden rice. "I begged it from Ally, the trader, for you," she gasped, "and I cooked it myself. Ally is kind when you take him the right way—I went to his wife."

Ally was the white trader of the village, known, like all white traders, by a corruption of his Christian name. Like all white traders, also, he had a native wife, which fact complicated domestic finance.

"You are sure the rice is nice, Polita?" queried Lausina, mischievously.

"How should I know?" retorted the old lady, suddenly made aware, by the girl's laughing glance, that some telltale grains were sticking to her mouth. "I tell you I came straight from the cookhouse here. Do you suppose I would touch it before the lenga workers had eaten?"

"Lausina is a saucy minx," said the Siilli, as she dipped a coconut shell into the white porridge, and handed it to Polita; "at your age one knows the rules and observes them. Take some rice home and enjoy it, and may Ally not make us pay too dear!"

But Letu'a was pouting. Polita was her grandmother by adoption, and she resented Lausina's imputation; so, raising her arms for work, she started her own rendering of the song:

"Oh, the white man's ring was a precious thing,

But it wandered found when he found his grave;

Dark cheek brushed cheek, like a Pea's wing,

And the hand which took was the hand which gave,

Oi, oi, ena.

"Letu'a," called the Siilli, "that is no lenga song. It is a song of treachery; if you cannot sing better thoughts, you had best be silent."

"True," answered Letu'a, meekly, "I forgot."

But for all her meek speech, she furtively watched Lausina, who had tilted up her wreath angrily, scattering, glowing pomegranate blossoms on her warm, brown throat. The old woman watched, also.

"I saw the malanga party start as I came along," she observed; "they call at the next village, where the pretty girls are free."

Down came more of Lausina's pomegranate flowers, her yellowing hands jerked nervously up and down the sinnet.

"Polita, the rice looks good, and we are hungry," observed the Siilli.

"Well, I am going," said Polita, taking the hint at last—the others might not eat in her presence—"so is Letu'a's sister, Faisala. She is to lead the siva (dance)

in Upolu, and they do say. . . . but this is under the chestnut," and she cackled wickedly.

"Then it must not be said here," interposed the Siilli, peremptorily. "You know the rules, Polita; no tale-bearing at lenga time."

As the old gossip hobbled off, the head woman muttered angrily: "I have a misgiving our lenga is going to be spoiled; Polita tasted that rice. Lausina, stop work and help round."

Lausina, slight and supple, with the sinuous grace of the immature Samoan girl, came forward, her loin-cloth of old racking dabbed with yellow, her pomegranate chaplet scattering as she moved. Piling up small coconut shells, she handed them round; while plump Letu'a, older, rounder and thick set, dragged little mat trays into the center, and set out cold fish done up in leaf wrappers and cold taros cut in two.

Lausina was said to have white blood in her veins. In proof thereof she inherited a white man's ring. Private possession is not easy in that communistic region, but the girl jealously guarded the ring, which had come to her from her mother, and which was credited with supernatural virtues. Other signs of her origin might be found in the straight profile and the latent passion of her eye. Your true Samoan is an excitable, easy-going soul, with lightly stirred shallows for depths. But Lausina had all the fire of her Spanish ancestry, and it was whispered in the village that it was not good to anger her.

Something angered her, all that day, as she brooded over Polita's words. Doubts were creeping into her jealous mind; doubts of the handsome lover for whose sake she had broken the lenga rules and crept out for a starlit meeting. Seva'o had joined the malanga party with her consent, but now her brow clouded as she thought of the pretty girls of the adjoining village, more especially of lively, flirting Faisala—what was that rumor "under the chestnut," which Polita had not been allowed to repeat? The Siilli did not know what was rankling in Lausina's mind, but as she glanced at the lowering brow, she said to herself uneasily, "My lenga girls are going wrong, and it is all through that greedy Polita."

Yet things went well. The sun shone, the birds twittered in that leafy inclosure behind the hut, screened from masculine gaze, and the yellow-tinged skins and draperies moved to and fro amid green leaves, oval, brown bowls and orange-hued liquids. The juice expressed from the grated root had to be strained through palm-leaf basket and palm-bark sieve into leafy troughs where, under cool banana leaves it "slept" till the morrow. The girls came and went in pairs, bearing water from the well in buckets slung on a pole or in bunches of hollowed-out coconuts; to and fro they ran, now stirring and laddling the ruddy liquid, now straining it afresh; splitting thin laths to support the overlying leaves, carrying piles of roots to the old ladies, smoking, chattering, laughing while they worked. Till at last the evening shadows fell, the evening hymns and the evening meal were over, and the tired lenga workers lay down to sleep—for they only kept alternate watch nights, and this was their turn of rest.

But Letu'a, like the Siilli, was uneasy as she watched Lausina's face and guessed her thoughts. Letu'a's own thoughts wandered anxiously to her sister and handsome Seva'o, and she resolved to make friends with the jealous girl, who owned a white man's spell. So next morning she went to the headwoman and offered to resign her own cherished privileges as lenga baker. "Let Lausina have the first baking, please," she pleaded. "Her arms ache with the grating, and she would like it."

The Siilli looked at her in surprise. "You are the elder," she said; "it is your right."

"Yes, but I am also the stronger, and willing that she should have the rest and the first luck-chance."

"Good!" and the Siilli smiled. "It is well for my girls to be unselfish; we shall have the better lenga."

So, when the fire had burnt itself to embers, Lausina, a fresh leaf girdle round her waist, crouched in the queer, improvised little chimney corner of coarse matting, and crowned to herself as she deftly set her coconut shapes. She filled the dainty shells, scarce larger than egg cups with oily, orange liquid, using a curled leaf for jug, then stood her cups gingerly in the embers, and piled over them layer upon layer of heart-shaped, red-veined leaves. Hers was the poet of honor; to distribute heat evenly and continuously, to secure sufficient evaporation, to withdraw the lenga at the right moment. On her depended the success of the lenga-making and the honor of the village. Her looks spoke her pleasure, as she nursed one foot over her thigh and glanced gratefully at Letu'a.

Later, when night had fallen, and the cups were set out to cool, the girls sat once more together at the canoe trough, grating roots and joining in the part song:

"Letu'a," whispered Lausina, suddenly, passing on a half-smoked cigarette, "what made you sing those words yesterday?"

Letu'a moved restlessly and puffed at her cigarette. "Nothing; I don't know; I was cross because you noticed the rice on Polita's lips."

"Oi, oi, ena, the lenga song,

Oi, oi, ena, let love be strong!"

rang out the chorus.

"But is it true that your sister went on the malanga?"

"Yes, I suppose so; Polita knows."

"To lead the siva?"

"Oh, of course. You know she has been chosen for village taupo."

"And she is not taupo yet?"

"Ah, no; our father has not sufficient mats and pigs."

"Oi, oi, ena, the lenga song."

Now, the village taupo, or representative village maiden, is a very sacred young person, the leader of festivities, the embodiment of dignity and purity, and as such, carefully guarded from masculine advances. But her honor, which reflects upon her family, costs that family dear in the matter of precious mats and fine feasts. And unless these be forthcoming, she is but an ordinary Samoan maid, with far more freedom than her white sister.

Oi, oi, ena, let love be strong!"

Lausina set her lips. When the next verse she trotted out her own version:

"Angangas are wandering round at night
They seek out the false and the frail
With their power they kill—with their power
And they answer prayers if their tombs
Ol, oi, ena.

"For pity's sake, Lausina!" broke in the cover of the chorus, what are you singing? to bring a lenga curse upon the village."

But she was not thinking of the lenga, she was thinking of her pretty sister, who had gone on boat with Lausina's lover; she was wondering superstitious thrill, whether the white man's ring would bring the angangas.

"Lausina," she whispered again, "where are you used to wear? You know, THE ring?" Lausina did not answer.

But in the morning darkness, when the who had worked till 3 o'clock, were in their sleep, a small hand lifted the mat shutters and a figure shrouded in talapo hurried about a fashioned stone house of Ally, the trader, on a steep path, overarched by trees, which, in the house, the wanderer passed beside the tomb, set out with fragrant flowering branches. Lausina's white ancestor lay sleeping. A man peeped through the overreaching branches, and lay on an old silver spoon, which, by some association, always lay on the tomb, and which the wife, with superstitious reverence, carried about. And the peaceful ray slanted on Lausina's eyes as her face emerged from its talapo wrapper.

"Anganga of my forefathers!" she cried, down wildly; "anganga from the far land, draw me hear! If Seva'o be false, pursue him, haunt him, and the girl who has drawn his heart to me. Let the ring which I gave him to guard his heart, a spell and torment him. But if he remains thy ring, prove a talisman, then will I lay it upon in Apla and lay it upon thy grave, Father! Guard or avenge thy daughter's love!"

Then she rose and hurried back in the dawn the way was long, the dawn near, and she protection. As she went, she recalled bitterly her speeches, but two short evenings ago, when she stolen out, under the palms along the beach, good-bye and lend the ring which was to guard her heart from evil spell. How he had protested! Love needed no guard, that she would be thought, ever before his eyes, blinding him in attractions. How he had vowed that, when the days, in which she was set apart, were over, he claim her openly, and if her father objected she have a bush wedding "fa Samoa."

A bush wedding is not what would be called respectable in other lands, but it is the height of romance, and unworried Samoan maids favor it.

And all the time he knew he was going to that pretty sister of Letu'a's, who was in love with so people said. That, of course, was the story Polita had heard "under the chestnut." And he was not yet taupo, so there would be no chance of guard against undue flirtation.

Ah, well, Lausina had warned him! She told him that, should he play her false, the spirit whose hair the ring contained, would come and haunt him. She had prayed to the anganga of her forefathers, and if she needed avenging, of a surly, she would be avenged.

She raised the mat shutters of the lenga house, first dawn streaked the sky, and no one stirred as she slipped under her talapo curtain. Only Letu'a, with one sleepy eye and knew.

But Letu'a was afraid to tell.

That week the Siilli's face grew anxious, for she went wrong with the lenga, and it was the first time Lausina's baking, that began it. As the heat withdrew the plug from the bottom hole, the cup and breathed hard upon the contents, then smoothly and softly on the awaiting green leaf, orange shape, its rounded peak delicately symmetrical, but when the turn of the seventh came, it crumbled, in an undignified heap. There was a cry of dismay. The first batch! It was a bad omen for the village. The Siilli pucker her sufficient for forehead, as cup after cup proved equally unsatisfactory. At last, with a sigh, she rose and stood over the trough, gazing gloomily at its contents.

"Has there been any quarrelling unknown to me, and asked, looking sternly round at her women."

"None, none," they answered promptly; "we are at peace."

"Have any eaten outside, or in secret?"

"None, none; there is not a greedy soul among us."

"Nor gone at night to their own homes to croon?"

"Of a truth, no; we are all too weary."

"Is there some feud in the village that I know of?"

"Nay; who knows things better than the Siilli?"

"Nor any stranger, passing by, paused to speak?"

"None. The Siilli has heard all words that pass."

"Then," she concluded, reflectively, "it must be—unless, indeed—"

And her glance wandered slowly, "unless there be an evil eye among us."

Letu'a looked up quickly. Letu'a could not but she was afraid.

And, in truth, the omen brought trouble to the village that same week, for the malanga had been with its flags lowered and its singers silent.

And the lenga hut, breathless with her, waited.

"The boat has returned and the tidings are good."

"Peace," said the Siilli, quickly, "the boat has returned."

But the others interrupted clamorously:

"I am right to know; our men are on board."

"Polita!"

"They had to hurry back to bring news."

March 8, 1903.]

er to Letu's. She lies sick, stricken by a spell. Our
are all right, save one, and he—
The same, the same!
Sevao, handsome, Sevao, with the lenga-dyed locks.
is missing.
"Run away!"—"Dead!"—in chorus.
mistaken, spirited away. He went into the bush to
sits and was seen no more. That same day Sau-
fell sick.
There was silence. Polita glanced at Lausina, who
rigid, only her flashing eyes showing signs of life.
Shall looked at her curiously; then she turned to
workers.
This ends our lenga season; there has been some bad
upon us, and our good name will be spoiled."
whereas the Shall's lenga had never failed, and she
right to herself bitterly: "It is old Polita's doing;
taunted the rice while bringing it."
Letu's thoughts were bitter, too, and it was not on
that they ran. But Letu was afraid to speak.
Neither did Lausina speak.
The moonlit night, a week later, while the village,
old, clamorously hunted tree crabs under the
a soft splash of oars disturbed the stillness of
lagoon, and a large boat glided round the nearest
land, her white awnings gleaming spectral in the
light. As she drew to shore, some of her rowers
up to their lavalavas, and leaping out into the water,
sought to lift a burden.
We have brought back a lad of your village," they
said, "but he is sick unto death. He has been long
in the bush, where the devils were with him, and he
is very afraid."
The group crowded round eagerly, but one girl
stepped back in the shadow of a milo tree and watched
a thin, shrinking form was carried out of the
boat. The form had lenga-colored hair, and it shivered
with fear.
Two days later Sevao lay on his spats, shuddering un-
der his warm shawl coverings. The native doctors
had cool leaves to his burning brow, the native
rubbed his twitching limbs, they anointed him
with warm oil and gave him hot coconut juice to
drink. Yet his illness abated not. His cheeks were
pale, his rich, brown skin had an earthy look, his
eyes, clouded and he refused food. Cold taro and fat
fish, hot taro leaves delicately stewed round plump
pigeons, papaw cooked with coconut, even valsola, the
most pungent of the native palate turned from.
The third day he spoke feebly: "All the girls in
the village have been here, save Lausina. Bid Lausina
come; I would speak with her alone."
In the dusk, with the Pans hovering round, they
Lausina entered the hut. The girl squatted cross-
legged beside the shivering sick man; her eyes alone in
the dusk.
You wished to speak with me, Sevao? You are very
ill, but she lifted his burning hand
and pressed it eagerly, then dropped it as if sudden-
ly on going to die, Lausina; it is your doing; are you
sorry, but it is your doing, not mine; if you
say, you will not die."
"No, I must die. And first I wished to give you
my white man's ring. It is a cruel ring; never
to be again."
Lausina gave a little cry. "You have it still?"
"I should speak to you if I had it not? See, it is
in my hand; I have been afraid to let men see it, lest
they would kill me."
Lausina took the ring from the corner of his lava-lava, he
looked at the old-fashioned ring, which he dropped into
the girl's palm; a quiet ring, of European make, with
a small oval containing a minute plait of hair, set about
a stone, which gleamed strangely in the dusk.
"Where you had it all the time, Sevao?" asked the girl.
"Yes, I lost it; that was why I wandered away in
the bush."
"Ah! Sevao, you parted with it; lent it to
some one, and it was she who lost it. Say, was it so?
No, she crying must not lie!"
"It was very hard on him, but her heart was sore,
and she loved me. Ah! well, perchance it was so,
as I found it, you see; I found it myself. And oh,
how it was but in play; I thought of you all the
time. It was you I loved, and I was proud of having
it. . . . but it is a wicked ring, Lausina; an
evil ring. The white man who wore it was false to the
woman whose hair is in it. She waylaid me in
the bush and told me."
"—The white woman! You saw her?"
"Yes, she was everywhere; her curse was upon me.
I turned to see, she stood over before me, lead-
ing me on. I dared not resist; I had to follow. And
she led me into the damp places and tripped me over
the roots and sent devils to clutch me where the
sun crossed the trees, and ever she cried, 'Ah! he
who played with me, he played with me, but the girl shall
play with him. The father slained with the dark
man, and the dark girl shall avenge his sin.'"
Lausina looked at the sick man, and shuddering
plucked at his shawl covering.
"At last," he added, with a gasp, "I saw her
face, and heard her no more, and knew nothing.
She found me, and I die."
Lausina bent over him, her breath came hot and quick:
"Is it true that you still loved me, and thought
of me when you lent the ring in play?"
"Yes, really true. Should I lie to you now with the
angel all waiting for me?"
"Sevao, you love me still—that is also true?"
"I loved. . . . I know not; I think I fear more
I love."
"You remember you will come with me for the bush
again?"
"No, NO!" he cried, sitting up with feverish
glance. "I should see HER, not you; hear HER, not
I dare not. Ah! Lausina, the women who hold
power like yours, the women who work spells

and gain their will, are to be feared, not loved. I think
fear has driven out my love; it is gone. Yet, you will
not see me die with anger in your heart; now that
you have the ring, you will forgive? I meant no harm.
For the sake of the love that is dead, you will forgive?"
"Yes, I forgive," said Lausina, quietly. "Die in peace
and sleep well." She stooped over, touching his fore-
head, and the sick man fancied he felt a tear fall, but
she made no lamentation.

As she passed out of the hut, brushing the white-robed
native missionary, darkness had fallen; when she
reached the stone tomb hard by ALLY, the trader's, moon-
light was already flooding the tiny grove, while a Pans
flapped overhead as the girl knelt beside her ancestor's
resting-place. And this was what she said:

"Spirit of my forefather! Thou hast heard thy daugh-
ter, and thou hast plagued Sevao when he was false to
me. I thank thee, but I thank not the spirit of the
white woman who killed his love. I ask thee not to
save him, for his love is changed to fear, and there-
fore, though I love him still, I am willing he should die.
I would rather love him dead than alive, since he no
longer loves me. Father, I thank thee for remembering
thy daughter, but I am sorry thou didst betray the
white woman. For to betray a woman always brings
evil, and it has worked me harm."

That was all, albeit her tears rained on the rock-
hewn tomb. For she had Spanish blood in her veins,
and a Spanish maid loves a man's love more than she
loves the man.

Next morning, with the dawn, the anganga of Sevao
fled from his body, and there was lamentation and
feasting, and burying. Lausina held herself apart, and
the other girls said: "She has no heart; she has never
sorrowed for handsome Sevao." But when the eating
and drinking and wailing were over, it was Lausina
who, in the twilight, planted two white blossoming
bushes beside the grave.

And one moonlit night, weeks later, the wife of ALLY
the trader noticed a stragg thing; the moonbeams shone
upon two silver spoons on the tomb—where there should
have been but one. She went in to her husband with a
shivering fit, and said: "Ally, the devils are around."

She would have had a worse attack had she known
that, under a yellow alamanda bush, by the tomb, Lau-
sina buried her white man's ring, wrapped in a fragrant
nai leaf.

For, thought the girl, perchance the white woman's
anganga may rest in peace if she knows that the ring
with her hair in it lies beside his grave.

"Oh, oh, ena, the Lengas song."

"Oh, oh, ena, let love be strong."

A. R. ROSE-SOLLEY.

(1)—Flying fox.
(2)—Spirit of the dead.
(3)—A malamala is the favorite Samoan enjoyment; a pleasure
party, traveling usually by boat, stopping at various villages and
entertained with feasting and dancing. A malamala sometimes lasts
for weeks.
(4)—Native cloth made from the paper mulberry.

MEN WHOM NOTHING CAN BEAT.

SOME STIRRING EXAMPLES OF UNDAUNTED PLUCK VERSUS LUCK.

[Answers:] In spite of being ruined over and over
again, and assailed by years of ill fortune that would
have crushed almost any man, a silver casket, with
£125 in gold, has just been presented to Charles Good-
son of Norwich, as a prize for pluck and honesty which
no amount of bad luck could beat.

When in business at Norwich twenty-three years ago,
a bundle of misfortunes caused him to make a deed of
assignment, and his creditors accepted a dividend of
2s. 6d. on the pound, for bad luck had "let him in" for
£5000 in liabilities. He gave up every penny, and emi-
grated to New Zealand in the hope of wiping out the
deficit.

By hard work day and night he gradually built up a
business, and saved £6000. When on the point of send-
ing this to England to his creditors—although they had
no further legal claim on him—a blight fell suddenly
on all trade in the colony, and hundreds were plunged
into ruin from which the country has scarcely recovered
yet.

Mr. Goodson's little fortune, built up by hard work,
was swept away with the rest. For the third time he
began again from the beginning, and for twelve years
fought against stroke after stroke of bad luck, but
finally built up a third business, and paid his New Zealand
creditors in full—£4500.

Eighteen months ago he sent a check to England for
£902, and only a few months back came home to Nor-
wich, called a meeting of his creditors of twenty-three
years before, and paid them to the last penny, in all,
£1735.

The creditors rewarded this record of pluck and hon-
esty by giving him a silver casket and £125, which was
presented by Gurney Buxton, the well-known Norwich
banker.

Martyn's-Stead Farm, on the Lincoln coast, is an up-
to-date monument of extraordinary "grit" in the face
of wave after wave of crushing bad luck. Martyn Mar-
tyns was a yeoman farmer, who shared in the general
break-down of agriculture some years ago, and his farm,
which his forefathers had held for three hundred years,
was eventually sold up.

The ruin was complete, but attached to the farm, and
not included in the sale, was a big track of salt marsh
and foreshore, through the channels of which the sea
flowed. It was of no value as it was, but an ancient
charter gave him the right of it, and he set to work to
bank the tide out and save it from the sea. In three
years he succeeded, and began to carry out his scheme,
which was to graze cattle on the salty grass. This diet
will put nearly a stone weight a week on bullocks.

The plan acted well, and just as the owner had ready
a splendid herd of cattle for market, which would have
raised a price to set him up for life, the foot-and-mouth
disease, as it is called, seized the beasts, and all had to
be killed.

Ruined a second time, Mr. Martyns started again, but
on the brink of success the sea broke down the embank-
ments and flooded the land. Completely ruined this
time, the unfortunate owner went to a colony and

started a cattle ranch, after working for a wage three
years to earn the money to start it. He prospered in
spite of difficulties, and in twelve years saved £3000.
Full of belief in his salt pastures at home, he left for
home with the money, and was robbed of every penny
in a now-famous "hold-up" of the mail train in which
he was traveling in 1879.

He went back, and after a time managed to start the
ranch again, saved £2000 more, and eventually saved
the Martyn's-Stead Farm, as the big salt pastures are
called. He retired worth £12,000 a year ago, and his son
owns and works the prosperous pastures at present—a
lasting mark of doggedness.

A record worth knowing by anybody who feels that
luck is against him, is that of Norman Goodyer, who
came out on top by his own exertions after five sepa-
rate ruinous misfortunes, and managed to keep the
Goodyer Orphanage at Newport, which provides for
ten parentless children, regularly going all the time,
even when penniless and working with his hands for
day wages. Starting on nothing, he made his first for-
tune against tremendous opposition, out of patented
inventions for wool-combing and cotton-spinning, and
lost the whole of it by his cashier, who "levanted" with
over £12,000.

Broken down in health, Mr. Goodyer started all over
again, and in five years got everything straight, and
made £20,000 by a dye works which he built up from
the fruits of his own labor. He started a small private
orphanage at Newport, to take up his spare cash, and
kept it endowed always three years ahead. Foreign com-
petition and a ruinous lawsuit left him penniless within
a year, however, but he got a job as railway outporter,
and even then contrived to send a little money to his
orphanage, which was still running on the endowment
he had left it. Getting a little cash together from his
earnings, he started a coffee stall in Birmingham, which
soon became a hotel, and gained him another fortune,
worth £2000 a year. Ill health came down on him, and
his business ran to seed, for he could not look after it,
but before the crash came he re-endowed his orphanage,
and paid everyone in full. Broken in purse and health,
in a year he started again, succeeded as an iron founder
at Wolverhampton, and died last year owing no man a
penny, but leaving £17,000 out of all his fortunes and
misfortunes.

All that bad luck and the worst moods of the sea
combined could bring to bear on Capt. Stevens Cort-
wright of Hull could not crush him altogether, for
though they brought him down six times, he bobbed up
serenely at last. He was skipper and owner of a
trading schooner, the Florrie Ford, having started as a
ship's boy; and she brought him £600 profit the first
year, after he had worked fifteen years to get her.

At the end of the first year she was run into and sunk
off the Belgian coast by an unknown vessel—£600 and
all—and Capt. Cortwright had to serve two years before
the mast on another man's ship to earn his bread.

Becoming promoted suddenly to skipper, he came upon
a derelict off the Scotch coast, the salvage on which
yielded him £1000, and this he turned into £3000 in
eight years by purchasing and working two herring
smacks. In the big gale of 1881 both vessels were lost
in a night, and he, on board one of them, lost his leg
through a spar falling on it.

Three more years' work with nothing to start on but
sheer hard work and brains, produced him £4000, which
he invested "off the sea"—which means inland—and it
was all lost promptly in the fraudulent crash of a big
publishing firm which ruined many people some years
ago.

He started a shipbuilding yard which began to prosper,
when the big tidal deluge that swept the east coast
a few years back invaded it, and broke down the scaf-
foldings and shipways, smashing up the half-built ves-
sels, and involving him in heavy liabilities. Ill and
crippled, but undaunted, he worked as a shipbroker's
clerk for some time, finally starting a business of the
same kind for himself, yielding a little fortune of
£20,000, which he invested in Consols and retired, so
that, unless the British empire falls, he is safe.

ROMULUS DIDN'T FOUND ROME.

NEW HISTORY RESULTS FROM INVESTIGATIONS OF ARCHEOLOGIST.

[Rome Correspondence London Mail:] Another of the
happy beliefs of the past has been demolished by the
ruthless investigations of the archeologist. The excava-
tions which Prof. Airoll is carrying out in the Roman
Forum have now at last conclusively proved that Romu-
lus did not, as the old history books allege, found Rome,
but that the great city existed long before his day.

It is clear from the excavations that the Etruscans
at an early date established themselves upon the Aven-
tine, whence they descended and fought many battles
with the Sabines, who inhabited the low ground at the
foot of that hill. At that date, what was afterward the
Forum, was a marshy lake. This Etruscan city on the
Aventine was Rome, and its wars were waged for gen-
erations before Romulus appeared, since a great num-
ber of skulls have been found in the excavations.

Under Romulus, who was named after the city of
Rome, victories were gained over the Sabines, under
Tatius. Peace was then concluded between the two peo-
ples, and to commemorate that event the Via Sacra
was built, linking the quarters inhabited by the Romans
and Sabines.

This Via Sacra is now revealed to the twentieth cen-
tury, as it existed 2000 years ago. Owing to the ex-
cavations, it is now covered by the waters of the Tiber,
whenever that river rises, exactly as in that remote past.

In the ruins of the temple of Venus Cloacina traces
of the fire which destroyed it several times have been
found. In the Basilica Emilia, another of the buildings
in the Forum, further traces of fire have been discovered.
Iron and money melted by the heat have been unearthed,
as if the conflagration had occurred but yesterday.

A curious fact which has been ascertained with cer-
tainty is that there was an artificial lake in the Forum,
in front of the Rostra. The lake still holds water to-
day, now that the site has been cleared. It has been
ascertained that in the arcades of the Rostra were placed
the prows of captured ships, and it was from among
them that Augustus used to address the people. It
would appear that he, like some of our modern em-
perors, had a good eye for a dramatic effect.

Hanka Doodlum.

A STORY WHICH REACHES FROM
PARIS TO BOSTON.

By a Special Contributor.

WHEN summer came young Henry Herbert was the only guest at the small Hotel de Maas in Paris. No objection was therefore made to his taking his violin into the court and practicing. That very morning he had enjoyed half an hour of blood-curdling and nerve-twisting scales in the courtyard, secure in the knowledge that there was no one to suffer from it but Madame and her employes, who were hardened to it. When he went home, that afternoon, after his two hours with his master, he sat at one of the small tables and took his violin from its case. Before Pierre, the waiter, had come with his vermouth, which was his only and very mild dissipation, he became much interested in the achievement of a difficult and unnatural finger position which I am sure the Almighty never intended human fingers to be bothered by.

Presently Pierre, the waiter, arrived and delivered his regular daily drink along with the information that there were new guests in the hotel and they were Americans. Madame had entrusted Pierre with the duty of delicately hinting to him that perhaps it might be better for him not to practice any of his painful scales in the courtyard, but just play a few little ones which did not ache so very much. But Herbert's mind was so occupied with his efforts that he did not realize the sense of Pierre's remarks. He only stopped his painful work long enough to drink his vermouth and then went on again.

While he was hard at it an American boy approached him with a swagger and a command.

"Mister! Pay Hanka Doodlum, won't you?"

The small American was forced to repeat his request a number of times before he attracted the fascinated performer's attention.

"Mister! Pay Hanka Doodlum, won't you?"

Herbert took his violin from beneath his chin.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "What did you say? I fear I was making a great noise and did not understand."

The small boy approached and gravely shook hands.

"Please pay Hanka Doodlum!"

By inspiration Herbert guessed "Yankee Doodle."

"I am afraid I don't know 'Yankee Doodle,' but I'll try."

As he began to figure the old tune out he heard a distinct young voice from above say:

"Humph! An American and can't play 'Yankee Doodle!'"

Herbert did not raise his eyes but he ceased. Instead he played some simple little melodies for the youngster. He had not seen the face of the scornful critic, but it had been a charming voice. He made a resolve.

The next day he was absent from the hotel somewhat longer than usual. When he did appear he took his accustomed seat at the table. Opening his violin case he ran over some decidedly inoffensive exercises until Pierre appeared with his vermouth.

At almost the same moment came the small American man-child. He responded with some loftiness to Herbert's "good afternoon" and said scornfully:

"Huh! 'Tan't pay Hanka Doodlum! Huh!" Then he withdrew some paces gazing with evident disapproval at the young student of fiddling.

But Herbert only smiled pleasantly and glanced quickly at the window from which he had heard the scornful voice.

"I think I can play it now, if you would like to hear it," he said to the youngster.

Somewhat propitiated that personage drew near, albeit with a look of some incredulity.

"You tan't play it," he announced, with a strong accent on the "you."

"I'll try," said Herbert.

"Aunt Florence said you couldn't," protested the boy.

Herbert straightway tucked his fiddle under his chin and then he began. First of all the jolly, jumping notes of the simple old song jerked out merrily under his touch. The visitor was evidently pleased with the very first half dozen bars, for, thrusting his small hands into his pockets, he stood with feet wide apart, as a good American should while listening to "Yankee Doodle." Indeed, his preoccupation and approval of the music so absorbed him that he failed to notice two ladies (one elderly and one delightfully young and pretty) who had approached through the archway leading to the street and paused listening. Herbert, of course, could not see them, for his back was toward them. So the rollicking notes danced and jumped out without interruption, as if the Continental soldiers were feeling very well that morning, and not at all afraid to fight. So they hurried along until they almost reached the bridge at Lexington. (Herbert had thought of Lexington.) But then there came caution and some stealthy progress, which the music plainly told to Herbert, if to no one else. But the caution passed and his fingers and his bow took up their work in earnest. The Yankee farmer fighters jumped along at double quick now in that courtyard of the little French hotel, and their energy made the red-coats fall back. There was some boom of cannon here amidst the crackling, quick musket fire, and the reverberation of the bridge's planks beneath the tread of hurrying fighters came in on the bass strings. There was no volley firing; but Herbert conceitedly believed that he had managed to get the crack of squirrel rifles in; and through it all the tune of "Yankee Doodle" never stopped, now soft and somewhat muffled, now loud and clear above it all, again almost drowned by other uproar, then, along toward the end, rising triumphantly and shrill, as if the plucky minute-men had won their day and were gaily marching home again to the high-pitched laughter of a single fife.

It was really very well done for a youngster, although Herbert probably gave meanings to the music in his own

ears which the most impressionable and sympathetic outsider would have failed to catch; but the fact remains, that the tricks he had played with "Yankee Doodle" were clever tricks, and smoothly and creditably performed. He had been earnest enough during his doing them to forget the object of rebuke in which they had been conceived, and there was no affectation in his failure to look up at the window of the scornful voice. For the moment, he had quite forgotten it and had been really carried away by thinking of the brisk battle, whose story he had tried to tell with bow and catgut.

When he stopped he said to the youngster, as he lowered his violin:

"Well, how about it?"

But the youngster had no opportunity to reply, for from the arched entrance to the street his aunt and sister advanced. It was the elder woman who spoke.

"Thank you very much," she said, as she came up behind him. He rose and turned. "It was very kind of you to play for John," she said. "And you played so beautifully. I've been listening uninvited in the archway. I had no idea there was so much in dear old 'Yankee Doodle.'"

"I shall introduce myself if you will let me," she went on. "I am Mrs. Thurlow, and Johnnie is my nephew."

"And I," said the young man, "am Henry Herbert."

"Yes, I know," she went on. "I know your aunt, Miss Herbert of Yonkers, quite well. I shall confess that I asked the landlady about you," she added, laughing.

Herbert had no opportunity to reply, for behind him she of the scornful voice stepped forward.

"Mr. Herbert," said Mrs. Thurlow. "My niece, Miss Foster."

"I am so glad to meet you," she said, "and so very glad that you can play 'Yankee Doodle.' Where in the world did you get those charming variations?"

"They were made to order for your young relative," said Herbert. "I couldn't endure scorn, you know—his scorn at least." He looked into her eyes steadily, and she colored a little.

"Well, you've redeemed yourself nobly," she replied.

They got to know each other—all of them—with one of those rapidly progressing acquaintances which are not uncommon among countrymen meeting one another in foreign parts.

"Did you hear me that day?" she said one day, looking at him steadily and blushing.

"What day?"

"That day when you were in the courtyard and I was in the window of our room. I was outrageously rude—and I have wondered if you heard me."

"Why, what did you do?"

"I don't know exactly," she said, feeling certain that he did and was probably punishing her. "But I know that I said something horrid about an American who could play the violin and couldn't play 'Yankee Doodle.' Did you hear me? I am truly sorry and ashamed."

"Sorry because I heard?"

"No. Sorry because I said what I did. And all the time you knew that wonderful, won-der-ful version of it."

"You were perfectly right."

"But you did know it."

"No I didn't, but after I had heard the scorn in your voice, I made up my mind I would—so I went to work and fixed the variation up. When I played it to the kid I hoped you were listening up in your window."

"Then you really did it for me?"

"Yes," he answered gravely, "I really did it for you." She was blushing again under his gaze. "Thank you." This was said so very prettily and with such delightful downcast eyes and flaming cheeks that he lost his head and blurted out:

"A man could do anything for you—for—"

And then Mrs. Thurlow came up. Mrs. Thurlow, quick-eyed and intuitive, had much cause for thought. If either of the young folk had seen the letter she had sent to her brother that night, they would have found that the shrewd lady had gone much further in her suppositions than they had gone in their half-thoughts. The brother's reply must have been of a favorable character, for the excursions with Herbert continued, and, indeed, were mildly encouraged by the elder lady.

By and by occurred a great excitement. The Csar was to visit Paris. Many plans were made, and they saw, when the time came, all that the rest of Paris saw. But Florence and Herbert were not satisfied. Herbert rattled to the hotel one day in a furore. It developed from his hurried remarks that his violin master had once played for the Csar in St. Petersburg; that the Csar was graciously pleased to remember this, and that the ruler of all the Russians had, because of this memory, summoned the old man to play for him again there in Paris. But this was impossible. Rheumatism had for weeks bound him to his chair.

"The Csar must be a pretty decent sort of a chap, for when he heard the old man was tied up and couldn't get down his own stairs, what does he do but send word back to his old master that if the master couldn't get down the stairs, why he, the Csar, could get up them. And so he's going up them tomorrow morning. The old man's as proud as a peacock, and no wonder! He told me about it, and said he was sorry I couldn't be there; but it wouldn't do. Then I looked up at the big transom over the double doors which used to open into the back hallway and said: 'Couldn't I look in through the transom?' meaning a joke, but the old man took it seriously. He's just as anxious to have me see the great Csar do honor to him as I am to see it. So he thought a minute and said: 'Yes, my child, it might be arranged. You might put a table in that back hallway where no one could see it, and then when His Majesty deigns to come and call upon his humble old violin master, why you, my favorite pupil, could see it all. But you must keep very quiet.'"

"How splendid!" said Florence.

"But that isn't the best of it," said Herbert coloring vividly as he looked at her. "There's room for two on the table, and I've got leave to take you, if you'll go." And so it happened that Florence and Herbert sat on the table, swinging their heels in the semi-dark and very musty, abandoned hallway, the next day. There were no signs of the royal visitor as yet. It was all very jolly and confidential.

The intimacy of the situation had begun to work like magic in the brain of Herbert. He felt as if Florence was under his protection and—and it was semi-dark and—she was delicious when she blushed and—well, Herbert was very much in love.

But just then the Csar came.

They softly clambered up and stood upon the table,

looking on at what was in very truth a scene—the Csar of all the Russians, and attended by a brilliantly-accoutred and blowing, climbing up three flights of stairs to the rheumatic old violin master.

The tears rolled down the old man's face as he bowed and kissed the Royal Russian's hand on the table gazed spellbound as the Csar speak and—at that very moment the Csar Herbert landed with a jar and in a moment and struck her head against the wall and she knew nothing more until she with her head, which was still ringing with the lap of Herbert. For a second, everything somewhat hazy and indefinite. The low, distressed Herbert had one arm under his head, while he kissed her forehead and murmured, "Darling." Her first thought was, "I hope he won't think we're a bomb, relatively, if not dreamily."

"No, darling, no. He won't, darling, won't," murmured Herbert, soothingly, hurt, sweetheart—are you—"

She came fully to herself and jumped to the floor with wrath.

"No, I'm not badly hurt," she exclaimed, whisper, "and how dare you?"

She gave him one malevolent look, and her hat, put it on somewhat awry and ran back stairway. He tried to rise, but she violently down again on the floor with her head.

She was in her room near the window brought Herbert in. He came in between from the hospital, where he had gone to sprained ankle bandaged. He was very hopped most pitifully as the porters helped the court.

Her aunt was amazed when her niece's departure in the early morning, and asked her to go into neither detailed explanation, nor whole truth.

"He tried to kiss me," she said, severely, cent on the second word, which she afterwards was nothing less than a lie.

"Well, my dear," said her aunt in amazement as she had already decided that the two of them were as good as settled.

"No, it is not well. I can't bear him. And they went."

After Herbert's ankle was better, he went and with his master to Rome for a while, worked hard, and progressed so rapidly, later, he was in America again. His first home was in Boston.

It would be untruthful to say that Florence Hawtrey came to Henry's aid in Boston, for he was a steadfast young man to forgetting pleasant things. I believe it to be inaccurate to say that he had continued her and wish to whisper "darling" again.

He certainly had not fallen in love with and as he sat in the Boston-based train, he thought of her and how he would like to see her a little glow if she would go to hear him play.

Of the success—the most sensational of the young violinist—there was no doubt after Herbert, and as he was a very human young man, felt good about it. As I have said, he was ideal, and with the warm feeling of glowing in him as he sat behind the organ that Florence Hawtrey lived near Boston.

But when he went out again, one of the light tricks which happen in theaters, which have puzzled more than one person, Florence Hawtrey's face glowed in a very light as he walked, bowing, toward the stage. Instantly there was nothing else in the face, about three rows from the front, into its eyes, and it was with a real effort, them away. Instantly, he was very much.

It was the last of his numbers, and he magnificently. He knew what it meant, audience away. He knew how an audience this strange and delightful thing was begun to it. And, although there was not a from his violin—not even a muffled cough hall (perhaps it was because there was a he knew that he was doing it, and he played.

The sound came, though, as he stopped played a wild, minor song of the Marguerite that is heard when death goes to the Hungary. With the last-mournful sighs dying wall, the storm of applause broke, actually seemed to come out of the auditorium cold temper blast and strike him in the warm and he was grateful; he was vain, has a right to be, and it was wine to him again and again, and finally, almost with himself in his little chair behind his little beyond it, there was still that roar; hands were feet were stamping on the floor; there was "bravo" in men's voices and shriller knew came from excited women.

An usher appeared behind the screen and handed a card.

"Lady sent it, sir," he said. "Said she wouldn't have brought it."

Herbert turned it over and over in his hand. But it was not until he felt his manager pinning him heartily on the shoulder and congratulating him that he roused himself and really read it. It was her card. And on it tremblingly:

"Won't you please play 'Hanka Doodlum'?"

He came out slowly and was greeted with a storm. And then he played. He was so sure that he played it as he wrote it, but they in Boston folk. They marched with the band to the bridge and fired their shots with their victory with them and laughed and fully when with them they saw the mothers and sisters and sweethearts over had passed, and the men went marching victorious, they marched with them, down on the old Temple's floor until the with the force of it—March! March! A thousand men were whistling "Yankee Doodle" that night in Boston, as the Temple over Tremont street.

When Herbert, tired, but very glad, came around him and started to go out himself, waiting for him at the bottom of the stairs that lead down from the stage.

EDWARD

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Society in the Kitchen.

FASHIONABLE WOMEN ADOPTING A NOVEL BUT USEFUL FAD.

By a Special Contributor.

The world is turning over a new leaf, that is, the fashionable world is. The languid beauty of the past; the frail spiritual type is also a thing of the past. They have all stepped to give the center of the stage to the athletic girl who has metamorphosed into a dainty wife who can cook and is proud of the fact. Man course the cause of this radical change. For some he has "evolved" within the last decade. Ignorance no longer charms him as it once did. The whole cheerful little body who can ride, row, walk, golf or tennis, then after a game, go into the kitchen and prepare a tasty bit of luncheon, is just the one who is carrying off the palm. The thoroughly up-to-date girl can, and often does, just to keep and in, truss a chicken or concoct a dessert. While preparing the apples for a walnut salad she will casually upon the latest opera, or delve into deeper things, for she is well informed and she

list of names on the teachers' book looks much like the society notes in Town Topics. In the middle of the last century, in the European courts, the crowned heads entered with great spirit into contests as to who could make the best soups, roasts and sweetmeats, etc. Even the great Napoleon put a finger in the pie and one of his favorite boasts was that he could outdo the court chef in the tossing of an omelet. Now the smart set, late in the day to be sure, but better late than never, are emulating the royal example.

In the city of New York several schools are flourishing. One in which Mrs. Andrew Carnegie, Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Miss Helen Gould and Mrs. Pierpont Morgan are interested, has, perhaps, the greatest number of classrooms and classes. One of the most popular rooms is that where French home cooking is taught. Not only the maids, but the matrons also go to learn, for to confess ignorance of a popular accomplishment is bad form. The chafing-dish class is always well attended. In the school everything from corned beef and cabbage to lobster à la Newburg is cooked. Salads and salad dressing are a separate course. Pastry is also another course by itself. When the lesson is over and the result is tempting the pupils remain to feast upon the results of the experiment.

The society schools have the classes arranged so that each "set" may have an hour sacred. In this way there is no clashing. The classes are quite as exclusive as an afternoon tea, for in each separate "set" the members

ONE FAMILY'S CATS.

AN ENTERTAINING STORY OF MEMBERS OF THE OLD TRIBE OF FELINES.

By a Special Contributor.

We were a family of cat lovers; each had his or her particular pet, and there were always extra kittens, so our average was about twelve. My father (a clergyman,) named his jet-black, loved companion, "Kitzen." She sat on his desk while he wrote his sermons, on his chair at table, and followed him everywhere, excepting into church. Her tastes did not lead her that way. My mother's cat was a one-eyed Maltese—"Old Gray"—who loved music, but hated one song, "Home, Sweet Home," though much attached to the subject of it. (When we sang it, she would climb on our laps, separately (until she gained a hearing,) and put her paw on our mouths, to stop the sounds she hated. We never knew why this particular tune grated on her nerves.

My sister's cat, "Nip,"—was very bright—and very black. She had a way of talking, which any cat lover could not fail to understand, and, with an affectionate gesture, rubbed her head, indiscriminately, against everything. One day she bestowed this caress on a scythe, which cut her poor neck badly, but, with careful nursing, she recovered.

My brother had a pretty, gray and white kitten, which



Cook taking a private lesson



The chafing-dish class is always popular



Gals from the tenements

he named "Katy Darling," after a favorite song of the day. "She" developed into a belligerent Tom—and a great fighter.

When about to remove to the West (in "the fifties,") our hearts were broken at the prospect of parting with our darlings, but one day, while we were gone on a visit, our mother, with Spartan courage, chloroformed them all, excepting "Kitzen" (whom my father, who preceded us to the new home, had ordered brought to him,) because she thought such a proceeding more merciful than leaving them to the care of strangers. And we were relieved when we found she had done so. We knew they could not suffer from neglect and parting—even if there were no cat heaven.

We took "Kitzen" on our drive to the depot, through a thick wood, in a covered basket. A young friend was driver, and scolded all the way about the folly of taking a cat on such a journey. Just before we got out of the woods, she leaped from the basket, and we have always been sure he untied the fastenings, though he "denied the soft impeachment." She was never again seen, and we dreaded to sadden our meeting with father by the news that she was lost. He met us at Detroit, and after the first greetings, said: "Where is my Kitzen?" No one but an animal lover can appreciate his disappointment.

Since then, we have had various feline pets, who have died natural deaths, some of disease, others of old age. Our favorite bishops and priests have been honored by having them for namesakes, the "Bishop" (now dead,) being a magnificent gray cat, who surprised us one day by having six beautiful kittens.

The cats of our mature years still live; one is "Daisy," a yellow Tom, of 12 years. His brother and twin, "Buttercup," died years ago, but the survivor is still strong, and allows no other Tom on the premises. He loves to sleep on my bed, under a paper tent. He has always loved newspapers and their rattling noise. My friends say he "inherits" literary tastes.

Lastly, I mention "One, Two," so called from Fernald's "Cat and the Cherub," our "beloved physician" died and left her to our care. She is an oddity, brought up in his office; she knew his every move and turn, would look pensive when he went out, and spring on him with joy when he came in. I think she remembers him still, for she lingers around the books he left us, but we try to make up to her for his loss.

Such is my cat-egory.

L. R. L.

are all friends, and each upon the calling list of the other. One splendid feature of most of the schools is that after the society session is over for the day, the remaining material and time is given to little girls from the tenements. The paying pupils are charged \$15 for twelve lessons. There are also in this latter category several classes from the hospitals, for the nurses are required to take a course in cooking, before claiming their diplomas. The profit from the paying classes are used to support classes of those who are too poor to pay. In the big kitchens assemble the girls and boys, many of whom are obliged to act as housekeepers during the day and to prepare a dinner for mother and father, who are striving to keep the family in some degree of comfort. They are taught how to build fires, and to use gas stoves and oil with safety. They are given practical information in the purchasing and preparing of wholesome food, how to avoid waste and how to utilize every scrap. Sometimes the servants already employed attend the various classes that they may widen their knowledge and thereby increase their value. In fact the cooking school is a very busy place, and it is in reality accomplishing a great deal of good. The fad of learning to keep house and to know something of the duties of a helper may have much to do in the solving of the problem of the century, that of the servant question.

HARRIET QUIMBY.

A STUDY IN HEARTBREAKINGS.

"I am supposed to die of a broken heart," said the unmanageable actress.

"Now, how am I to know how a person with a broken heart behaves?"

"I'll tell you what to do," answered the cold-blooded manager. "You study the author of this play after he sees your first performance of it."—(Washington Star.)

That pearls of wisdom falling from pretty lips are more effective than while the speaker is in the act. Priscilla is not supposed to be easily excited; however, when she does prove to be, the result is rather fetching. A few years ago the well-known member of the smart set would have at the idea of going into the kitchen. She would likely have fainted gracefully at the sight of unadorned meat, but now the finger of Dame Fashion toward the kitchen, so straight into the kitchen society in great glee, for it is really fun—and it is quite the smartest thing to do, and the dainty one to make one look so modest, and domestic and

Why the culinary art has been in disgrace for so long years it is difficult to say, since most of us are used with a new and palatable entrée—or a well-known member of the smart set would have at the idea of going into the kitchen. She would likely have fainted gracefully at the sight of unadorned meat, but now the finger of Dame Fashion toward the kitchen, so straight into the kitchen society in great glee, for it is really fun—and it is quite the smartest thing to do, and the dainty one to make one look so modest, and domestic and

Wharf Pleasures.

WINTER AMUSEMENTS PECULIAR
TO CALIFORNIA.

By a Special Contributor.

OF THE attractions of wharfs there is enough variety to suit almost all sorts of people, and some of these attractions are of such a nature that it is no wonder that some people derive their chief pleasures therefrom. The fisherman, the nature-lover, whether that nature be human or non-human, the artist, the amusement seeker or the instruction seeker, the idler, the gossip, the dreamer—which classes probably include about everybody, may here find something they are looking for.

A commercial wharf, like those at San Pedro, while not intended for pleasure purposes, is preferred by some for that very purpose. Here we have much bustle and business, with many ships coming and going, with the lading and unlading of cargoes, with "Old Salts," "Sea Dogs," sailors of all nations, "Blue Jackets" and other interesting and now, and then romantic characters, and not a few of them can tell you tales of adventurous lives "stranger than fiction" and not all "fish stories," either.

Near by these San Pedro wharfs, on the cliff, is a

lowing a leader in the sportive manner peculiar to this animal. They proceed for a long distance, going parallel with the shore, their great black backs, and sometimes their entire forms, ten feet or more in length, being visible at short intervals, as they spring out of the water.

In the surf are little ducks, floating with marvelous ease amid the turbulent waters. They are clad in black, with a white spot on the nape of the neck. As a large breaker approaches, one of them, apparently about to be overwhelmed by an avalanche of water, suddenly dives through it, and a moment later is seen calmly floating as before. This duck is well named a "scooter." Many of the feathered tribe frequent the near neighborhood of this wharf, among which are the beautiful kittiwake gulls, the loon, which is the most expert diver in the world, and the great brown pelican, whose grotesque awkwardness in flying and diving is a curious exhibition, which may be observed here at close range.

Many of these birds are singularly tame, and are attracted here in large numbers by the fish which they obtain, either feloniously or otherwise, from the fishermen. Notwithstanding their propensity to steal bait, and even fish after they are caught, their amusing dexterity in doing so tends to give them a good understanding with those whom they rob. "Those black ducks," says one, pointing to some birds of a large species who were continually making extended trips to the bottom, "are good at stealing bait, and that little brown bird can't dive, but he will come within four feet of you and take a fish off your hook. But the worst thief is that big, long-necked black bird sitting out there on

old settler and long-time frequenter told us the story of the whale which was stranded near by on the beach, discovered it rolling about in the surf in a dying condition. A line was thrown over its head, and the dying struggles ceased, its great body lay out on the sand. It was one of the largest of whales, and its enormous length, would accommodate a whole house. Its skeleton now reposes in the public possession of Long Beachers. There is a genuine whalebone displayed on its head, doubtless fetch a good price in the market.

We were also told about a pet seal who had been out of the ocean, pull itself up Fine breakfast at a barber's shop. Some time it, much to the indignation of everybody, punishment was meted out to them. There is no skeleton of the seal, however, to illustrate this story.

We come again to the wharf, when looking behind the hills of Point Firmin, Catalina there is now another Golden Gate, the more famous one in the North. The later, of a lovely rosy hue, which gleamed blue, and is like a sheet of glass. On the time this day distinctly visible. Great in detail, though far away, and the darkness of night, as the light-house casts apparently a feeble ray over the



Long Beach pier



Long Beach



San Pedro Harbor



little park, a fortunate possession of the town, from which we may look down on them at close range, as well as on all the extensive prospect of the harbor—the various breakwaters, including that several-million-dollar one now being constructed five miles out to sea by the government, the picturesque and historic Little Dead-man's Island, and, far beyond it, Catalina, a dark mass on the horizon—altogether a truly fascinating scene rarely equaled in any country.

In the icy East, at this season of the year, of course, a wharf is apt to be intolerably cold and dreary. Not so in this perpetual Summer Land. Here he who loves a wharf can indulge his taste without discomfort in midwinter, as well as at any other time of year. Not long ago, the writer stood on the wharf at Long Beach, when the sun rose over Santiago Peak and cast a silvery path to him over the waters. The still air was balmy and delightful, and of that quality known only by the sea.

"Strange spice is in the air, the far-blown breath
Of ocean purity, its heart of hearts."

Outside the surf, the water was placid as a pond. It may be rather chilly at this season, but there is at least one bather, clad in the usual abbreviated bathing suit of Coney Island in July, who is apparently enjoying himself in the breakers. He may be exceptionally hardy, but later in the day, when the sun gets higher, we will see not a few other bathers on this grand beach, considered one of the very best in North America for pleasure purposes.

This is a good place to watch the long and beautiful "curriers," chasing and sometimes catching each other as they run up the gently sloping beach, which can be seen extending for several miles on either side of this wharf. From time to time, larger waves roll in, and some believe that these come at regular intervals, while others believe that there is no regularity about them.

While here we are treated to an interesting spectacle. Several porpoises appear close to the wharf and just outside the breakers. They are in single file, and are fol-

lowing a leader in the sportive manner peculiar to this animal. They proceed for a long distance, going parallel with the shore, their great black backs, and sometimes their entire forms, ten feet or more in length, being visible at short intervals, as they spring out of the water.

The devil-diver alluded to here slid easily off the buoy, leaving scarcely a ripple to mark the place of his going down. These birds, a species of shag or cormorant, have become so aggressive of late that war has been declared against them by the sardine fishermen who are fishing for business and not pleasure, and shot guns have been used with some effect toward diminishing their numbers.

As we look down into the transparent water, even to the shells on the bottom, fifteen or more feet below its surface, we can see vast numbers of little fish and a few large ones. A great oval-shaped mass of surf fish is moving slowly down alongside the piers, but each individual fish is moving very rapidly in intricate courses. We hastily summon the nearest fisherman, whom a bystander encourages with the remark: "There is a billion of them at least. Now's your chance to catch a dozen a minute." But, strange as it may seem, there is not even a nibble, and after patiently following the moving mass of fish, with his line in the middle of it for some time, the disappointed angler withdraws it, exclaiming: "No use for me to fish!" and the crowd evidently agrees with him.

Besides the surf fish, of which there are several varieties, many other kinds of fish are commonly caught at this wharf, as smelt, sardines, California and Spanish mackerel, bass, perch, shiners or pumpkin-seeds, croakers or white fish and sculpins. And, more rarely, lobsters and crabs.

Most of these fish are of small size, but away out at the end of the wharf, eighteen hundred feet from shore, we find a man who has just landed a bass over two feet long, certainly big enough to please even an ambitious angler. We are told that much larger fish used to come here regularly. They now stay out in the ocean, and are brought in by boats. Among them are the giant Jewish, the tuna, yellowtail and barracuda.

We sat down beside an old man who proved to be an

THE "BUTTER MAID" OF

REMARKABLE CURIOSITY GROWING
ANCIENT INCIDENT.

By a Special Contributor.

The ancient town of Zerbst in Europe is famous for a new column on which to set the "Butter Maidens." The butter maidens are that are among the most remarkable of the city curiosities of Europe. One of them is 440 years old and the other is 350 years old.

From time immemorial, the figures have been municipal landmarks. No one really knows where the peasants had established a butter market, but an extreme explanation tells them this way:

Many generations ago no one could be seen of the town of Zerbst, because the city was so poor that the peasants refused to enter the town, and the women of the town had to go to a place outside of the city called the "Butter Market" where the peasants had established a butter market.

At last a noble countess took pity on the poor women of Zerbst. She appealed to the authorities and they declined to lower the tax.

Finally, finding that all appeals were of no avail, the countess offered to pay the city authorities a dollar for every foot of distance by which the butter market was moved nearer to the city.

Her fortune lasted just sufficiently to pay for moving the butter market to the spot where the Town Hall, where the "Butter Maidens" are placed there as a memorial of the incident.

According to this story, the "Butter Maidens" are placed there as a memorial of the incident. The figures are shown with a big round head in her hand. The other holds a great bowl.

An ancient tradition provides that the wooden column on which the figures are placed by a new one, the one figure was moved until the other one is put up, and shall never be without a "Butter Maiden."

March 8, 1903.

The Iron Brigade.

INTERESTING RECOLLECTIONS OF
AN ARMY OFFICER.

By Maj. J. A. Wairows, U.S.A.

THE Iron Brigade was in evidence in the Philippines, as it has been in a good many places outside of its rather active war experience. It has been in evidence in Congress, the professions, mercantile, railroading, manufacturing and political life. Of those who have been in Congress may be named Gen. Edward S. Bragg, Col. Gabriel Bouck, Adjt. Gilbert M. Woodward, Gen. Rufus R. Dawes, Col. George G. Symes, Capt. M. H. Baldwin, Capt. W. H. Harries and Private John J. Jenkins.

But we are talking about the old brigade in the Philippines. At one time there were two of us on duty there—Maj. W. W. Robinson, Jr., who was a private in the Seventh Wisconsin, being the other. He was chief quartermaster of the division of the North Philippines; I was chief paymaster of the Department of the North Philippines. We had several very pleasant reunions in Manila, last summer. We had not met since March 1898, at the battle of Gravelly Run, near Petersburg, Va., where Robinson did so finely that he was rewarded with an appointment to West Point, and where I had a horse killed under me, and was invited in a manner so pathetic to visit Libby Prison, that I hadn't the heart to decline the honor, and won a brevet. Robinson remained in the line until ten or twelve years ago, when he was transferred to the quartermaster's department as a captain, and in 1900, was promoted to major. He is an efficient officer. The major is a son of Col. W. W. Robinson, of the Seventh Wisconsin, who resides at Seattle, Wash.

What pleasure there was in meeting a member of the old brigade in those far-away islands, and talking over the great campaign of a war that was a mighty lever in leading ours at the head of nations. We two are the only ones of the brigade, who visited the Philippines in official capacity, but there were plenty of sons and grandsons on duty there; officers and men in the ranks. I met three fine young officers, sons of one of our old commanders, the late Col. Henry A. Morrow, who joined in command of the Twenty-fourth Michigan right after Antietam, and who made so fine a record as a soldier that he quit the volunteer service as a major-general, and entered the regular army as a lieutenant-colonel. You may not know that great numbers of volunteer colonels, brigadier-generals, and brevet major-generals accepted service, soon after the Civil War, in the regular army, with rank as low as second-lieutenant. All three of his soldier sons went to the Philippines as lieutenants, two in the regulars and one as a volunteer. Two of them reminded me very much of the old soldier, who contributed largely to the good name of the brigade.

There is a funny story connected with the Morrow men. Frank and William, when quite young, entered the army as private soldiers, and won their way to commissions. When the Spanish-American War began, Henry M., a lawyer of Omaha, was bound to go, and entered the service as a lieutenant in a volunteer regiment. He had always desired a military life, and said then that he should remain in the service. The brothers laughed at him for not enlisting as they had done, and leaving up to the regulars. He said, "All right, gentlemen, I will join you in the regulars in due time." When the Spanish War closed, he was mustered out, but when the call came for 30,000 volunteers to go to the Philippines, he offered his services and was given a commission as first lieutenant and adjutant. His record was so good over there, that he found no difficulty in being transferred soon after being mustered out as a volunteer, to the regular army, as a first lieutenant. By that time his two brothers had become captains, but they could not find the lawyer about spending a lifetime in getting anything like rank in the regular army. Finally, Lieut. Henry M. Morrow was made a judge-advocate with the rank of major, United States Army. He is the Omaha lawyer, who quit civil life when the Spanish War began, and started in the race with his soldier brothers, for rank in the regulars. I imagine the grin on the faces of the two captains as they salute the lawyer-brother, their superior officer.

Some one suggested, a good many years ago, to Col. Morrow, who for years commanded the Twenty-first Infantry, that he send his boys to West Point. His reply was, "No, sir! If they want to be soldiers, they must go as I did, in the ranks."

The colonel went to the Mexican War in the ranks. The boys were quick to adopt his suggestion. The more officers as Henry M. Morrow, Capt. Frank Morrow of the Twenty-ninth Infantry, and Capt. William Morrow of the Twenty-first Infantry, the better for the army.

Another brother is a prominent lawyer in Portland, Me. A daughter married Lieut. J. J. Boniface of the Fourth Cavalry. They were engaged before the war, and went to the Philippines. When he had been there about a year, Miss Morrow joined him, and their marriage ceremony was performed in Manila, early in 1900.

I was at the town of Ballykan, Batangas province, waiting for a boat, when a young soldier of the Thirty-ninth Volunteers came up and saluted, and said, "I beg your pardon, but that badge on your watch chain is so familiar, that I want to know in which regiment of the Iron Brigade you served." I told him. He said, "My father was a member of Co. B, Nineteenth Indiana." He brought around three more sons of men who had served in the Nineteenth Indiana. We five had a delightful reunion. They told me what their fathers said when they were asked to enlist. "My father said, 'Go, my boy, that's the way to make a name.' " "My governor said to me, 'I would not be his son if I didn't want to go to the Philippines.' " "All my father would say was, 'You

will be glad you enlisted,' and I am." That was a happy and unforgettable hour that I passed with those strapping, stripeless sons of men whom I had accompanied on mighty interesting trips through Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania, quite a spell back. I met several other sons of men who served in the old brigade, and one grandson.

A large per cent. of sons and grandsons of the soldiers of the sixties, from both North and South, found their way into the volunteer and regular army during the Spanish-American and Philippine wars. I think it safe to say that more than half of the rank and file of both volunteers and regulars were the sons or grandsons of men, who served in the Confederate and Union armies.

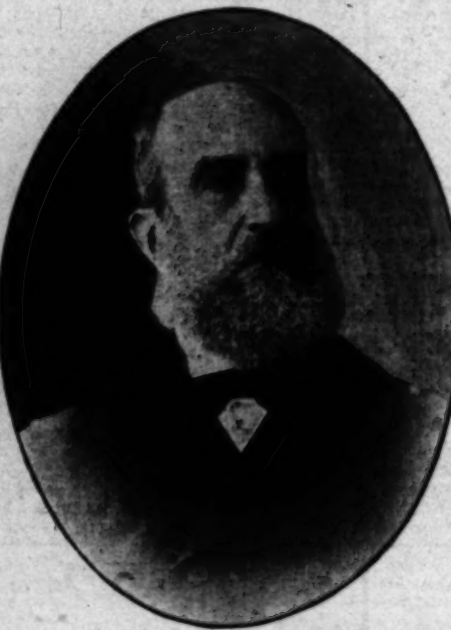
A Little-Known Neighbor.

LOWER CALIFORNIA, ITS PEOPLE
AND ITS GOVERNMENT.

By a Special Contributor.

LONG before the Mayflower dropped anchor off the Atlantic coast the maps of ocean navigators showed the peninsula of Baja California as La Isla de Perlas (the Island of Pearls) and the Gulf of California as El Mar de Cortez (the sea of Cortez). A small settlement called El Pueblo de Loreto, situated on the gulf coast in about 26 degrees north latitude, had been made by the missionaries of the Order of Jesus, a society which in 1590 received from Philip II of Spain a special edict concerning the conquest and spiritual welfare of the Indians in that portion of the new Spain. The natives were not easily subdued and it was not until about 1697 that the mission of Nuestra Señora de Loreto was founded by Padre José María Salvatierra. El Pueblo de Loreto was at one time the capital of both Baja California, and Alta California.

The territory of Lower California, as the peninsula is now named, is a pleasant neighbor of Southern Cal-



GOV. ABRAHAM A. BROWN.

ifornia, just across the international line, and is worthy of more attention than it receives from the business men, health seekers and sportsmen who center in Los Angeles as a base of supplies. It is about 700 miles long, with an average width of about seventy miles. A chain of mountains, practically a continuation of the Sierra Madre range, extends from the California line to Cape St. Lucas, having the Pacific Ocean on the west, and the great Colorado River and Gulf of California on the east—the latter surveyed in 1875 by Admiral, then Commodore Dewey—and numerous safe harbors along both coast lines.

Every portion of the territory is now readily accessible by water and a branch of the Southern Pacific Railroad will soon be in operation in Upper California to a point on or near the international line, about half way between San Diego and Yuma, and thus reach the northern interior.

For many years prior to 1888 the entire territory of Lower California was under the jurisdiction of one Jefe Político (political chief, or governor), and the capital was La Paz, in the southern end of the peninsula. By an act of the Congress of the Republic of Mexico, in 1887, the territory was divided, La Paz becoming the capital of the southern district and Ensenada de Todos Santos being declared the capital of the northern district. In 1896 the importance of the northern capital was augmented by another act of Congress which abolished the District Court at La Paz and extended the jurisdiction of the District Court at Ensenada over all the territory of Lower California.

Lower California is one of the three territories in the republic of Mexico and is under Federal jurisdiction, its laws being promulgated by the Mexican Congress sitting in the City of Mexico, and its Jefes Políticos (governors) being appointed by the President of the Mexican Republic.

Lieut.-Col. Abraham Arroniz, the present political and military governor of the northern district of Lower California, is a gentleman well-qualified for the important position to which he has been appointed by President Diaz. After a long record of faithful service in other

departments Col. Arroniz served as governor at La Paz, the southern capital, during the two years preceding October, 1902. The President then transferred him to Ensenada, the northern capital, where the rapid increase in the business relations between the citizens of Mexico and the United States and other friendly nations requires a broad-minded and enterprising man as the representative of the Federal government.

Señor Arroniz is of most agreeable personality, a traveler of wide experience and having spent considerable time in the United States, of course, speaks the English language fluently. In the administration of the affairs of the government he is ably assisted by numerous other officials.

Ensenada is a pleasant night's journey from San Diego by the steamer St. Denis, a steel frame vessel of 350 tons, and the traveler who desires a quick, pleasant and economical trip to Mexico will there find a clean and orderly Mexican city, of about 2000 people, situated on the shores of the beautiful Bay of Ensenada de Todos Santos. The activity displayed in the customhouse and the numerous well stocked stores and shops indicate a flourishing condition of business. The rains have been abundant and the mesa lands between the bay and mountains now are green with thousands of acres of grain, most of which belongs to the Lower California Development Company, Limited, an English company which owns a very large body of land in the northern part of the territory, with headquarters, bank, store, etc., in Ensenada, all under the conservative management of J. H. Packard. The city contains good schools, both public and private. Among its residents are many highly cultured people and throughout all classes prevail the every-day courtesy and kindly disposition which exists throughout all portions of the Republic of Mexico.

The traveler is sure to meet Señoras, "Mañana" and "Quien Sabe," otherwise it would not be Mexico; but he will find good accommodations at the Hotel Iturbide and will be regularly awakened by the stirring notes of the Mexican bugles and drums in the fort.

AMERICANO.

THE ISLE OF MARTINIQUE.

The accompanying verses were written a few years ago on the ill-fated Island of Martinique by Harry Higgins, a Chicago boy, whose long invalidism was terminated by death a year or two ago. While traveling for his health he wrote extensively for some of the newspapers and magazines, and much of his literary work gave high promise, if only a sound body had been bestowed upon him:

In tropic lands, 'neath skies of richest blue,
Where crested wave gives back the mirrored hue,
The Caribbean islets tower on high
And bathe their peaks in fleecy cumuli.

The gentle trades course o'er the billowy deep,
And swathe with cooling breath the hour of sleep;
The fragrant lime and lowly jasmine bloom,
Yielding the air their tribute of perfume;

Where stately groves and palm trees fringe the shore,
And lose their whispering in the ceaseless roar
Of breaking surf on dazzling coral strand;
Where curious shells are hurled amidst the sand;

Oh! lovely Martinique, thou beauteous isle,
On thee sweet nature cast her sunniest smile,
Arabia's shores nor fair Hesperides
Can boast thy foliage, bending in the breeze.

Thou art an emerald set in turquoise sea,
And deck the breasts of beauteous Caribbees,
Which, swelling gently round thee, holds thee dear,
As queen of all fair islands, far and near.

The cloud compelling Pelée soars on high,
Rearing her serrate head in proud defy,
Gathering the raindrops into silvery rills
Which wander singing down the verdured hills.

Oh, Josephine! thy memories cling, perchance,
To this thy birthplace, fairest Isle of France!
And longing filled thy troubled heart to hear
Once more the silvery chimes from St. Pierre.

Once more in sunny path and quiet glade,
By limpid pools 'neath cool, refreshing shade,
To wander forth, and thread the tropic maze
Fastening the lovely view in one long gaze.
To this Harry's mother, Mrs. Hiram Higgins, now of Los Angeles, has added the following stanza:
Oh, Martinique, proud Pelée seal'd thy doom—
Has plunged thee in the darkest, deepest gloom.
And can't thou ever hope again to be
The queen of all fair islands of the sea?
The children thou hast left in deep despair
Will never see again thy face so fair,
Where singing brooks coursed down thy mountain side,
The burning lava found a place to hide.

THE STAR OF EMPIRE.

The construction of the Siberian railroad has practically reduced the earth's size by one-fourth. In other words, the construction of the Siberian railroad has reduced the journey from St. Petersburg to the Pacific from one of many months to one of a few days. In the same way, the construction of our own Pacific roads reduced the journey from Chicago to the Pacific from one of a hundred days to one of a hundred hours.

When the United States secured a foothold beyond the Mississippi the cry of the American people was, "Westward the star of empire takes its way," and in fifty years they had a foothold on the Pacific, 2500 miles away. But it was not until the railroads had cut the journey down to one of days that the empire of the farther West was conquered.

When the Russians broke through the Ural Mountains their cry was, "Eastward the star of empire takes its way." But for fifty years the spirit of empire groped blindly across the 4000 miles of unknown territory, with no goal in sight. When the Comanches in 1836 discovered the Pacific, the real Russian march eastward, based on desire for sea power, began.—Austin Ogg, in Chautauquan.

The Youths' Department—Our Boys and Girls.

THE STORY MACHINE.

FOUND BY BUSTER JOHN, SWEETEST SUSAN
DRUSILLA AND BILLY BISCUIT.

By Joel Chandler Harris.

"YOU remember you first saw me," remarked Wally Wanderoon, as he and the youngsters walked along together, "I was hunting for the good old times we used to have. No doubt you wanted to laugh when I told you what I was doing. I have been young myself, and I know how young people feel toward old people, especially old people who are strangers to them. Now, if you were to hear your grandfather telling about the Mexican war you would not think it strange; in fact, you would ask him to repeat all he knew about it; and after awhile he would get in the habit of it. Then, possibly, you would grow tired of it, and the time would come that one of you would say to the other, 'I hear grandfather coming; let's get away before he begins about the Mexican war.'"

Buster John looked somewhat sheepishly at Sweetest Susan, who exclaimed: "Oh, brother! I told you some one would hear you!"

"No," replied Wally Wanderoon; "I don't think any one heard him but you; but I knew your grandfather had been in the Mexican war, and I know, also, that he is growing old. Put these two things together and it's no trouble to guess what the youngsters are likely to say. Old as I am, I have been young, and so has your grandfather. Well—as I was going to say—while he is sitting back in his easy chair talking about the Mexican war, I am going about trying to find the Good Old Times we used to have."

"It's no easy matter, I can tell you. I once hoped to find them in a lump as you may say, but I have given up that idea. I know, now, that if I find them at all I shall have to find them a piece at a time—an old song here and an old story yonder. Anyway, I shall continue to look for them. One day not so very long ago, by the happiest chance, I found one of the relics of the Good Old Times we used to have. You couldn't guess what it is if you were to guess for the rest of the week. And I'm afraid you won't believe me when I tell you. It is an old-fashioned story-telling machine."

"Why, I never heard of anything like that," said Sweetest Susan.

"I suppose not," replied Wally Wanderoon. "They were very scarce, and those who had them only permitted a few of their closest friends to see them. I heard of one gentleman, a very clever man, too, who chanced to be a little talkative about the one he owned—he had bought it from a Russian peddler—and he was tried and hanged as a partner of Satan. His machine was made like a hand organ, and he turned a handle when he wanted it to tell a story. Well, well, he suffered in a good cause."

By this time they had come to a small house in a clump of trees. "This," said Wally Wanderoon, "is where I live when I'm at home. Come in and I'll show you my story-telling machine. It is not a genuine one; it is only a make-believe, but it does very well."

In a corner of the room in which they found themselves there was a tall piece of furniture resembling a narrow cupboard. Near the top there was a small opening, which turned out to be the orifice through which the story was told. Wally Wanderoon went to this cupboard, and gave it a sharp rap with his walking cane.

"Hey, there," he cried; "what are you up to in there?" "Goodness gracious!" a voice replied; "do you want to frighten me to death? Who are you and what do you want?"

"You know who I am well enough; if it was feed time, you'd know what I wanted."

"Well, you never seem to know what I want," replied the story-telling machine.

"Why, there's a man in there," said Buster John.

"Of course," replied Wally Wanderoon. "The man is a necessary part of the story-telling machine."

"And he's fat," cried Sweetest Susan, whose curiosity had prompted her to look through a crack in the cupboard.

"Certainly," answered Wally Wanderoon. "In the history of the world no lean man ever told a pleasant story. I have caught and pickled this man, as you may say, because he is one of the old-fashioned story-tellers. He's the last of his kind so far as I know, and is one of the worst. You wouldn't think it, but even here, where he is caged and kept away from his kind, he tries his best to fall into modern methods. You listen to him carefully, and you'll see how he tries to imitate the style of those who think that in telling a story they have to explain everything, and even tell where the story grew."

"Wally Wanderoon went to the cupboard, rapped on it sharply and said: 'Wake up in there! Shake yourself together. Here are some children who have come to spend the day with me, and they want to hear one of your stories. If it pleases them you may tell as many as you choose.'"

A shuffling sound was heard in the cupboard, and then the old-fashioned story-teller cleared his throat and began.

"In its original form the story that I am about to tell—"

"Wait! hold on there!" cried Wally Wanderoon. He was furious with anger. "Didn't you hear me say, as plain as I could speak, that we wanted an old-fashioned story?"

"I was simply trying to explain that the story I am going to tell is a part of the folk lore—"

"I won't have it!" cried Wally Wanderoon, stamping his feet. "We want no prefaces and no foot notes; we

don't care where the story comes from. What am I feeding you for?"

"But you must remember," insisted the poor story-teller, "that this is an age when even the children insist on a scientific—"

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Wally Wanderoon, puffing out his cheeks with anger. "Figs and fiddlesticks. Why do you want to try to show off in this way? We come to you for a story, and here you are running about like a wild calf in a meadow. I tell you I won't have it!"

"Well," said the story-teller with a long-drawn sigh, "once upon a time—how does that suit you?"

"Fine!" exclaimed Wally Wanderoon. "That's the way to begin a story. Now go ahead."

The story-teller began and told this tale of
JOHN, THE SIMPLETON.

"Once upon a time there was a great city built upon a plain. It had a very large population, but the great majority of its inhabitants were prosperous, because they were industrious. Of course some of the people were poor, for this is the way of the world; but it frequently happens that poverty is a greater blessing than riches. The inhabitants of this city were very lightly governed. They paid few tithes, and the bulk of those were expended in laying out pleasure grounds and making other desirable improvements that all the people could enjoy. There were no crimes committed, there were no disputes of any moment, and, as a result, cobwebs were growing on the door of the temple of justice. Such lawyers as had begun to practice in this city were compelled to move away or go into the grocery business."

"There was but one idle fellow in the city. This was John the Simpleton, who had been permitted to grow up in idleness because it was thought he was nothing more than a half-wit. He was indeed a queer character, and was always engaged in some strange adventure. On one occasion he volunteered to gild the spire of the cathedral, which was the pride of the town. He did a pretty job of work, but when he came down he left his hat hanging on the topmost pinnacle. His excuse was that he left it there to keep the rain off the face of a saint, whose portrait was exposed to the weather. He made no charge for what he had done, and for a long time went about bareheaded, his long yellow hair blowing about in the breezes."

"On one occasion, when a man had been cruel to his wife, John the Simpleton passed by the man's house leading a dog. Finding that this attracted no attention he turned about and led the dog up and down in front of the house. Finally the good woman came to the door and asked him the meaning of the performance."

"I'm a schoolmaster," he replied, "and I would teach you a lesson."

"What is the lesson?" she inquired.

"It is better to lead a dog than to be led by one. When is your husband about?"

"In the early morning," replied the woman. "Very well," said John the Simpleton. "Tomorrow morning when you hear a fuss at your door send him out to see what the trouble is."

"So the next morning, when the good woman heard a tremendous squalling at the door, she ran and told her husband, saying she was afraid to so much as put her head out at the window. The man went to the door and there saw John the Simpleton chawking a stuffed figure made in the semblance of a woman. 'What are you doing there, recalc?' he cried."

"Beating my wife," said the young fellow. "I caught the disease at your door." The man, angry and ashamed, made an effort to drive the young fellow away, whereupon John the Simpleton fell upon him and gave him a severe trouncing, which the neighborhood declared he well deserved."

"On another occasion he went to the shop of a man who was known to give short weight, especially to women and children, rapped on the counter, and said he wanted a shilling's worth of butter. Then he changed his mind and said he would prefer bread instead. He received the bread, and was going out, when the man called after him. 'Pay me for my bread,' he said. 'I gave you the butter for it,' replied John the Simpleton. 'Then pay me for the butter,' said the man. 'But I have bought no butter,' protested the Simpleton. 'Do you take me for a child or a woman that you try to swindle me in this manner?'"

"The young fellow spoke in so loud a voice, and his bearing was so bold that the shopkeeper could only shake his head and warn John the Simpleton never to come into his place again."

"But one day the inhabitants of this favored city—the birthplace and home of John the Simpleton—were awakened early one morning by the woeeful cries of the Mayor, who was going about the streets wringing his hands and declaring that he had been robbed the night before of a large quantity of gold and silver. The people were horrified. Within the recollection of the oldest inhabitant such a high-handed crime had never before been committed within the boundaries of the town. There had been petty thieving, but the articles stolen were hardly valuable enough to cause a complaint from those who lost them."

"Among those attracted by the cries of the Mayor was John the Simpleton. He followed the worthy man about, and watched him with so much interest and curiosity that his example was followed by other people, and pretty soon the Mayor had half the city at his heels. He was a very dignified official, and had never before been known to give way to his feelings. There would have been a great sympathy for him but for the antics of John the Simpleton, who followed close behind him, but this queer fellow, who had discovered that the Mayor's woe was no deeper than his eyelids, managed to turn the whole affair into ridicule; and before the procession had gone a great way the mob was shouting and laughing as a crowd does on a holiday

occasion. The Mayor tried hard to make ever he weat the people, led by John the Simpleton, followed close at his heels."

"At last the worthy official took refuge in the church, but as the church was open to all, the Mayor endeavored to escape by a back door. John the Simpleton had anticipated this, and as the Mayor disappeared behind the door he beckoned to the crowd, and they poured into the street and the Mayor found himself surrounded as before. Seeing that escape was impossible, he turned on his heel and faced the crowd."

"Good people," he said 'what would you do for me?' 'Your honor, we would hold a council with John the Simpleton. Your loss is our loss, and of grief and we are full of anger. We will do ourselves heard.'

"So the Mayor, nothing loth, led the way to the hall, and there a mass meeting was held. John the Simpleton took the lead, and he passed resolutions strongly denouncing the creature who had been so presumptuous in robbing the beloved Mayor of the city of even a single one of his worldly goods. No serious effort was made to find the thief, for it was the common opinion that the Mayor would be sufficient to convince the criminal, and could not carry on his nefarious trade in the city."

"But it turned out that the thief was not the good citizens supposed any human being. In a very few days the town was abuzz with the announcement that another member of the community had been robbed at night, at an hour when he could not, in any way, be in a position to defend himself. The old saying that it never rains but it pours was newly illustrated. Hardly a week passed without a bold robbery committed. Indeed, it was as busy as if he were paid by the day."

[To be continued.]

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THE GAMES WE PLAY

NOVEL AND INTERESTING WAYS OF
AMUSEMENT.

By a Special Contributor.

"I am thinking of Polly," said Jack. None of us laughed; that was our way of saying out."

"Polygon," said Hal.

Jack shook his head.

"Polypus," said Tilda.

"Polypod," said Eva.

"Pollywog," screeched little Rex.

"Right," said Jack, "it is your turn to play first, kidger."

"We always took turns that way. There were of us children who lived near each other, and on stormy days. When we were all in the room, or the playroom, or the attic, the one who was to play first would pop into his head told us he was the prefix. We thought of Anne, of Min, of one who first guessed the word we were to choose the first game."

"Let's play Trolley," said Rex. We had that game ourselves and it was Reggie's favorite."

We placed the chairs in two rows, facing each other, and with quite a wide aisle between them. Four chairs in each row. That left room to sit down. Rex was the conductor, and he had to stand up. Rex named the chairs and they started. Each chair was named after a street in our city, and we all had to remember every chair, for when Rex called the name of the chair we were sitting in, we had to get up. After the chairs were arranged and named, bell, and we eleven all made a rush for the door. Of course three were left standing. If one was a girl, all the boys rose to offer her a seat. Sometimes a girl gave a chance for one of the boys to be left standing to slip into the vacant seat. I had been left standing the first time, but I had selected the fare. The first fares were blind. Then he called out the name of a street. The boy in the chair that corresponded to the name rose and went out while the other three who were left standing tried to slip into the vacant seat. If one went when his street was called, Rex called the fare, which was a forfeit, this time, and he deemed when the ride was over. Two were left when one left the car, and the one who was left the length of the row of chairs and came to the end of the car; this made three standing. The one who entered was a girl, all the boys rose to offer her places, so that there was a general scramble for seats. There was a continuous rush for the conductor would not allow pushing or pulling, who violated his orders was obliged to get up and get off the car only to reënter again and more to get a seat. It was quite a lively game. We were all out of breath Rex would call out the name of a street, and the trolley ride was at an end. Then the forfeit was a favorite forfeit was a boy to "stand on his own toes."

After playing Trolley for half an hour we were quite ready to play a quiet game, and played one that we had also made up and called Mixed Propositions, and it was terrible. We had selected all the love scenes from the plays that we were allowed to read, from *Hamlet* and *Hawthorne* and *McLaren*, and some of the school books, and on white bristol-board wrote what one of the characters said when he was

Through the southern and northern regions of the north with the king's army.

another, then on another card we wrote the answer. We had about fifty of these all together, and Jack, who was full of fun, used to read the proposals in different tones, with gestures to suit the character of each. Oh, I forgot to say that the answers were all dealt out to the rest of us, and we did not look at them, but lifted them and read them in turn when Jack read the proposal. We got quite a lot of the proposals and answers out of the magazine stories, too. Of course, the same answer was hardly ever read to the same proposal, and the mixture of Scott and a storylette was sometimes very amusing.

We never tired of playing charades, and we used to act sentences, and sometimes we would act whole stories instead of charades.

Then we used to read the serial stories in St. Nicholas and the Youth's Companion, and act them out for the younger children. "to be continued in our next." Each kept the same character till the story was finished, and often was known by that almost as much as by his own name. It took very little to make up costumes that were quite striking. An old shawl, a pair of sheets, a roll of cotton batting, pasteboard, gilt and silver paper and odds and ends of clothing were all our stock in trade, and we were transformed many, many times.

One day we got out a very funny book of poems illustrated by ourselves. It was made in this way. We all sat around the big library table, each with pencil and paper. Jack started a line on his piece of paper, told us it rhymed with star, turned over the paper to cover up the line he had written, and passed it to his right-hand neighbor, who wrote a line ending in "are." She turned her line over and passed it on, to the next who ended his line with "far," the next with "scar," the next with "lar." No one knew anything about the poem except the last word of each line. When it had gone the rounds, another poem was started whose rhyming words all rhymed with "pen," another and another were written, until we had ten in all, of twelve lines each. Then we began the illustration of the book. We all had colored crayons. We divided up in groups of three. In each group one drew the head of an animal or human being, turned the paper down, the next one drew the body, and turned it down, and the last one drew the legs. When we had twelve pictures completed, we made a cover of brown paper for the book and sewed the poems and pictures together. On the cover we printed "The Dunces Book of the Daring Dozen." Then we made some little placards, which we put at the plates of our parents at breakfast, stating that we were to have an auction, to which they were invited. We said that there would be sold at that auction an edition de luxe of a book in the first edition, of which there was left only this one copy in the whole world. We set the time and place, and stated that there would be other attractions. Our parents came. We treated them to buttered popcorn and butter scotch, gave a little play which we had rehearsed many times, and then auctioned off the beautiful book. It was first carefully examined by our parents, and the bidding was very sharp and ran up very high. At last it was sold to father for one dollar. It was started at one cent and raised a cent at a time. The money was devoted to the purchase of a real wig and beard for our plays, which would serve many purposes, and be a variation from the cotton batting ones we had previously worn.

There are only a few of the things we do on stormy days. We always like to have our fathers and mothers come to romp with us when they can, and some of our very funniest plays are the ones they have made up for us, or the ones they used to play when they were little. There is only one hard and fast iron-clad rule in all our games, and that is "Always play fair." I think if anyone of us should ever break that rule the rest of us would be broken-hearted. But then to me of us would!

(THE WILD ANIMALS OF LOS ANGELES COUNTY.)

I—OUR "WILD CATS."

SOMETHING ABOUT THEIR CHARACTERISTICS AND THEIR HABITS.

By a Special Contributor.

To begin at the beginning, where all true stories should begin, we have no representative of the real "Wild Cat" family in this section. The striped and spotted members of the cat tribe frequently killed in our hills and mountains are Lynxes, usually of one of two species—the Bay Lynx or the Plateau Lynx, more commonly the former. The large and much more ferocious Canada Lynx seldom wanders so far south, though it may occasionally appear in very cold winters in the forests clothing the lower slopes of the Sierra Nevada. In the Bay Lynx, whose size and marking is very variable, the fur is short and the body more uniformly spotted than in the case with the other members of the same family. In an old specimen the markings of the back and upper parts are often uniformly merged into a salmon or darker red, leaving the belly, flanks and inner surface of the legs beautifully spotted. Our form of this animal is limited to Texas and Southern California, with stragglers in Nevada, Arizona, etc. Further to the North as far as the Canadian line, another species is found, while beyond that boundary the huge Canadian Lynx replaces it.

The Plateau Lynx (mentioned above) is a larger species than the common Southern California "wild cat" and has a much shorter tail. In fact it is commonly known as the "bob cat" by local hunters. It is much more secretive than its lesser neighbor and not nearly as plentiful, as its original habitat is the plateau region of the United States. In Idaho, Colorado and the northwestern part of Nevada it is, next to the mountain lion, the most common of the wild feline animals.

Throughout the hills of Los Angeles county and Southern California generally, the Bay Lynx is a plentiful and mischievous resident. In the hills which skirt the northeastern border of Orange county, not more than fifty miles from this city, it is indeed a poor morning's hunt with a pack of good hounds that does not result in the killing of at least a couple of the smaller cats, with now and then a savage old "bobcat" thrown in for

good measure. But the larger cats are less frequently found in the lower hills, seeming to be more at home in the forests about the head of the San Gabriel and other such streams. I am told by hunters that the bob cat is constantly decreasing in Southern California, yet I know from my own observation during the past five or six years that the lesser wildcats are not only holding their own, but are in fact quite appreciably increasing in numbers. The small Lynx takes much more kindly to the encroachments of civilization than does the more savage bob cat, probably because he is of a more sneaking and cowardly disposition, thus learning to avoid trouble with dogs and men where the bob cat prefers to fight it out. There are probably as many mountain lions (or pumas, panthers, cougars, etc., as they are variously known,) in this State as there are bob cats, if not more, notwithstanding the fact that the latter are much smaller and less noticeable.

The bob cat seldom if ever preys upon domestic animals or poultry, but in the killing of quail, rabbits, etc., is very adept. It travels by a series of leaps not unlike those of our common house cat, which, by the way, is no kin to the Lynx family, but a direct descendant of the long-tailed wild cats of Europe, which are in every sense true "wild cats," widely differentiated from the wild cats of the New World by structural characteristics too involved for discussion here. The Bay Lynx is, however, a famous robber of poultry roosts as well as a dangerous enemy to all herds of sheep, killing very young lambs and carrying them off with ease.

The young of both species of these cats are from one to four in number, very rarely five, usually two or three, and, where born in even numbers, equally divided between the sexes—at least this is the case so far as known. If possible, the bob cat selects a roomy cave having a small entrance for a home, though the Bay Lynx most often occupies a hollow stump or fallen log. Both species will move their kittens at the slightest int of the man-smell about the den, carrying them long



CALIFORNIA LYNX.

distances and even across rivers to places of safety. But exploring the den of the bobcat and one of the smaller cat are two vastly different operations, as many an overrash youth can testify by sad experience. The bob cat is a fighter from the ground up, and if an old mother returns to her nest, finds her kittens in danger from an unwelcome visitor, there is pretty apt to be something doing in that visitor's presence for a minute or two at least. The best dog that ever lived cannot last long with an enraged bob cat, especially if her young are in danger, while very few dogs, especially if they have had much experience, will attack one of these animals. In common with most cats, however, the bobcat will "tree" if pursued by hounds and can then, easily be shot.

The Plateau Lynx or bob-cat seems to have inherited many traits from its larger relative, the Canada Lynx, which is no doubt the original of the fabled "loup gardu" or were-wolf of the French-Canadian trappers and early settlers. The pretty little Bay Lynx is of no such temper, however, and, while a mother will fight, even to the giving up of her life, with dogs that seek to molest her babies, still she will sneak away through the underbrush in direct fear if a man approach her home. There are few animals which are prettier than the young of any of the cats, but of all these the peculiarly marbled and mottled kits of the little Bay Lynx are certainly most beautiful, while the picture presented by a mother cat lovingly playing with three or four miniatures of herself is one of the prettiest sights of all nature if not of all the world.

The Lynxes, one and all, may be distinguished from the rest of the cat tribe by their short tails and by the black tufts of hair which decorate the tips of their ears. There are many species, all found in the North Temperate zone, and the largest of which is, I believe, the great Lynx of the Russian Steppes, which, if travelers are to be believed, does not hesitate to attack man, especially when pressed by hunger. I somehow doubt this, however, for in the last five or six years spent almost entirely in wandering through the hills and among the wild brotherhood, I have never met anything more dangerous than a fellow-man, and nothing one-half so cruel.

HARRY H. DUNN.

SURPRISING BROTHER.

Brother told me yesterday
That I was too small to play;
Couldn't reach the lowest shelf;
Couldn't even dress myself.
Now I'm up before it's light.
Brother's eyes are closed up tight.
I'll dress all alone today.
Then I think he'll let me play.

I'm so sleepy, truly true,
'Tis hard work to lace a shoe,
And my waist is wrong side out.
Don't know how that came about.
Everything is dreadful still.
I'll go back to bed, I will.
Shoes and stockings, dress and all,
I am really kind of small!

RUTH SPRAGUE.

JOE JOLLY BOY

AND HIS SURPRISING ADVENTURES IN JOLLY LAND.

By a Special Contributor.

NO. 4—HIS ARRIVAL IN JOLLY LAND.

For many days and nights after I sailed away from the cannibal island I did not meet with any adventures worth telling. The weather was fine and the wind fair, and I sailed on night and day with only one stop. On the sixth day I saw another island, and as I could see no people about I made a landing to get some fresh fruit. All that I had brought with me had begun to decay.

I found many trees loaded with fruit, and also plenty of fresh water, and, though I walked about for two hours, I did not find even the tracks of men. The only living things on the island, as far as I could make out, were rats, and they were there in plenty. They were much afraid of me at first, and scampered off whenever I raised my hand or shouted, but after a little time they grew so bold and appeared in such numbers that I verily believe they would have attacked me had I not loaded up with my fruit and hastened away. They were the largest rats I ever saw, and their long, sharp teeth would have inflicted painful wounds.

On the tenth night after my escape from the cannibals the wind was so steady that I made my sail fast and slept most of the night. I was asleep when daylight came, but soon after that was awakened by sounds of laughter.

There were the voices of men, women and children, and I never heard such hearty laughter before. I sprang up in wonder, and lo! I had reached another island. In fact, I was sailing right ashore, and more than two hundred people were on the beach waiting to receive me. Before I had time to handle my sail the boat ran upon the sands, and I was surrounded immediately.

Of all the people I ever had seen, these were the queerest. I was only a boy ten years old, you will remember, but I soon saw that I was much taller and heavier than any of the full-grown men, while the boys and girls of ten or twelve years of age were hardly two feet tall.

I had heard my parents talk of giants and pigmies, and I knew that these little people must belong to the latter class. Every last one of them, from the oldest to the youngest, was red-haired. I may say that I did not see a gray-haired person during my stay on the island, nor did any faces have wrinkles.

Another curious thing about the people was that all had blue eyes, and their eyesight was so good that they could see three times as far as I could. Their noses turned up at the end, and their mouths were large, and they had double teeth in front.

Their thumbs were as long as their fingers, and, though they were little people, they had wonderful strength.

For the first five minutes after I came ashore the people did nothing but laugh and skip around and clap their hands. If I had any fears of them at first I soon got over it. The laughing finally ceased, and a man stepped forth from the crowd and said to me:

"Welcome to our shore, O giant. You shall have food and wine and all you desire, and in return we ask that you do not harm any of us."

It made me laugh to hear him speak of me as a giant, when I was only a small boy, and as I laughed they all laughed with me. I was much surprised to find that they spoke my language, and that I could understand all that was said, and standing up in my boat I answered:

"My good friends, you need not fear me. I am in search of an island called Jolly Land. Will you tell me if this is the one?"

"It is—it is!" they shouted, as they danced around.

"Well, I am Joe Jolly Boy, and I have come to visit you and have good times. I see that you are merry people. I am that way, too. I am always ready to laugh and it is seldom that I am sorrowful. Are there any more of you than what I see here?"

"There are 2000 of us in all," replied the man who had spoken before, "and if you will go with us we will conduct you to our city, which is a mile away."

I held out my hand to him that he might assist me, but he did not take it. Instead of that he stepped back and about twenty men came forward and seized my boat and upset it, and spilled me out on the ground.

I remembered what the soldier said about things being upside down in Jolly Land, and I laughed as I arose and brushed off my clothes, and the whole crowd laughed with me.

In my next I will tell you of the pigmy city, and what strange things I saw from day to day as I tarried on the island.

[To be continued.]

RUSSIA'S GREAT SALT MINES.

In the Khirgis steppes of Southern Russia is a strange settlement named Iletz from which 24,389 tons of salt come every year. This salt, it has been shown by recent borings, extends to a depth of 630 feet below the surface of the earth.

At present the workers have dug down to a depth of 399 feet where they are taking the salt out of an immense and beautiful chamber that is 784 feet long and 175 feet high. When seen in the radiance of the electric lights this underground cavern shines like a fairy palace, for walls and roof and pillars are snowy white and beset with myriads of crystals, each of which gives a reflection of its own.

The great pieces of salt are blasted out with powder just as if the mine were a stone quarry.

It is very hard to use metal in the mines, for the salt eats it away quickly. On the contrary, wood is hardened and preserved beautifully by it.

DIDN'T NEED THE BRICK.

"Hey, there!" yelled the indignant citizen, dodging quickly backward. "You dropped a brick just now that came within an ace of hitting me on the head!"

"Kape it!" shouted the workman on the twelfth floor of the unfinished skyscraper. "We got plenty more av

—[Chicago Tribune.]

Woman and Home—Our Wives and Daughters.

WOMEN STREET PEDDLERS.

FIVE THOUSAND RUN PUSH CARTS, FRUIT STANDS, ETC., IN NEW YORK CITY.

From a Special Correspondent.

NEW YORK, March 2.—From the heart of New York's kaleidoscopic life comes a practical contradiction of the common belief that women form the weaker sex. Fully five thousand women work on the streets of the American metropolis in fair weather and foul.

The sidewalk is their shop, the curbstone their counter. They know nothing of the barest comforts afforded by a poorly-appointed store. They stand or walk about the whole day long, while carrying on their petty businesses.

Yet they are strong, they enjoy life after their own fashion, and they lay up treasure in banks of whose stability they have the best assurance.

This steadily-increasing army of street saleswomen does not include agents of any sort who make a house-to-house canvass, nor beggars who wear the guise of peddlers. It represents only those who have placed themselves in open competition with the male peddlers who cry their wares and the fakers who offer anything salable on the street corner, from half-frozen fruit to near-gold watches.

Among them are numbered the push-cart women of the East Side, the newsgirls, the proprietors of vegetable and fruit stands, from the Battery to Harlem, the clerks connected with the dry goods stores on the upper East Side, the "body snatchers" on Division street, the women who work café and theater entrances with smokers' supplies, and the Romany women who infest the fashionable shopping district with so-called "hand-made laces."

As the majority—perhaps 75 per cent.—of these women live on the East Side, it is worth while to hear the opinion of a Ghetto physician who has a large private practice, and who is also connected with one of the leading dispensaries:

"Never waste your pity on these women who cry their wares on the street. They are more healthy than you ever dreamed of being, and infinitely better off than the women who shut themselves up in stuffy flats. Their diet is simple, and this, with their open-air life, seems to harden them to all changes of weather. In summer it is a rare thing for one of them to be overcome by the heat, while a woman who spends her days indoors will easily fall a victim to the heat of the blistering streets. In winter they rarely apply for cold or grip remedies, and rarer still is it to find a case of pneumonia among them. As a rule, they enter upon the life because they like it. The mercantile instinct is strong within them, and if they cannot share the business of father, husband or brother, they coolly enter into competition with the men of other families."

How They Take Care of Their Families.

The most interesting phase of the life of these street saleswomen, mostly of Jewish extraction, is their dual mercantile and domestic ability. "A bachelor maid" is unknown among them. In truth, the mother of the family is most often in business, and if it be a daughter or unmarried sister, she continues to do her share of the household duties, and boarding away from one's relations is unknown. Wives and mothers run both business and home with remarkable success.

If the saleswoman looks after a fish cart or a bread wagon, she must be in the wholesale markets at an early hour, but before departing for the scene of her labor she starts the simple breakfast of coffee, rolls and perhaps eggs, leaving the family to complete the preparations. In her absence the husband leaves for his work, which may be in a tailor shop or on the sidewalk gathering up old clothes or junk. The children make ready for school, and the morning work which they cannot do awaits the mother's return during a lull in the morning's trade. Toward noon she trundles her cart homeward, picking up what she needs for lunch as she goes. The amount of housework she dispatches in that brief noontime respite is amazing, and after it is done she reappears at her stand for the early afternoon trade. The preparations of the evening meal is frequently left to the children, who early learn the lesson of responsibility.

If the older boys work, their earnings, with those of father and mother, go into a common fund, but the children are usually kept in school until the grammar grades at least have been reached. The mother may not have so much as a charcoal brazier to warm her hands while at her cart, but she will keep the children presentable for their teacher.

More fortunate is the woman who runs a dry goods cart. Her hours are shorter and there is no early morning tramp to the wholesaler's. Her stock is merely a study in remnants, strips of cloth a few yards long, small bundles of lace, half a dozen pairs of hose, and a dozen towels, all different. To sell an entire bolt of goods would mark an epoch in her trade history. Should a customer decide to buy a dress pattern, the woman sends the young hopeful clinging to her skirts in search of her husband who is at home, perhaps in the flat-house before which her cart stands, and he drops his tailoring long enough to assist in closing the deal.

These saleswomen of the streets take their business seriously. To the casual observer, the shoulder-shrug which accompanies the "All right," uttered as a customer objects to the price and starts away empty handed, might indicate indifference to the loss of a sale. To the knowing ones it is evident, however, that the proprietor of the ridiculous little business has dropped to the last price notch and is secretly fretting over the departure of the customer.

Sidewalk Stores.

When the combined efforts of husband and wife will permit, they rent a corner store further uptown and stock it gaudily. They select a corner stand, because

the old out-door instinct is strong within them, and what the shelves inside contain is nothing compared with the stock displayed on the sidewalk. A stout awning provides protection from the weather, and nothing short of a blizzard or a deluge will drive them indoors.

The stock of such a store includes everything in house furnishings and dry goods, and piled high on the sidewalk, in what is apparently hopeless confusion, are ready-to-wear suits, lace curtains, wool underwear and stamped oilcloth. And out of that confusion the sidewalk clerk can instantly select the desired article.

The women chosen to help the owners are rather younger than those who preside over the push carts in the real Ghetto. Quite generally they are of the new, Americanized generation. They dress their hair with great care, always adding a bit of decoration in the way of a bow or an artificial flower. They never wear hats, no matter how keen the weather. A shawl, if the weather is severe, and for ordinary wear a knitted fascinator, is all they require.

The Division street "body snatchers" are perhaps the most notorious of the sidewalk saleswomen. In truth they are not saleswomen at all. They simply lead the lambs inside the shops to be fleeced, but their hours are long, and they never know what it is to sit down. They are stationed outside the millinery shops which line this East Side thoroughfare.

In summer they wear neither wrap nor hat, but in winter they don both, the latter of a type which presumably will advertise the establishment. During cold weather their hours are short, as they are expected to stamp up and down before the stores only during such time as unwary women are abroad. During the summer they work far into the night.

A Newsgirl in a Near-seal Coat.

Newswomen are becoming so common in New York that they excite no comment, but a case on the upper West Side has aroused some curiosity. During all sorts of weather a woman of perhaps twenty-three years presides over a small newsstand in what is known as the Central Park West district, where many Wall street men reside. She opens up her stock about 8:30 o'clock in the morning and remains perhaps two hours. Then she disappears, returning to duty for an hour or so about 5 o'clock in the afternoon.

Last summer she wore neat shirt-waist suits and a trim sailor hat, but when she appeared this winter in a stylish pedestrian skirt, a near-seal jacket, a picture hat trimmed with plumes and a muff to match the coat, her patrons were fairly dazed. In stormy weather she doffed the picture hat for a wide-brimmed Fedora, but the coat she wore through fair weather and foul. She is exceedingly reserved and even her best customers could elicit nothing more than a quiet "good-morning." At last one bethought himself to inquire at the newsstand on the corner below. The proprietor, a bright-faced Irishman, replied, with a frank laugh:

"Sure, that's me own sister, an' it's a corner in stands we have hereabouts. Me cousin has the one on the corner beyond here, an' it's no interference we have from any one. Mary—that's me sister—just works while the rush is on, for you see the men hereabouts is not early risers, bein' that it's a fashionable neighborhood, an' Denny an' me can look after things when trade is light. While Mary gets the breakfast for us, we gets her papers ready. When her trade drops off, she goes back to the flat an' makes the dinner, an' we all have supper together. It's a great paper trust we have. Mary wouldn't work 'cept to keep out the others."

Women Fruit Peddlers.

It is also in New York's better residential sections that one sees scores of women running fruit and vegetable stands, having leased sidewalk space in front of successful markets or grocery stores. Husband and wife usually manage the stand jointly, but it is the wife who does most of the selling. Her husband buys in the wholesale markets and delivers the purchases. Many of these women can barely speak English, but they know values and are shrewd traders.

They wear nothing on their heads and a shawl over the shoulders, and this is all sufficient in the way of wraps. Even in severe weather, when it is necessary to keep the bulk of their stock indoors, they never wear gloves and seem immune to cold. As a rule, these women occupy a few rooms close to their stands, and are relieved by their husbands or children for a sufficient time to hurry home and prepare the meals.

No more proficient fakers are to be found in New York than the women who sell laces and shoulder shawls in the fashionable shopping streets. These women usually work in groups of two or three, and cry their wares in a low, monotonous voice, which sounds as if they were talking among themselves. They represent the Romany races, and insist that they can speak no English. Like the majority of the sidewalk saleswomen, they wear no hats. Rain or snow has no terrors for them. They simply cover their baskets with oilcloth, draw their dull-colored shawls over their heads and stand in a doorway until the worst has passed. Any one watching a group of these women will note that competition between them is not keen. They have a common object, to fleece the unsuspecting with American factory goods and to turn the proceeds over to the padrone who sends them out.

"Matches Mary's" Ingenuity.

Of all the match-sellers, "Matches Mary" is perhaps the most picturesque, and certainly the most successful, at her trade. Not only is she a cajoler of dimes, but she is an authority on theatrical attractions. Where you see "Matches Mary," there will you find running the most brilliant production of the season. She wastes no time on theaters featuring moderately successful attractions.

She stands close to the entrance between the acts and

at the close of the performance. When she feels a pocket for a match, she steps forward, holding a light and, having accepted her courtesy, she refuses to buy a box. By moving quickly to the group, she does a thriving trade.

"Matches Mary" has a counterpart in a woman who haunts certain cafés, notably those patronized by theatrical people. She offers wax matches in boxes, and frequently slips by the watchful eyes of the proprietors and makes the round of the tables inside.

To the careless observer, all these street saleswomen look alike by reason of their foreign speech, their colorful garments, their dark, hatless heads, and their shuffling gait, but to their customers, each woman works many clever tricks, they present different traits. No keener business women are to be found in the metropolis, and their bank accounts are well-dressed, well-groomed stenographers and efficient clerks of indoor shops open their eyes to the street saleswoman is not in business for the sake of avoiding housework, nor because "down-town" is a fascination for her. She is there because her family need the money—and she usually gets it.

BEAUTY DON'TS FOR WOMEN.

LAUGHTER IS NOT FOUND AMONG THE EXERCISES TABOOS.

By a Special Contributor.

Don't forget that the nurses of a woman's life are seven—fresh air, sunshine, warmth, rest, sleep, and whatever stirs the blood, be it exercise or emotion.

Don't neglect sleep. You can sleep yourself into more looks. A long nap and a hot bath will make you more attractive, and lift years from her shoulders.

Don't eat when tired and don't work when you are a mistake to work when not in fit condition. The work and worse for you.

Don't miss your "beauty sleep." It is a mistake to go to bed late at night, rise at daybreak, and that every hour taken from sleep is an hour lost.

Don't give unnecessary time to a certain routine of housework, when it could be more profitably spent in rest and recreation.

Don't sit down to table as soon as you come home, or a round of social duties. Lie down for ten minutes, waiting until you are ready for your dinner with the physical machinery refreshed.

Don't bathe in hard water. Soften it with powdered borax, or a handful of oatmeal.

Don't bathe the face while it is very warm.

Don't wash the face when traveling, unless with a little alcohol and water, or a little cold cream.

Don't attempt to remove dust with cold water. The face a hot bath with soap, and then rinse with clear tepid or cold water.

Don't rub the face with too coarse a towel, as you would the finest porcelain, tenderly and carefully.

Don't be afraid of sunshine and fresh air. You bloom and color.

Don't forget that hearty laughter is a source of life. So are all high thoughts, as those of beauty, trust and love.

Don't forget that beauty is power. There is more potent. It is to a woman what capital is to a merchant. Its absence is a misfortune; its cultivation proper.

ART GALLERIES THAT TRAVEL.

A NEW ART MOVEMENT WHICH IS GAINING SCOPE AND USEFULNESS.

By a Special Contributor.

Following close upon the heels of the traveling museum movement came the circulating picture gallery, which has now attained the dignity of an art movement in rural communities.

The pioneer in this movement was the University of New York, and today its keener competitor is found in the State of Wisconsin.

Early in 1894 the New York University sent out a party of pictures, mainly carbon prints and photographs, to all institutions connected with the university. These pictures included photographs of architectural monuments, great paintings and portraits. They were framed in quarter oak in two sizes. The rest varied from \$2 to \$5, the cost being paid by the university. The frames were the institution which borrowed the pictures, and the latter were replaced from time to time, as the pictures were requested, by new prints.

Fully thirty-five schools in New York have taken up the traveling art gallery, and the movement was on a self-supporting basis. The first move was to purchase a complete set of pictures which a certain noted art firm had been in various States, and this made it possible for traveling schools to retain pictures for a season.

The University collection now includes over a thousand photographs and a dozen lanterns of 700 slides, appropriate to many lines of study. These can be borrowed by schools and clubs, and are a helpful factor to any one preparing to enter the university.

The Woman's Educational Association of New York has taken up the work and has ambitious plans for carrying the movement into New England. The Mid-West have appointed committees to direct the work in the local public schools, and the most important movement in the rural

was started by a Wisconsin woman and is spreading like a veritable art epidemic.

Miss Mary E. Turner, connected with the State Normal School in Stevens Point, Wis., is responsible for arousing among the farmers of her vicinity a genuine interest in good pictures. When she first heard of the traveling art gallery, she gathered together the most appealing pictures of her own collection and all she could beg or borrow from friends in and out of her school. With these she started out to the country schoolhouses, invited the children to bring their parents for informal talks about the photographs, and began to loan all the pictures that she could spare.

The country schoolhouses are used principally as distributing points for outlying workers, though teachers occasionally give art talks to which parents, as well as children, gladly come. Each family understands that the privilege to borrow the pictures is its, and when the photograph has been enjoyed for a week it is returned to be replaced by something new. Sometimes great reluctance is manifested at the idea of giving up pictures, and then many a hard-fisted farmer has been induced by his family to purchase a print similar to the one returned to the traveling gallery. In such an event the teacher acts as purchasing agent, securing the best possible terms and thus fostering a desire to increase home collections.

The Wisconsin work is admirably systematized. Landscapes, marine views, flowers and home-like subjects are given the preference. Both photographs and colored lithographs are used, neatly framed with a border-mat of gray and with two pockets fastened on the back. One pocket holds a library card, and the other a concise printed account of the picture and its artist. A brass hook is also attached for hanging the picture, and thus it is packed into a strong envelope, ready for its travels.

The best grade of photographs have been found too expensive for workers of limited means and experience, but so long as the picture is of good standard, the style of print is not all important. While it is essential, of course, that the picture should be technically good, it is equally important that those intended for rural communities should appeal to the heart and the simpler tastes in their subject matter. Colored pictures do this more quickly than photographs.

The high-grade magazines using color reproduction and the better class of illustrated Sunday newspaper supplements are recognized aids in furthering the movement. Carefully mounted and furnished with a few facts regarding the pictures and their artists, they are welcomed by the managers of any circulating art gallery.

A favorite diversion with wealthy persons interested in the work is a complete collection of prints. A full set is itself a liberal education in art.

KATHERINE L. SMITH.

THE LIGHT HOUSEKEEPER.

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE WOMAN WHO OCCUPIES A SMALL APARTMENT.

By a Special Contributor.

The tremendous increase in the population of all large cities has brought to public attention the possibilities of small apartments, particularly those which are known as bachelor suites. An ingenious bride can convert an apartment consisting of two rooms and a bath into a Garden of Eden, even if it is located among chimney pots, and a quartette of bachelor maids will learn the true meaning of home in a four-room suite.

Time was when light housekeeping was one of the trademarks of the artistic circle and the Latin quarter in particular. Now it is the salvation of many a worker in the city and the most dangerous rival that the board-and-lodger knows how.

To meet this condition, compilers of cook books and books of cooking schools are racking their brains for tempting suggestions which can be made in a chafing dish or over a one-hole gas stove. Light breakfasts, luncheons, suppers and Sunday night teas may be managed with these two conveniences and the aid of a radiator for keeping dishes hot. Usually the occupants of small suites take their dinners out.

In preparing all dishes calling for cold meats, the light housekeeper should bear in mind that she can buy at a delicatessen shop any amount of cooked meat, from 5 cents' worth up, and it is infinitely more appetizing when served in the form of a made-dish than when laid out cold and cold or a parsely-trimmed platter.

The following receipts are prepared with a view to serving not more than four people.

Cream Potato Soup.—Pare and quarter two good-sized potatoes. Cook in cold water, and when half done, pour off this water and add one-half pint of fresh boiling water, a small slice of onion, a sprig of celery and one-half bay leaf. Boil once more until the potatoes are done, and then press them through a sieve. Bring a pint of milk to the boiling point, thicken with half a tablespoonful of butter rubbed smooth in one-half tablespoonful of flour, bring to a boil, and pour over the potatoes, serving in a hot dish with bread sticks.

Mock Bolognese Soup.—Have ready one-half can of tomatoes and three cups of fresh, sweet milk, a small tablespoonful of flour and the same quantity of butter. Press the tomatoes through a sieve and stew gently. Put the milk in a double boiler, setting the tomatoes to one side, if you have only a single-hole gas stove. When the milk is hot, add pepper and salt and the butter rubbed to a cream in the flour. Cook several minutes. Bring the tomatoes to a quick boil, add one-half teaspoonful of baking soda, pour into the boiled milk, and serve immediately. This is an excellent first course for an otherwise cold luncheon.

Creamed Oysters.—Bring a pint of sweet cream to a boil with a small piece of macoe. Thicken with a tablespoonful of flour, smoothed in cold milk, and add salt and pepper to taste. Bring the oysters to a boil in their own liquor, skim carefully, strain off the juice, and drop the plumped oysters into the cream sauce. They can be served plain or on toast, and are easily made in the chafing dish.

Lobster Newburg.—This is made with one small can of lobster, one pint of sweet cream, the yolks of three eggs, a tablespoon of sherry or Madeira, one tablespoon-

ful of butter, a pinch of cayenne, and salt to taste. Pick the lobster meat into bits that are not too fine, and drain off the juice. Cook for five minutes with the butter, salt and pepper. Add the wine, beat the yolks light and stir them into the cream. Pour this mixture over the lobster and cook in the chafing dish or over boiling water until thick.

Veal Balls.—Mince fine some cold veal, add a few bread crumbs, an egg and pepper and salt. Mold into balls and fry in butter. When browned, remove from the pan and arrange neatly on a hot platter. Make a rich cream gravy of milk, flour and butter and pour over the balls, serving with parsley.

A Tempting Breakfast Dish.—Melt three ounces of butter and a tablespoonful of flour, simmer and add some chopped onion and a little parsley. When browned, season with pepper and salt and add a cup of good stock or gravy. For the stock, canned soups, such as bouillon, consommé or strained julien, may be used. Stir into this sauce cold beef, minced fine. Heat gradually, thickening with more flour, if necessary. When thoroughly heated, stir in a tablespoonful of catsup and serve at once on hot toast.

Glaze Tomato Salad.—Dissolve one-eighth of a box of gelatine in a little cold water. Measure one-half can of tomatoes or, in season, skin and stew four good-sized fresh tomatoes. Pass the tomatoes through a sieve to remove all the seeds, season with pepper and salt, and pour over the gelatine while very hot. Pour into a fancy mold to harden, and bring to the table whole, in a nest of lettuce leaves.

Chocolate Blanc Manger.—Dissolve one-eighth box of gelatine in cold water and stir it into a pint of boiling milk. When at the boiling point, add two ounces of grated chocolate and two ounces of pulverized sugar. Let this mixture boil until the chocolate is melted and a uniform color secured. Then stir in two well-beaten eggs and strain into a mold. Served with whipped cream.

Pineapple Cream.—Heat to the boiling point one can of shredded pineapple. Strain one-half ounce of gelatine, which has been dissolved in cold water, and add to the pineapple. Remove from the fire, and when it begins to chill, stir in the beaten whites of three eggs and one-half pint of cream. Pour into a mold and set on ice.

Corn Oysters.—Grate enough fresh corn to fill nearly a pint measure. If canned corn is used, press it through a fine colander or sieve. Add the yolk of an egg, beaten light, and salt and pepper to taste. Have ready some very hot butter and just before frying add to the corn mixture the beaten white of the egg, and, if the mixture seems dry, a little sweet milk. Drop in small spoonfuls in the hot butter and fry a golden brown. This is an appetizing dish for breakfast or luncheon.

Breakfast Balls.—Crush three boiled potatoes through a sieve. Moisten with sweet cream, add one-fourth cup of grated or finely-minced ham, a little chopped parsley and pepper and salt. Beat with the yolks of two eggs. Form into small balls, fry until light brown color, and serve plain or with brown gravy.

Cheese Balls.—To one cup of dry grated cheese add three drops of Worcestershire sauce, the whites of two eggs well beaten, and a pinch of salt. Mold into soft balls, roll in bread crumbs, lay in a wire basket and dip them into hot lard, and fry until golden brown. Serve with toasted crackers.

Creamed Eggs Au Gratin.—Boil four eggs hard and drop into cold water, so that they will not become discolored. Cut the whites into dice and press the yolks through a sieve. Have ready two small cups of cream sauce, made from water or milk; in the latter case using an extra amount of butter. Stir the chopped whites thoroughly into the sauce and pour over hot toast. Sprinkle the top with grated cheese and the sifted yolks.

Little Pigs in Blankets.—Select large plump oysters and wrap each one in a thin slice of salt pork or bacon, pinning it into place with a wooden toothpick. Lay in the heated blazer of a chafing dish and cook until the pork or bacon is crisp. Serve on toast, garnished with lemon and parsley.

Mock Terrapin.—Cut the white meat of a small chicken into dice, or buy from a delicatessen shop a large breast, ready cooked, flavored with sherry, toss in the chicken, and heat thoroughly. Serve in ramakin dishes.

HER UNIQUE BUSINESS.

THE WAY ONE YOUNG WOMAN HAS EVOLVED TO EARN HER LIVING.

[New York Times:] While looking up some odd bits of furniture for a studio the writer was directed by a New York furniture house to call at a certain address in reference to her wants. The address led her to an unpretentious house in a quiet neighborhood in the Harlem region, where she found a young woman busily engaged in decorating furniture in a great, studio-like room filled with quaint and beautiful old pieces. She was retouching a great, old Colonial hanging seat, suspended from the rafters by iron chains. The ground color was very dark, almost black, and the cushion a brilliant crimson done in artistic scrollwork. A great many beautiful and rare pieces stood ticketed ready for transportation.

"Yes, this is all my own," said the young woman. "Queer business for a woman, isn't it? So every one seems to think. I took it up by accident, as it were, and have found it to be profitable, as well as most interesting work. I came to New York five years ago, with the idea of making a good living as teacher or secretary, for I had a fairly good education, and like most village girls, I believed New York to be the great opportunity for money-making. I soon found out my mistake. Everything outside of specialized labor was overcrowded with applicants, like myself, intelligent, fairly well informed, but unprofessional. I was forced to accept the only thing that offered, which was a position in a publishing house, at addressing envelopes.

"I made one dollar a day on which I managed to live for six months, then the little home place was sold and my share forwarded to me. It amounted to just three hundred dollars, which I put away with the determination to invest wisely. Shortly after that I happened to visit the studio of a newspaper illustrator, and while

there the thought occurred to me that the furnishings which were odd and pretty could be greatly beautified at a very small outlay. I went home with an idea, bought a few quaint old pieces from an old furniture dealer with the understanding that they were to be returned and sold on commission. I repaired them myself with glue and varnish and a few small ornamental accessories that I picked up, and which cost me exactly fifty cents. The lot brought \$5 clear profit. This was the beginning. I invested in a small collection of furniture, some tools, rented a ground floor flat and set to work pretty much as you saw me just now.

"I hired a cabinet maker whenever I needed skilled repairing, but the decorations and small repairs I attended to myself, and soon I became so expert at upholstering that I could recover a chair with great ease and neatness, usually choosing a much prettier design than the cut-and-dried upholsterer. After six months' commission work with the old furniture dealer I made arrangements with a New York house, the one that sent you here, and they have taken everything off my hands as fast as I could turn it out. Now I have as much business as I can possibly manage.

"Oh, it's very pleasant work indeed, quite as interesting as any other decorative art, I should think, and it is very lucrative. I believe it is a good field for women bread-winners."

THE MODERN HOTEL KITCHEN.

The kitchen arrangements of the "modern hotel" are on the first basement floor. There is a chef, but so far as I could see, he does not cook. He is simply a captain of the seventy-five other cooks who work in three relays of twenty-five each. There is no range, but a solid bank of broilers—immense gridirons, beneath which are the fires that never die. As for the four hundred loaves of bread and eight thousand rolls required daily, the chef does not worry his mind over the patent cutters and mixers and ovens and staff of bakers needed to supply the simple item of bread; or concern himself with the quality of the eleven hundred pounds of butter that are each day required to go with it. Neither does he trouble himself with the pastry, where marvelous things are constructed of candies and creams and fruits—works of art, some of them entitled to "honorable mention" in an academy of design. The patrons of the modern hotel are fond of desserts, and the daily item of two hundred and fifty large pies convinces me that a fair percentage of them are native born.

I must not forget the item of eggs. Eighteen thousand are required every twenty-four hours. Boiled eggs do not get overdone; they are boiled by clock-work. A perforated dipper containing the eggs drops down into boiling water. The dipper's clock-work is set to the second, and when that final second has expired the little dipper jumps up out of the water, and the eggs are ready for delivery. There are men who do nothing else, but fill and watch and empty these dancing dippers, and it seemed to me great fun.

On another part of this floor is the dishwashing, where great galvanized buckets lower the pieces into various solutions of potash and clean rinsing water—all so burning hot that the dishes dry instantly without wiping. Sixty-five thousand pieces of chinaware are cleaned in a day, and an almost equal quantity of silver. All told, there are three hundred employees in the kitchen departments of this huge machine.—[Albert Bigelow Paine, in the World's Work.]

POPULAR SPRING COLORS.

Silver gray and bright red are the colors chosen for a broad-brimmed hat. The shape is built up of red satin straw, interwoven with gray chenille. On this, both outside and under, is sewn a number of very small rosettes made of red velvet comets. A gray amazon slightly tinged with red at its extremity partly encircles the low crown, to hang down finally in a loop behind the left ear.

Sky-blue, pink, green and black are combined in a medium-sized hat intended for early spring. The shape is covered smooth with blue satin and bordered with a double quilling made of taffeta to match, frayed out at the edges. The brim, which rolls at the side, is, as it were, faced by a half-long black ostrich feather fastened in front by a rosette to match the quilling. A cord or garland of pink anemones with their pale green leaves encircle the crown, its two ends falling down in the neck behind over loops of black velvet.

A theater hat of plateau form tilted toward the right by a high bandeau, is covered entirely and faced with very narrow cross-cut folds of rose-petal pink illusion. On the outside lies a large spray of pink orchids, the pink in the flowers being slightly tinged with mauve. The bandeau is covered with a quilling of satin ribbon to match the flowers, and over the left ear is attached a paradise tail dyed to match the tulle.—[Millinery Trade Review.]

THE ADVANTAGES OF BEING FIFTY.

Today the most influential factors in social life are the women of 50 and over. They are not always the leaders of the great world who are most in evidence; but it is their feats which count. They give the cachet, the final flip, to any entertainment.

For a woman to be a real power in the social world requires a more comprehensive range of gifts than in almost any other field. She must be a tactician, a diplomat, a quick judge of human nature, a faultless organizer—"Mme. La Resource" at every point.

At the present time, the professional woman of 50, at the very zenith of her powers, is stretching out eager hands to the future. She does not sit down and rust, but looks well after her talents, that they may be burnished and polished and taking on an ever-new luster. She brings to her work a ripened knowledge of life and of the emotions and passions upon the character which could only have been gained after years of observation and close study of men and women.—[March Cosmopolitan.]

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The House Beautiful.

SOME SUGGESTIONS FOR IMPROVING AND BEAUTIFYING HOMES.

By Kate Greenleaf Locke.

To Transform a Kitchen.

MRS. N. F., Los Angeles, writes: "Having found your suggestions most helpful I must again ask your advice in regard to a small change I want to make in my home. (I inclose you rough sketch.) Want to make my kitchen into a dining-room. Woodwork is Oregon pine, a three-foot wainscoting; wall is white finish.

"What shall I do with this, and what color, please? Floor covering is linoleum, in which are squares of dark blue, I should want to use this with a center rug, if you would kindly suggest what kind. Have a window shades; what for curtains? Dining table is oak, chairs upholstered in leather. Would you advise changing the woodwork to darker, or stain? Woodwork in other rooms is yellow pine. Of course, I expect to remove the water tank and range, and place an instantaneous heater in the bathroom. The sink is a question with me. There is sufficient room in the pantry for it, where counter shelf now is, but it will cost something to

added. Curtain your windows above with thin yellow silk. First using over them, if this is practicable, a latticed grille of bamboo, or thin, narrow, wooden laths, painted black. A border of dark-red terry carpeting would be the best thing to use with your large oriental rug on the floor. If you cannot afford a rug for the back of your seat, tack a piece of this same red terry to the window sill instead, it will look well with the kishkhillim on the seat. All of your woodwork in here should be painted black. Yellow silk could be fluted over your transom. One easy chair, covered with dark-red denim and having a cushion laid in it of thin silk, in oriental colors and designs, would add much to the comfort and beauty of your room. Two others of wicker, painted brown or stained and varnished, would complete the furnishing. A bolster would be more appropriate on your bed with this scheme of furnishing than would pillows. An oriental curtain could be so hung as to conceal your door.

A Hall and Double Parlor.

M. A. B., Arlington, Cal., writes: "We have a small reception-hall and double parlors to furnish and I am very anxious to have the rooms pleasant and attractive. They have less sun than any other part of the house. There is a five-foot opening from the hall into the front parlor, and the two parlors have a pillared opening between them. The back parlor has folding doors into the living-room; also three plain casement windows, with window seat to be upholstered

would recommend a piece of old brocade in a light pink for a cover or square in one of your tables; you will find the bit of color much needed. Bind the square with gold galleon. Anything in pink or old rose will be good in here. Your lamp have a pink shade and you should decorate the roses. A bronze lamp would be a beautiful addition here. A wrought-iron lantern could hold the lamp in your yellow hall.

A Five-room Cottage.

MRS. T. S., Redlands, writes: "I have a cottage of which I inclose a rough sketch. The woodwork is yellow pine, and the open archway from the hall into the dining-room and into the parlor without casing and oval at the top. How shall these openings, as it is so cold evenings that we times want to shut the opening into the hall? Kind of electric light fixtures? Do you consider wrought-iron better taste than dull brass finish for carpets? As the rooms are odd sizes, do you I can use rugs; would you carpet the rooms together alike? I had thought of two other ways to carpet parlor and dining-room alike and use in the hall, or carpet the hall and parlor alike with a rug in the dining-room, with stained border. (What rug shall I get if for hall?) Furniture for dining is dark oak finish, round table, etc. What kind of picture for parlor? Wish to mingle willow through the house. Have dark oak Morris chairs upholstered in plain cold green. What color should be tinted? Had thought of soft, gray green, creamy ceiling down to picture mold in dining and parlor (if carpeted alike), with soft terra cotta. Plan these rooms as you would if they were yours and I am sure I will appreciate anything you suggest."

Carpet your parlor and dining-room alike and the walls and ceiling in the way you yourself wish. With the green you speak of on walls, a Brussels pet (or if you can afford one), a Wilton in wash of reddish brown shading to orange with small distinct figures will give you a charming effect. The hall in terra cotta would look well with a dark and polished floor and a rug in oriental colors should be some blue in the rug here. You could the arch of openings in parlor with a lattice and drop heavy curtains of velvet or tapestry the lower straight edge of this grille. Two or three pieces of upholstered furniture done in tones to bring together the coloring of your carpet and will furnish your parlor prettily. If, for example, have a small Davenport and an easy chair covered the tapestry, a wicker armchair with cushions of silk velvet, and two slender, straight chairs in dark your parlor would be quite furnished as to seating. Have a center or side table for lamp or a braid and flowers and books, with a square of brocade or brocade and a taborette with a plant to complete your room. I believe, for your color will like the dull brass fixtures better than iron.

A Correspondent Answered.

MRS. W. B. H., Catalina, Cal., writes: "In the Los Angeles Times of February 8, under the heading 'Some Economical Suggestions,' you speak of a sketch of house of three rooms and bath that was sent you from Mrs. J. H., Los Angeles. Would it be possible for you to send me the rude sketch, or a plan? We are thinking of building a very small house here in Ayala, and it would be about what I want for a plan."

I am sorry that I did not retain the plan, but such an immense number of these things sent me that I have to destroy them as fast as I use them.

The housekeeper of "The House Beautiful" will answer as possible, all inquiries and clearly stated queries addressed in care of The Times, from whatever source or locality, but the writer is a resident of California or not; and where not have been clearly understood on any particular point answer privately, making necessary explanation. Anonymous queries have frequently to be deferred for a week or more.

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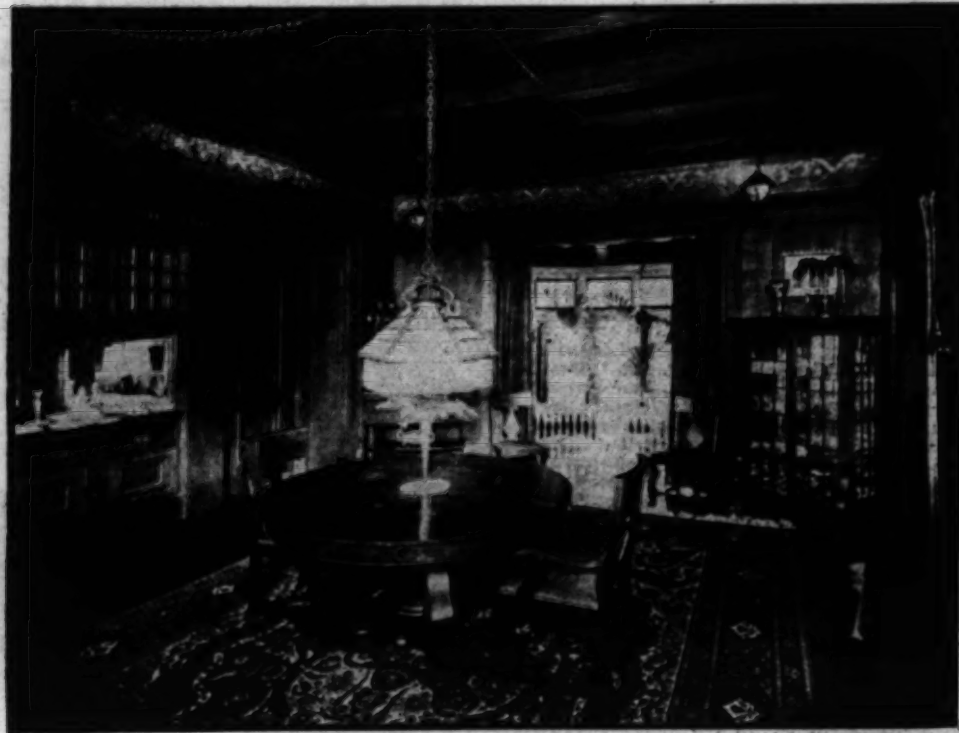
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A BEAUTIFUL LOS ANGELES DINING ROOM.

change pipes. Should I decide to have it, what sort of screen would you suggest to hide it from view? Would you please suggest what other piece of furniture to get for this room? You will notice the built-in sideboard in pass pantry."

A soft and medium light shade of Delft blue will be the prettiest coloring for your walls in the dining-room above the wainscoting. You can then hang blue and white Japanese crape at the windows, and cover a three-leaved screen of dark wood frame with blue denim, outlining it with small brass tacks. Your table cover of blue denim with white dolly and ferns or flowers in the center will all be prettily in keeping. A large rug of blue and white cotton would look well under the table and some shelves or a shelf, with bits of blue and white china on the wall. Your room seems to me large enough to admit of a couch in one corner. This could be covered with blue denim and have cushions of the blue and white crape. I see no reason why this room should not then be cheerful and attractive.

A Turkish Corner in a Bedroom.

A READER of "The House Beautiful," Whittier, Cal., writes: "I wish a few hints how to fix a bedroom, which is 13x15; has a window seat which is 7 1/2 feet in length and 2 feet in width; must be covered, as it is not finished. Two small windows, which are just above the seat, the plastering extends three feet on the other side of the seat. The tint of the room is a pale blue; the woodwork is Oregon pine. I have a dark-red oriental rug (maroon shade). What would you suggest for a border? There are three drawers in the wall, and two shelves below, for shoes, etc. Would it look well to enamel them and the molding black? There is a door that I should like to conceal in some way. What would you use above a transom? Do you think a bolster and cover would be pretty for a bed? Am fond of Turkish corners—would it be possible to make one out of the window seat? What sort of chairs would you suggest?"

You could secure a beautiful Turkish effect in your window seat by upholstering it, or, rather, making a cushion or mattress for it first, then tacking plain, dark-red terry all around it; throw over the mattress a kishkhillim rug, and hang against the wall at the back another Turkish or Persian rug, 7 1/2 feet long. You could suspend this from just below the window sill, and tuck it down behind the seat. Large soft cushions of silk or oriental cottons on the couch should be

and a fireplace of red brick. The front parlor has three ordinary windows, two together in front and one on the side. The hall has one window; what materials shall I get for the windows, and what for the opening between hall and parlor? The woodwork is redwood and we want to paint it. The baluster and rail stairway are a trifle heavier than they are building now, I think. The woodwork in our living and dining-rooms is painted black; the living-room has green figured paper and the dining-room tan. The three rooms will have to be papered and woodwork painted, including the stairs. The hall has matting on the floor, but needs a rug. We have a terra cotta Brussels rug for back parlor. A rug is to be gotten for the front parlor and carpet for the stairs. I have only a few pieces of furniture—some rocking chairs and an oak table for the back room, a mahogany piano, a few good pictures and b&b relief in plaster for the front room; table and hall chair for the hall. I have tried to show you what the rooms are without asking too many questions so that you could give me your ideas of what I should do to make these rooms pleasant, attractive and artistic. I cannot go to a great deal of expense, so please suggest things of moderate cost. We have neither electric nor gas lights. What sort of lamps and shades?"

As your two parlors will present a much handsomer appearance if they are papered and carpeted alike I would advise a rug for front parlor also in tones of terra cotta. Your walls (as the rooms are not too light) would look well with a cream and white paper with gold figures on it. The ceiling and frieze in plain cream. Your woodwork should be ivory white. Your hall with ivory-white stairway would look well with plain paper in pale colonial yellow, and this would lead well into the cream and gold of parlors, the whole forming a fine contrast to the scheme of the other portion of house. A rug and stair carpet of tapestry blue looks well with such walls. Any rich, soft coloring, however, will be effective. Upholster the seat in parlor with terra cotta velvet, and if you can afford to do so hang curtains of the same in the door opening. Much depends upon the shade of terra cotta that you select in velvet; there are muddy and brick-dust shades of this color which are to be avoided, and there are others which run into a clear soft red. You can strengthen the tone of your rug or make it more delicate by your choice in curtains and set cover. Arabian net in a creamy tone will give the best effect at your windows. However, if you wish something less expensive and more diaphanous point d'esprit will be all right, I

March 8, 1933.

Ways of Women.

MODES AND MANNERS OF SPECIAL
INTEREST TO THE FAIR SEX.

By a Woman.

The Spring Tailor Gown.

WITH the approach of spring, new demands are put upon our strength, and purse strings, for clothes—tailor ware strictly speaking—for the half-dress occasion must now be selected with as unstring care as those destined to grace the most elaborate functions. For the woman who is limited in her income, this task of dress is sometimes most laborious, for everything has become so extravagantly beautiful, that we are oftentimes sorely tempted to consider nothing, but on the other hand it is most gratifying when by a little thought and care we get results most satisfactory. As the accessories to dress and latest fashions are extremely costly, one must find out all the things that can be cut out, for others can be supplemented that will give equally as good results. While the former are the finishing touches to an elaborate wardrobe, they are not requisite to a dainty and most becoming one. Simplicity is, of course, a watchword for all, yet when one has few clothes, which have to be worn most constantly, it is most difficult to keep one's gowns and hats carrying the crisp, fresh look, which is so delightful in everybody. One tailor frock must be had a year, and, of course, two is better. This, with the other dainty

pale butter shade, our sisters across the water using this color on the skirt most frequently. They are made most simply with straight stitched bands of the same material, the effect kept severe. In addition a little line of Persian embroidery is used on the coat ornamentation, a jeweled and embroidered waistcoat being greatly in evidence. Pale gray is to the fore again, in both rough and smooth fabrics, but withal it must be in the palest tones, while along with the blues there is the most beautiful, as well as most unusual shade, and also an odd shade of red that carries so much white with it that it will never be hot looking.

Children's Styles.

CHILDREN'S clothes have become such tiny counterparts of those worn by their elders that their contemplation causes much alarm, as to combination of colors and cut. Never were these wee mortals privileged to look so fascinating as now in this day of long waists mounted above the short crisp skirts and the Russian blouse effects, while the wide collars and cuffs in connection with the white and black leather belts give just the last best touch. For a small boy, not yet out of the kilt-suit age, a most successful model was fashioned of golden brown wool, and made on the three-plait front and back order. The front vest effect, in fact, from the neck to the hem, was a light tan, with a wide collar and cuffs of the same. The edges of both these last mentioned were cut into graceful points and had as an outline three bows of tiny gold braid sewed on, and a white leather belt held the fullness just where it was most needed. Velvet, velveteen and velours are brought into play most extensively, the colors they carry having done much to bring about this state. Possibly the golden

eyes of Monte Carlo was of thick ochre lace, so coarse as to suggest the thought of having been made on colossal crochet needles over a fond of ivory cloth. It carried a handsome embroidery of reseda silk, as a hem finish. The overdress was finished with a heavy knotted silk fringe boasting the same tone as the lace, the same fringe forming a most delightful shoulder trimming, while the yoke was accomplished by employing a fibrous dead white Chantilly over dove-gray silk.

Some of the princess gowns are supplemented with little square boleros, the fastening being on the side, while down the front is a single long panel of lace to give the desired straight line. Others boast, or rather are designed, with deep capes over the shoulder reaching to the elbows, and falling from them in long tabs to the hem of the skirt.

In all the prevailing modes Dame Fashion is most capricious, starting out on some particular "tack," only to abandon when half way through, for some entirely different idea.

Some of the smartest Riviera gowns, are those carried out in black—dead black, be it understood—unrelieved by even the brightening influences of jet, or sequins. They are further trimmed with the most somber of materials to still further accentuate the uncompromising blackness. Yet charming as many of these toilettes are when complete, to the woman with but little color the effect is most trying. Many of us sacrifice a great deal to Madame La Mode, even our complexions sometimes, and while this color scheme is apt to be unbecoming to the dark woman, her blonde sisters reign triumphant in these gowns.

Smooth satin-faced cloth, crepe de chine and linon de sole are having undisputed rights, while sharing honors with them are the heavy silk fringes, and in many instances the whole gown is covered with a lattice-work of chenille, finished around the bottom edge with a fringe.

In the lace gowns, the most charming models are invariably carried out in the princess genre, and a most delicate tone of lemon is causing quite a furor just now, but possibly not more so than the exquisite shaded rose mousseline gowns which many of the debutantes are affecting.

Head Dress Ornamentation.

COIFFURES are gradually lowering to accommodate themselves more gracefully to the modish hair ornamentation in the way of flowers, ribbons and ostrich pompons. The half circle of flowers, roses, forget-me-nots, orchids, etc., in fact, every conceivable blossom, is brought into play and combined with most gloriously natural looking foliage. The half wreath shown in the illustration is made of mistletoe, its delightfully fresh, green waxy leaves, relieved by the berries simulated with pearl beads, and a bow finishing one of the ends. The large single orchid, with a few sprays of maiden-hair fern, is most graceful, while the cyclamen with its fascinating leaves is another extremely chic style. The ribbon flowers have been so overdone that one is certainly relieved not to have to encounter them any more, but some most pleasing results are achieved with chiffon, their price keeping them above the possibility of their becoming too popular, for a time at least. The large Alsatian bow is enjoying great honors just now, and it must truly be said that almost every face is agreeably improved by its presence.

Another thing most conspicuous by its absence is the large round bow of feather and chiffon, which had a most persistent faculty of robbing every face of one or more years, and in its place are charming flat stoles studies. Black and white is to be the combination.

Modish Stockings.

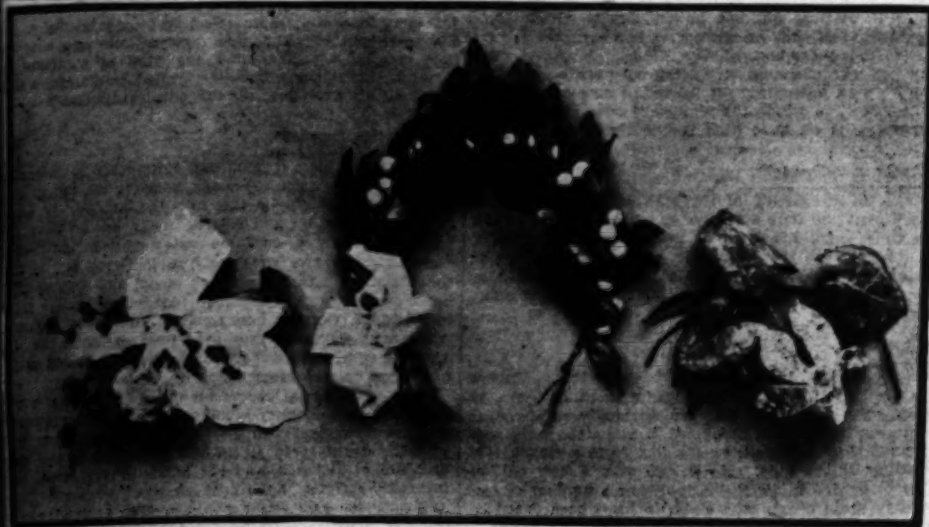
BLACK and white effects are very much sought after this spring, probably because of their crisp look which is so unmistakably cool in effect.

The clock design with all its various additions of weave and embroidery, seem to be leading, with others equally as lovely just behind them, so as to inspire great rivalry.

Black and white diamond designs, with a half tone of gray, are appealing almost lovingly to those of more conservative taste as it softens the contrast.

D. R. MONTGOMERY.

HEAD-DRESS ORNAMENTATION.



which can be so easily achieved by using some of the many charming fabrics one is privileged to purchase these days, goes to make up a very good beginning to a successful outfit.

For the spring frock of this kind, the fabrics which carry a hair line, either in white, or self tone, are put up with equal rights with the dot, which is irregular in design, and in many instances goes to make up odd designs in a most delightful way. The mixed chevrons are extremely chic this season, carrying both these designs as well as an irregular line woven into the cloth. They are most like reproductions of men's suitings, with the dark iron gray and Oxford colors. The lighter chevrons or twills are most becoming to those of slender figure, but as they carry mixed patterns they better be left alone by stout people. The skirts are to be much fuller than now—especially so around the top—and of the plain circular shape, or with seven, or nine gores, rather than with the attached flounce.

As to suits, one's figure must here be considered also. A long three-quarter ones are equally as good style as the short ones, adaptability to the person being the essential. There are usually two skirts to every suit, excepting in the case of the mixed chevrons, which are not to be tolerated for anything but the short skirt, and for this I mean the one that clears the ground. With the short skirt, it is still an unanswered question which is the best style for the jacket, for there are many styles. The long, loose coat, having apparently little resemblance to fitting, as the slight curving in of the side seams keeps the figure entirely hidden, is running rather high with one which, to my mind, is much smarter, a three-quarter length coat with skirts. The Norfolk is privileged to boast of skirts, in both these instances the skirt being hidden by the belt and given the idea of being cut all in one piece. The cut used this past season in the skilines, is to be continued on another season—the coat reaching to the knees, slightly bloused at the front, and worn either buttoned over, double-breasted, or open, either way looking equally as well. The sleeves are still the pique de resistance on all gowns, the bouffant most exaggerated below the elbow, and the hand which in many instances being most delightful. The very latest recruit to the collection of modish maiches is the "mousseline," so called by reason of the very bouffant trimming, a high Van Dyke cavalier type of cuff. This cuff commences very close and slightly wrinkles about the wrist, gradually widening out after the manner of a gauntlet, to within a short distance of the elbow. It is used most lavishly on the tailor frocks, and is especially more in keeping with the severely cut little coat than the bell shape, for the latter is never graceful, except as it is carried out on suite, with the undersleeve. For these frocks, taffeta and moire are both destined to be extremely fashionable again this season, and mohair is also standing in a most insistent attitude. The white cloth frocks are closely allied to those of a

tans and dark green appeal most, and when they are lighted up by a handsome batiste and lace cape collar and white belt there is much to recommend their effect. Of course the children who carry off these picturesque clothes to best advantage must have fluffy hair—if curly, so much the better—but in this day of cropped hair many a plain-looking child is privileged to carry a most stylish air, and of course short socks must be strictly in evidence.

Piqués, linens of coarse weave, crash, duck, etc., all the materials one can get, are used just as much as woollens, and it thus leaves great space for every mother to gown her child in a most pleasing way. Along with these "wash materials, girls' frocks are fashioned of mohair, nuns veiling, serge, albatross, and there are legions of others, equally as attractive; and when a girl is old enough for the strictly tailor frock, cheviot is added to the list. Trimmings are much on the same order as on gowns for older people. Facings of embroidered satin, and lace over satin, or plain white cloth collars and revers are used, but in every case the design is kept extremely simple. All the colors used for older people are employed for the young girl; indeed, her tailor clothes are simply a fac-simile of her mama's. On the serge and mohair frocks bands of silk stitched on are charming, the bands to be graduated in width. On this frock the graduated widths of braid are also used.

The polka-dotted foulards, red or blue, are forming some of the most chic trimmings, and another equally as effective is a band of plain silk, or linen, edged with narrow white soutache braid. The skirts are as flaring as possible for their length, and too the princess model is used, which in reality is nothing more than the wide plaited effects, with the belt pushed well down in front, and a wide lace collar worn with it. Covert coats, short, medium or long, are in fashion for girls from four years up to fourteen, fitted, but always carrying a straight front line. Smoked pearl and bone buttons are used, but often the coat is "fly front," and in that case no buttons showing. The seams are strapped or plain, one equally as good as the other, and there is certainly no better investment than a garment of this kind. It is predicted that piqués are to be more fashionable than ever this summer, white or colors sharing equal honors, while those carrying stripes of dots, or floral designs, are modish to an extreme. They are to be trimmed with bands of plain piqué to match some color picked out in the design, and handsome wide cape collars of lace, or embroidery are one of their chief charms in adornment.

Popular Epidemic of Lace.

IF IT were not for the constantly new developments one would become weary of preaching the gospel of lace, but as it is a new fever has attacked us—before we are really convalescent—with rather severe symptoms. One of the latest creations flaunted out for the envious

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Extract from "Wilson's Photographic Magazine," New York.
"We have great pleasure in reproducing in this issue a few portraits from the far Western studio of Carl Krauch, of Los Angeles, Cal. For many years Mr. Krauch has been an enthusiastic reader of our pages, and during his residence in Trenton, N. J., we have had many opportunities of watching his growth in the profession. Our readers will agree with us that he has achieved a remarkable skill in the handling of his subjects, and that his work compares favorably with the best produced in the most ambitious studios of our Eastern cities. We offer him our congratulations upon his success in portraiture, and are confident that progressive photographers everywhere will be pleased to study the examples we present by courtesy of their maker.
A cordial invitation is extended to all to visit "Ye New Likeness Shop" at 512 S. Mill, ground floor.

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Care of the Body—Suggestions for Preserving Health.

PRACTICAL HYGIENE.

By a Staff Writer.

[The Times does not undertake to answer inquiries on hygienic subjects that are merely of personal interest, or to give advice in individual cases. General inquiries on hygienic subjects of public interest will receive attention in these columns. No inquiries are answered by mail. It should be remembered that mail for the Magazine section of The Times is in the hands of the printer a week before the day of publication.]

All for Two Bits.

IT IS about time for the medicos to begin to look around for some other kind of an occupation. At least, we should imagine so, from the tenor of a circular recently received, outlining the programme of the Eureka Twentieth Century Health Club, "a mutual association for the preservation of life and improvement of mankind, and the assurance against disease," received by The Times from J. Lowe, secretary of the club, which is located at Mentor, O. Mr. Lowe is at present spending the winter in Casa Loma, Redlands. It is true the circular states that the object of the Twentieth Century Health Club is not to supplant, in any way, the family physician, but rather to relieve him, by giving time and attention to the many things the busy practitioner has not time to master. This may be all very well, but there are doubtless a good many people who will refrain from troubling the "busy practitioner" when they can obtain anything they need in the way of medical advice for the small sum of 25 cents. The following extract from the circular gives a fair idea of the comprehensive scope of this enterprising organization:

"Medical advice in anything pertaining to health, or the cure of disease, according to the teachings of any particular school or method of treatment, including allopathy, homeopathy, eclecticopathy, hydropathy, electropathy, osteopathy, vitopathy, hygie, Christian Science, suggestive therapeutics, divine healing, Rolstonism, massage, spiritual healing, etc., etc., 25 cents.

"A complete diagnosis, together with the latest and most scientific prescription in any particular system, 25 cents.

"The manufacturing formula or recipe for making any popular meritorious proprietary medicine as found from scientific analysis, 25 cents.

"Any liquid medicine, powder, pill, tablet, disk, granule, capsule, oil, ointment, liniment, lotion, etc., furnished at the rate of 1 cent per dose for any medicine taken daily.

"Any medical book, journal, magazine, or hygienic publication or any appliance or appurtenance used in the sick-room, furnished to order at the publishers' or makers' list price.

"The name and address of any physician, medical school, society, association, sanatorium, asylum or other medical institution, in good standing; any board of health; the name, analysis and therapeutic effects of the water of any well-known mineral spring; the advance sheets or announcements of new discoveries, theories, remedies or anything that promises to improve, relieve, cure or elevate mankind will be sent free of charge on application, inclosing stamps for mailing the same. Receipts, prescriptions, formulas, many of which have been very valuable to the owner, may be obtained on application for the simple cost of time, writing material and postage. In this way each member of the club may become familiar with the most advanced thought of the age and know for himself all that is to be known concerning the preservation of health and at the same time be fully protected against any impostor, quack, charlatan or medical or hygienic fakes. The membership fee is 50 cents for those who make application direct during the first two years of the new century, or 10 cents, for registration and the name of five other applicants together with 10 cents for each name."

Even this is not all, for in a letter to The Times the secretary outlines an idea of building sanatoria at various points in Southern California, on a sort of co-operative mutual assessment plan, which includes some sort of life insurance.

Altogether, the plan is a great one—on paper. Most intelligent people will, however, prefer to learn a little more as to the attainments and standing of the party or parties, who are to furnish all this valuable advice, before they risk the small sum of even 25 cents—not to speak of their health—in "medical advice," a complete diagnosis, "a recipe for making any popular medicine," or even "1 cent for a medicine, powder, pill, tablet, disk, granule, capsule, oil, ointment, liniment, lotion, etc."

We are certainly reaching the bargain-counter stage in the world of medicine. It is about time that the directors of the various patent compounds should come down from their regular price of \$1 a bottle (cut rate, 60 cents), to something like a fair profit on the cost of half a pint of cheap whisky and a few "yabs." This circular reminds one of the cheap five-cent restaurants, where they put up such an astonishing menu, and make people wonder how they can do it for the price. Only these people seem to go a little farther, giving "bread with one fish ball," as it were. Possibly, before long, they will be offered to perform the Caesarian operation by mail for 15 cents, or two (twins) for a quarter.

Remedies for Poisoning.

J. B. FRENCH of Los Angeles writes to The Times as follows:

"Is there any antidote for strychnine poisoning? It is used so freely by our farmers to kill gophers and ground squirrels, that it is liable to poison some animal for whom it was not intended, to say nothing of the hazard of the farmer himself, who goes to his work with a vial of the poison in his pocket, with the same freedom that he carries any of the tools and implements of his calling.

"An answer in the Hygiene Department of the Sunday Magazine may be of use and interest to many readers."

In case of poisoning, give an emetic at once, which

may consist simply of tepid water in large quantities, or the same with the addition of mustard or common salt. After drinking several cupfuls, tickle the throat with the finger, or a feather. Continue taking a cupful every two or three minutes, until vomiting occurs. Individual poisons require special remedies. For vegetable poisons, such as opium, morphia, camphor, aconite, laudanum, paregoric, strychnia, tobacco, lobelia, arnica and others, an emetic should be given, and wherever possible, a stomach pump should be applied. Milk and mucilaginous drinks should be given freely, after thorough vomiting. Pure olive oil is good. Artificial respiration should be employed in poisoning by strychnia and opium. For strychnine poisoning there are also recommended chloroform, tannin, bromide of potassium and chloral, but these remedies will have to be administered under the directions of a physician, or one skilled in such matters. Meantime, while awaiting expert assistance, the preliminary measures above referred to can be used.

Eucalyptus Oil.

A CORRESPONDENT writes from Ontario to ask whether The Times can give him the address of a reliable firm which puts up eucalyptus oil. It is understood that there is a firm at Garden Grove, in this county, which puts up eucalyptus oil, and Prof. McClatchie of Arizona, in his book on the Eucalyptus, to which reference was made in this department last week, refers to a Dr. Herron, who extracted last season nine tons of eucalyptus oil, but no address is given. No advertisement of such an enterprise has been noticed in the advertising columns of The Times. It would certainly pay any one who is putting up pure eucalyptus oil to have an advertisement following this department of The Times, in which the virtues of eucalyptus leaves and eucalyptus oil have been frequently referred to.

Toothache and Eyesight.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Boston Globe tells how he was at one time a martyr to toothache, and at the same time found his eyesight giving away. A dentist told him that bad teeth were the cause of the falling of his sight, whereupon he had his teeth put thoroughly in order, and his sight became better and stronger than it had ever been.

His Specialty.

LEWIS HOWELL ROGERS is back in town—Rogers of the "Missing Link," who was a familiar figure on the streets a couple of years ago, earnestly endeavoring to impress upon some perplexed listener the only certain method of curing all human ills, from crying babies to falling of the hair. He is out with a new edition of his pamphlet, in which he publishes a number of testimonials from people who claim to have been cured by this means of all kinds of ailments, including appendicitis, apparent death, lightning strokes, cold feet, hiccoughs, Bright's disease, paralysis and other afflictions.

This is another of those instances in which a hygienic means of assisting nature to throw off disease has been exaggerated into a cure-all, by the enthusiasm of its well-meaning advocate. Mr. Rogers' theory—the dilation of the rectum—is anything but a new proposition, having been practiced by savage tribes, especially on children, for centuries, besides which most intelligent physicians and surgeons have an instrument for the purpose, which is used on rare occasions. Mr. Rogers claims to have the authority of the Scientific American for the statement that persons apparently dead may, in this manner, be brought back to life, after all other means have proved unavailing. Among other persons of standing, who have given Mr. Rogers testimonials, are Dr. Stephen Bowser, State geologist; Dr. Emmett Deansmore, author of "How Nature Cures," who has been making his winter home at Long Beach; D. Edson Smith, secretary of the Pomological Society of Southern California; S. W. Luitwiler, the well-known Los Angeles manufacturer; Robert Dollar of San Francisco, owner of a line of Coast steamships, and H. E. Smith, Observer of the United States Weather Bureau, in San Francisco.

Tidbits of Epicures.

FROM a hygienic standpoint there is much to be said in favor of the non-meat eaters. There is little doubt that the original food of man was fruit and nuts. The slaying and eating of animals was doubtless something that was forced upon some of our ancestors by stern necessity just as a crew of shipwrecked sailors are sometimes forced to eat each other. It is scarcely conceivable that nature intended human beings to get their nourishment through the clumsy method of slaying animals, and thus obtain the vegetable nourishment after it has passed through their bodies. If it had been intended that we should eat pigs they would probably have been found running around in a cooked state with knives and forks sticking in them. There are many things about the ordinary flesh menu of civilization that do not appeal to an esthetic mind. For instance, the eating of animal organs which are used to remove matter that usually finds its way to the manure pile or the sewer, such as the liver and kidneys, is not very appetizing, when you come to think of it, nor is that tit-bit of the epicure, the lining of a hog's stomach, or the feet of a hog—the most unclean of animals, from which the name of scrofula was derived—especially when we consider that impurities naturally find their way down into the feet. Again, a man, who has seen a corpse pulled out of a harbor, after it has been lying there for some time, is not apt to take much pleasure in a dish of crabs or shrimps. In England, they consider game a delicacy that has been hanging up until it rots and falls from the hook, while cheese, to be up to the standard, must be able to crawl around in the plate at a lively rate. The droppings of woodcock, spread on toast, is also regarded as a delicacy in Europe. These

things may tickle the palate of the epicure, but can scarcely be considered as natural foods in a normal state. Even cannibals display a respect in selecting their meat. They refuse to eat the body of a white man, who is addicted to the tobacco habit. We, however, take our meats, notwithstanding the stories that come to us from the feeding of swine on slaughter-house refuse, even, occasionally, on glandered horses. Our system overcharged with a large amount of food from animal bodies is more likely to become diseased than one that has been nourished on vegetable food. English physicians in India, with astonishment at the marvelous rapidity with which the vegetarian native soldiers recover from severe diseases.

"Sure Cures" and Tuberculosis.

THE Committee for the Prevention of Tuberculosis of the Charity Organization Society of Philadelphia, recognizing the wrong which is done to patients by tuberculosis by those advertising "sure cures," nostrums galore, has made a public statement as follows:

"There is no specific medicine for this disease, and the so-called cures and specifics and special methods of treatment widely advertised in the daily press, the opinion of the committee, without special evidence, do not at all justify the extravagant claims made for them. It is the unanimous opinion of the committee that there exists no specific medicine for the treatment of pulmonary tuberculosis, and cure can be expected from any kind of method, except the regularly-accepted treatment, which relies mainly upon pure air and nourishing food."

Stuffing Consumptives.

IT IS a pity that it is almost impossible to have any hygienic truth nowadays, without the same being immediately run into the ground by generation, distortion and excess. Take, for instance, the laudable and highly-valuable system of keeping the lungs free from troubles constantly in the open air, where they inhale a large amount of ozone, and fresh large quantities of nourishing food. This system, as stated in a German sanatorium, but it is not whether in Germany they ever went so far as to now doing in a New York institution, as shown following extract from the New York World:

"The first annual report on the work of the Tuberculosis Infirmary is important as showing the reliance now placed on food to cure consumption. 'Once drugs were all in the treatment of the dreadful diseases, and the mortality progressed increased strides. Then pure air was the essential and patients who could afford it went to California, the dry, alkali atmosphere of Arizona, to the high valleys of Switzerland. Now the enlightened institution keeps the patient comfortably at home, in his home surroundings, makes the most he can of the air, even though it may lack qualities desirable for the best results, and feeds the patient to the top of his assimilative capacity—stuffs him on the Strasburg principle and welcomes a congested liver at the strength and vitality and flesh.

"It is the course of wisdom. It is, also, an interesting incident in the modern medical revolution which affects more in the way of cures within than the physicians of our grandfathers effected them.

"At the tuberculosis infirmary patients are taken nourishment nine times a day, as follows:

"At 6 o'clock, a breakfast of cereals, bread and coffee and beefsteak or poached eggs.
"At 8 o'clock, cod-liver oil with whisky or sherry.
"At 10 o'clock, egg nog.
"At 12 o'clock, dinner, consisting of soup, beefsteak, potatoes, another vegetable and bread.
"At 2 o'clock, cod-liver oil and plenty of sherry.
"At 3 o'clock, beef tea.
"At 4 o'clock, egg nog.
"At 5 o'clock, supper, of pudding, a soft-boiled egg and butter, tea.
"At 8 o'clock, hot or cold milk.

"Then to bed for nine hours' sleep. And at 10 o'clock, during the day cheerfulness and hope—a mental sphere more than compensating for any lack of physical qualities in the air.

"Is not this common sense, enlightened thought? Not a drug on the entire dietary."

"And the process in the healing of the patient? First, a slow decrease in the loss of weight, standstill. Then a slight gain, an ounce or two a pound, then additions of flesh that are visible plumped-out cheeks, the alert mind, the new movement.

"Also, there is an excellent pointer in this the person who is growing weak and ailing, how much reliance is put on eggs and milk, and the elements of exhaustion why not take a raw egg, sherry or an egg nog or an unsweetened milk? It may check a tendency to consumption, a physical benefit derived will excuse any approval of the deterioration of the moral character."

There are several things open to criticism in the programme. In the first place, the statement that a consumptive may be stuffed until he "welcomes a congested liver, at the gain of strength and vitality and health, of course, arrant nonsense—and dangerous nonsense. No person with a congested liver can be put on healthy flesh and strength for more than a brief time. His digestion will deteriorate, he will fall off, he will have a loathing of food, and the last state of that man is likely to be the first.

Again, the menu, as above described, is

March 8, 1903

rather too much alcoholic stimulant to be whole-
some. Four times in a day alcoholic beverages are re-
commended, including "plenty of sherry." Now, sherry
is not an artificial sweet wine, such as Angelica and
other artificial sweet wines, which are about the most objectionable form in which
alcohol can be administered to a delicate stomach. The
excitation, which has been arrested by the admixture
of alcohol in the winery, is apt to start afresh in the
stomach, producing gastric disturbances and bad
digestion. If alcohol is administered at all, it would
be better to give it in the shape, either of light
beer, or of pure spirits.

Tea, again, is an old and exploded relic of bar-
barism, from the days, not so very long ago, when peo-
ple actually believed that you could get the whole nour-
ishment of an ox into about a pint of beef extract.
Tea, in fact, is purely a stimulant, containing in
large degree uric acid and other effete matter of the
blood, which are undesirable for consumption by a
person in good health, let alone an invalid. The con-
sumption of tea is another superstition. Pure olive oil or sweet
oil would be just as nutritious, and more appetizing.
It is true that by breathing a large amount of ozone
hour in the twenty-four a person may succeed in
eating and assimilating a large amount of nourish-
ment, although the latest theory is to the effect that it
is, in fact, not ozone, which does the work. It is,
however, extremely doubtful whether any one could, for
considerable length of time, follow out such a pro-
gram as that given above, without clogging the sys-
tem, upsetting the liver and nauseating the patient. In
the opinion of the editor of this department, a more
effective, and in the end, more efficacious dietary, would
be something like the following:

At 8 a. m., and an hour before partaking of each meal,
a glass of hot water, containing a teaspoonful
of lemon juice. For breakfast, about a pint of hot milk,
or without a cereal coffee, a couple of eggs: raw or
boiled, and a small piece of toast. At noon, a
meal, consisting of any wholesome and easily-
digested food that the patient likes; for little good will
be accomplished by feeding people what they do not
like. At 5 o'clock, another liberal meal, and an hour
after retiring a tumbler of hot milk, with a raw egg,
with or without sugar, and a teaspoonful of rum.
The patient has been accustomed to using alcoholic
beverages with his meals, he might be allowed a glass
of claret or white wine with lunch and dinner.
The menu printed above, it will be noticed that
there is no mention of fruit. This is a serious omission,
the patient is expected to digest such a vast
amount of mixed food, he will need plenty of the fruit
to aid him in digesting it.

As regards the statement that the consumptive pa-
tient is better off at home than in any other locality,
there are two sides to this question. It is unreasonable
to suppose that a recovery would be rapid or easy while
the patient is breathing an atmosphere laden with
poisons from cesspools, sewers and garbage heaps,
and with floating filth of all kinds, that accumulates
in the street of any large city, and unfortunately, to a
considerable extent in Los Angeles, especially when
this filth is found the desiccated sputum from
consumptive lungs. When the air surrounding the home
of the patient is of this kind, every effort should be made
to move him to some locality where the air is pure.
Whether it is cold or warm, so long as it is
pure and dry. Again, in a properly-arranged sanato-
rium, especially where it is conducted under the cot-
ton, sanitary and hygienic arrangements are en-
sured which it is almost impossible to secure in any
home residence. Yet again, the change of air, scene
and surroundings often aids in the recovery of the in-
valid. On the other hand, some sufferers may object to
being away from their friends and sympathizers, or may
be weak to undergo the strain. So far as possible,
whenever the invalid should be consulted, as much
as possible upon maintaining a cheerful and happy frame
of mind, otherwise a recovery will proceed under diffi-
culty.

The main thing is for the physician to watch care-
fully and conscientiously the growth of the patient's
liver power, and to carefully guard against letting
him take more food than he can assimilate. Bet-
ter little than a little more than enough. It is
only better that recovery should be delayed a few
days than that there should be a serious relapse. Make
conditions right, and mother nature will do the rest.
Unfortunately, a large proportion of the members of the
medical profession, belonging to the so-called regular
schools, have not been given anything like the thorough
training in dietetic and hygienic subjects, and there-
fore this all-important branch of the healing art has
largely left to outsiders, many of whom are in-
capable to develop taste, and to ride a good idea to death.
Medical colleges would devote a little more time
to study of diet and hygiene, and a little less to
the discussion of drug medication, civilized humanity
would be a great gainer.

Dr. J. L. Lowe, who has acquired considerable
experience in the press of late, in connection with
startling discoveries regarding human life, is
now in a dispatch as announcing the discovery that
certain nervous diseases, such as St. Vitus dance,
epilepsy, locomotor ataxia and sleeplessness,
are cured by administering calcium salts, that is,
salts as are found in well water, and many foods.
It then, why not take the salts in the shape of well
and "many foods?"

Dr. N. Falconer writes to The Times as fol-
lows:
I desire to thank you for the sane articles which
you week after week in your magazine on the sub-
ject of food and health. Personally, I have derived
good from them, so must many others. I wish
I could speak a word in an early issue on the subject
of asthma. Is it curable? I am not asking you for a
treatment—that is out of the question. What I

desire to know is this: Is it necessary for an asthmatic
to leave Southern California for a higher altitude, say
Denver, Colo., in order to breathe freely; or, may one
continue to live here and by careful attention to diet, be
proof against the agonizing attacks of asthma? This,
perhaps, is asking for a special treatment—which is
against your rule to grant—but I cannot state my case
in any other way. While in Colorado, I am perfectly
free from asthma, but the moment I change to a low
altitude, it returns. I take no medicines; they do me
no good; I try to be careful in the food I eat, but all to
no purpose; while living in a low altitude, asthma in its
worst form "sticks closer to me than a brother"—a little
more so.

"If you can say a word of help on this subject, it
would be very much appreciated, not only by me, but
by hundreds, perhaps thousands, of others."

Asthma is curable, but it is a tedious cure, when the
allment has obtained a firm hold upon a person. It is
not at all necessary for a patient to leave Southern Cal-
ifornia, in order to obtain a dry, pure atmosphere, such
as that of Denver. It is generally agreed, by those who
have given study to this question, that the best elevation
for cases of lung and bronchial affections is about 2000
feet. This, however, must depend considerably on the
latitude. If an altitude of 2000 feet would be suitable
in Switzerland, one might safely adopt a much higher
altitude in the latitude of Southern California.

There are many sections of Southern California, away
from the coast, that are favorable to such ailments as
consumption and asthma. Such, for instance, as the
foothills of the Sierra Madre, San Bernardino and San
Jacinto ranges. The high plateau of the Antelope Val-
ley is another good location, except that the winds are
occasionally rather strong there. Then, again, there are
places in the interior, such as Elsinore, in Riverside
county, where, although the elevation is only a little
over 1200 feet, the atmosphere is dry and healing in its
effects. Here are the elevations, in feet above sea level,
of a few places in Southern California, which range be-
tween 1500 and 2500 feet above the sea:

Alessandro, 1526; Altadena, 1550; Barstow, 2105; Box
Springs, 1536; Hemet, 1500; Mentone, 1640; San Jacinto,
1535.

Some persons suffering from affections of the breath-
ing organs have found that they derived much benefit
in this latitude from a stay in much higher locations,
such as Alpine Tavern, Wilson's Peak, Bear Valley or
Strawberry Valley, at which last-named place there is
a well-appointed sanatorium, specially devoted to the
treatment of consumption.

As a means of relief from the spasms which accompany
asthma try the inhalation of steam from water in which
has been steeped eucalyptus leaves, or a few drops of
eucalyptus oil.

Alcohol from Potatoes.

THE energetic German Emperor has taken up with
enthusiasm a project for the establishment of a new
industry in Germany, which it is said he believes can
be made as valuable to agriculture as beets. It is the
manufacture of potato alcohol, of which large quantities
have been made for many years in the northern part of
Germany.

This product may be all right, for cooking, and light-
ing, and heating, but it is a bad thing to take into the
stomach, being far worse in its effects than alcohol dis-
tilled from grain. Still, it is largely used in the prepara-
tion of many cheap liquors in Europe.

Contamination by Sewage.

THE widespread effects of sewage contamination have
been recently shown in England. The chief medical
officer of London recently issued a report, in which he
announced that all of the Thames fisheries, including the
estuary, are contaminated with the bacilli of typhoid
fever. His condemnation includes the famous Whit-
stable oyster beds, where 20 per cent. of the oysters
were found to be infected. A ban has also been pro-
nounced against whitebait, shrimps, smelts and cockles.
Contamination by sewage was found fifty miles away
from London, while an even worse state of affairs ex-
ists at other points of the English coast, from which
shell fish are supplied for the markets, infection in these
cases being due altogether to bad local sewerage.

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TOOTH TALK

No. 44

Becoming Teeth.

The artificiality of artificial teeth is the subject of
remark by those who have little or no conception
of the reason therefor—simply an instinctive ap-
preciation of the incongruity and unreality.
Thousands of dentures are constructed which serve
the needs of the wearer for speech and mastication
but which are nevertheless deserving of con-
demnation as art productions. All works that re-
quire skill were formerly termed "works of art." This
expression may now be qualified, and the distinc-
tion drawn between the ideal arts, or those
which appeal to our higher emotions, and the me-
chanic arts, or those which contribute more directly
to physical requirements and are active in pro-
moting health and comfort. All that relates to the
appearance of the artificial denture belongs to art,
but all that affect its utility belongs to mechanics.
The probability is that in most of the cases of arti-
ficial dentures, the fault is not in the carelessness
and indifference of the dentist, but in failure to
recognize the requirements of temperament. A
certain family resemblance to each other in a set
of teeth is considered essential, but the adaptability
of the set as a whole to a given case should be es-
timated of greater importance. A certain law of
harmony in nature between the teeth and other
physical characteristics necessitates respect as to
size, shape, color and other qualities in an artificial
denture, in order that it shall correspond with
other indications of temperament and if the teeth
correlated in their characteristics to those which
nature assigns to one temperament be inserted in
the mouth of one whose physical organization de-
mands a different type, the effect is abhorrent.

My great success in making artificial teeth is no
doubt due to my careful study of the different facial
and temperamental features of my patient. My
first aim is to make teeth that will look natural and
feel natural. If you are now using a set of teeth
that is in any way unsatisfactory it may be worth
while for you to let me examine it and see what can
be done in the way of improvement. For this ex-
amination, no charge will be made. Hundreds of
patients in Southern California are now wearing
the Covington artificial teeth. These patients will
tell you that not one person in one thousand would
recognize their teeth as being artificial. That is
what I call the highest art of the dental profession.

Bridge and Crown Work.

There are many dentists who do high-class bridge
and crown work. There are others who fail en-
tirely to grasp the science of it and who, by reason
of natural disqualifications, can never hope to do
a satisfactory piece of work. My special system of
special adaptation of the crown to the root insures
a perfect fit, thereby eliminating any possibility of
the accumulation of food in the crevices and con-
sequent decay of the root. Another feature of
my crown and bridge work is the prophylactic
preparation of the root to which the bridge is
attached.

Honest Information.

It has been my aim in these weekly talks to make
them something more than a mere advertisement.
I have tried to put in every line practical infor-
mation that would be of service to any person about
to have dental work performed, while many dentists,
especially those who depend upon an inflated rep-
utation for obtaining excessive prices for very or-
dinary sort of work, will decry many of the truths
published, because it does not serve their purpose
to have the "ins and outs" of the profession made
public. I see no reason for not taking the public
in my confidence and giving helpful information if I
can. Examinations and estimates on cost of work
given freely.

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Stories of the Firing Line. :: Stories of Animals.

Patsie's New Method.

"TALK about the inventiveness of Yankees," said a soldier, lately returned from the Philippines, "they are not in it with the Irish."

"When our regiment was up in the Tagalog country, half a dozen natives came into camp one day and said they wanted to join the 'Merikanos and learn to be soldiers. The colonel turned the fellows over to 'Sergt. Patsie,' a specimen of the raw Irish, with instructions to make good soldiers of them."

"Patsie took the 'awkward squad' out some distance from camp and began operations. When he had been at work with them about two hours, loud cries and exclamations were heard coming from that direction and the colonel sauntered out that way to learn what was the cause of the outcry. When he arrived he found the drill progressing finely. Patsie was marching the Tagalogs about to the oft-repeated words: 'Hot fut, cold fut, hot fut, cold fut,' and the natives were keeping step to perfection. 'What was that noise I heard here a short time ago,' asked the colonel."

"Sure, I'll tell yer," replied Patsie, saluting. "These hathen couldn't tell their right fate from their left fate an' when I tried to march them be repatin' 'right fut, left fut,' they went every which way. This I tied straw to wan fut and hay to the other fut an' tried, 'hay fut, straw fut,' on 'em, and begorra they didn't know the difference betwixt hay an' straw. This, colonel, I heated a bayonet an' burned the right fut on sich av of the blaggards, an' when I said 'hot fut, cold fut,' sure they knowed that I mint right away. Jist look at 'em now, colonel," said Patsie as he started them off again."

"The colonel smiled and departed satisfied that Patsie would make soldiers out of the fellows." A. J. R.

Forged a Military Pass.

AT THE Confederate Veteran Camp's meeting, held at the Waldorf-Astoria last Monday night, a group were exchanging recollections in one corner of the room before the speeches. One of the group, a man connected with a New York bank, was asked by a comrade where he was wounded, for the banker has a noticeable limp.

"My lameness is the result of a forgery," he replied.

"Bank episode, eh?" asked one.

"No," was the reply. "Not exactly. I reckon I may as well satisfy your curiosity."

"About six months after my enlistment under Gen. Sterling Price of Missouri I was sent to the hospital for repairs. War was hell to me right in the beginning. I was left in a farmhouse, and as the Yanks were hot on our trail I had to be moved."

"I resolved to get back home, and by various stratagems I succeeded. It was quite a journey—from Arkansas to the northwest corner of Missouri, where my people lived. I got home by night travel."

"I found the old town in possession of the Federals. Old Col. Bob Smith with his Sixteenth Illinois Infantry was holding the place, and every road and hog path leading to the town was guarded. I had to run the pickets to get inside."

"I got to my father's place late in the night and crept into the barn. As soon as it could be done, a hiding place in the house, under a stairway, was fixed up for me. Every few days Col. Bob Smith's soldiers were searching the houses of southern sympathizers. They came to our place several times, but they never got onto my hiding place."

"Things were getting very warm in the old town. It was under martial law. An order was issued that no man or woman should be permitted to leave the town without a pass, signed by the provost marshal and the officer of the day, and in order to get such a pass the applicant had to swear allegiance to the government, and, in addition, a personal description of the applicant had to be written on the back of the pass."

"I had resolved to leave town, not only because I was anxious to get into the fight again, but because every day I remained in my father's house I was liable to be found, and that would have meant exile for my old father, my mother and my sisters."

"It was easy enough to get a blank pass, but it had to contain the signatures of the provost marshal and the officer of the day to be of any value. My father, through a friend who was regarded as a Union man, secured a blank permit. I used up a bottle of ink and made my wrist lame trying to imitate the proper signatures. Finally I mastered every crook and formation of the signatures and, writing them on the pass, I filled out my description and signed a false name under the oath."

"I was to leave on a night train. I had planned to go to the end of the road, about 400 miles, and then I expected to board a boat on the Mississippi and take my chances. Night favored my leaving home. It was black and the rain was falling in sluices."

"I reached the train and took a seat. On every train leaving the city was an officer, who examined the passes of all passengers. The train limped along to the first station, about twenty miles out, and then the guards returned. I was sitting near the rear door of the car."

"I saw the officer when he came in at the front door with the conductor. I saw that he scrutinized very closely every passenger's pass and then looked at the holder to see if the description tallied. He looked at one man's head very closely. That made me nervous, for I had on a wig which I had got from my father. I was afraid the officer would get on to my false hair, but what I most feared was that he would discover that the signatures on the pass were forgeries."

"I left my seat cautiously and went out on the rear platform. The train was running about ten miles an hour. There was no brakeman about. I caught the iron handle of the platform and jumped with the train. 'I thought I should never touch bottom. When I tried to pick myself up I found I had broken a leg. In

that condition, drenched to the skin, in the most excruciating pain, I crawled back to my father's house. I think if I had had a pistol I would have killed myself."

"I must have crawled six or seven miles—maybe more. I reached home just before daylight. My father's old family doctor was called, and he was sworn to secrecy, of course. I shall never forget how my old father told him he would kill him if he betrayed me. But, of course, he never would have done that. An operation was necessary to save my life. I have been lame from the effects of it ever since."

"How did you get away from home afterward?" asked a Virginian.

"That is another story," replied the banker-veteran, "but it wasn't on a forged pass."—[New York Tribune.]

The Puzzled Recruit.

A PUZZLED recruit once asked a grizzled old Irish sergeant what was meant by "conduct to the prejudice of good order and military discipline."

"Well," said the old fellow, scratching his chin, "it's anything an' everything ye never heard tell of before. That's an article of war that covers anything that they forget to put in the others ones, from luckin' cockeyed at your superiors to thinkin' what ye'd like to do to them if ye met them in the dark an' you with a carbine barrel in yer fist. The article of war, me boy, is a miracle, a work of jaiyus! It's like the sky over yer head; it covers everything on earth an' under it. It's only by rememberin' that article that raw recruits keep out of the guardhouse."—[Boston Pilot.]

The General Undertaken.

I WELL remember, writes a correspondent, Gen. Sir William Ochterlony ("Red Fire Jack") visiting the hospital in which I happened to be a patient while in India. Going round the ward, the general asked each man the nature of his complaint, and, in order to cheer us up a little, he assured each in turn that he would soon recover, as he had suffered from the same malady himself. Coming to the last bed in the ward, he asked the occupant the nature of his ailment, and was rather taken aback by the man's answer:

"D. T.'s, sir. In the 'rats'-you know!"

"Oh," replied the general, smiling, "you'll soon be all right again. I have been like that myself."—[The Regiment.]

A Waste of Irishmen.

CAPT. LOUIS WENDOL, of the First Battery, who got back from England last Tuesday, has a high opinion of the British soldiers, especially the Irishmen.

"When I visited the Tower of London," said he yesterday, "the First Battalion of Irish Guards were stationed there. They were cozier, and knew their business to a dot. They ought to be all on the police force in New York, however, instead of at the rusty-looking mass of stone, bricks and mortar comprising the tower."

"These Irish and I got along fine. I can tell you, especially when they found out I was from New York and commanded the First Battery. They fairly killed me with kindness and offered me the whole tower."

"Other military and some high police officials I met also treated me kindly. At Woolwich there are several batteries of the Royal Field Artillery and the great arsenal. Being an artilleryman myself, I was, of course, interested in Royal Field Artillery, and they certainly know how to drill. If the State would buy the same grade of horses for the First Battery, however, I should not be afraid of drilling my battery against them."—[New York Sun.]

Pat Balanced It.

AN IRISH soldier attending school, which is compulsory when starting till after an examination has taken place, had great difficulty in bringing a sum to the correct answer.

"You are a shifting out, Magee," said the inspector; "therefore you have failed again."

"Oh!" says Pat, taking a shilling from his pocket, "take this, and it'll make the sum right. Hurroo! Succeeded at last!"—[Spare Moments.]

ANIMAL STORIES.

Put the Goat in Jail.

MIKE, the goat, is in disgrace and jail. Mike took only a few bites of succulent bark from a tree in front of the courthouse in Long Island City, but Sheriff De Bragga took umbrage. They call the goat Mike because his whiskers resemble those of a former janitor of the courthouse to quite a remarkable degree.

Mike came down the street early yesterday morning, after having enjoyed a savory breakfast, composed of three tomato cans, half a dozen Blue Point shells and two yards of rag carpet that "Tim" Mulligan had left off beating long enough to go round the corner to the Dutchman's to get his morning appetizer. Having been interrupted in the midst of his meal by Mulligan's premature return, Mike was looking for a dainty bit with which to top off. That maple tree bark just appealed to him. But Sheriff De Bragga, who was standing on the courthouse steps, frowned darkly upon Mike's activity.

"Cheese it, Mike," said he.

"Arrah! Gowan! You're only foolin'," retorted Mike, or, if he didn't say it, he looked it. Also he continued his ravages.

But the arm of the law was in dead earnest and advanced upon the voracious Mike with blood in his eye. Now, possibly, Mike, the goat, had never been instructed as to the evils of resisting an officer in the discharge of his duty. It would seem so, at any rate, for he actually—yes, he did—he actually drew off and butted the

Sheriff. He certainly slammed him. The Sheriff was game—fair game, Mike, and stood his ground, but he seemed the worst of it when Samuel Kugelman, the venter in the courthouse, heard the rumble ran to the rescue. Between them the goat and the elevator man finally downed Mike with many thumps and bore him to the where he was landed in a cell, charged with destruction of public property. He was Mike, but he was outnumbered. The solemn last evening as he lay in his cell the possibility of being arraigned in a morning. Nobody came to bail him out, but last night he had succeeded in getting Alter or "Manny" Friend as counsel. It was admitted that Mike's prospects are dark—una.

The Dog Laughed.

THE proprietor of a Third-avenue store has a black kitten that cultivates a habit of its haunches, like a bear or a kangaroo, sparring with its forepaws as if it had from a pugilist.

A gentleman took into the store the enormous black dog, half Newfoundland, fat, good-natured, and intelligent. The dog, instead of bolting at once for shelter, paces, sat up erect on its hind legs, and in an attitude of defiance. The contrast between the two was intensely amusing. It was Jack the Giant Killer preparing to demolish

Slowly and without a sign of excitement the dog walked as far as his chain would permit, gazed intently at the kitten and its odd antics as the comicality of the situation struck him. His head and shoulders around to the animal ever laughed in the world that he did so then and there. He neither barked nor indulged in a low chuckle, while the kitten beamed with merriment.—[New York Tribune.]

The Cow Kissed Her.

PROBABLY the most unique testimony of a courtroom was that by Mrs. Houghman of South Omaha.

Charles Epstein claimed ownership of Mrs. Houghman had him arrested and brought proceedings simultaneously. When the case came for trial, Mrs. Houghman asked that the case be taken into court. Judge King permitted it, and a glass man called the cow by a pet name. Out, Jersey walked over to her and kissed her on the air, her muzzle against Mrs. Houghman's forehead.

Three times this act was repeated, and finally the man was declared the owner.—[Boston Herald.]

The Jealous Horses.

A. B. POWELL, the veteran trainer of horses, after two patient years actually laid out to stand up on their hind legs and box with their forepaws, declares that not only are horses jealous but the outcome of an incident arising from which the green-eyed monster is reputed to have been led him to believe he had found a new breed of horses.

One of the horses was a thoroughbred, as "Cigarette," and the other a dun horse, bred called "Charley," and a writer of the Magazine thus describes the incident:

"In the earlier days of Charley's circus life he was presented with a very fine saddle for use in a certain act. Now, it happened on occasion that it was found necessary to place it upon the back of the Turkish horse, which led him to believe he had found a new breed of horses."

"Later on in the evening a tremendous fire broke out in the neighborhood of the stalls where the horses had been stabled side by side. Some of the horses ran to see what was up. They found Charley had broken loose, and were fighting him—kicking, plunging and stamping on him."

"When Mr. Powell arrived on the scene the animals were standing on their hind legs in a pugilistic attitude, and endeavoring to blow on head and body. They were fighting, but the astute trainer had taken his cue, and he began to give the horses their first lesson in boxing."—[Philadelphia Record.]

Lincoln and the Kittens.

ON ONE occasion when President Lincoln was in the White House, Gen. Grant, who was on duty at the time, says that "three little crawling about the tent. The mother of the little wanderers were expressing their mewing piteously. Mr. Lincoln picked them on his lap, stroked their soft fur, and treated kindly." Bowers replied: "President, that they are taken in charge of our men and are well cared for." Bowers' stay Mr. Lincoln was found in the tent. It was a curious sight at an army camp upon the eve of a great military crisis in history, to see the hand which had led the Union, from the general-in-chief to the tenant, tenderly caressing three stray kittens, illustrating his kindness, which was a grandeur of his nature."—[Detroit Free Press.]

Good Short Stories.

THEY ANECDOTES GATHERED FROM
VARIOUS SOURCES.

Compiled for The Times.

For Damages.

A man went to consult a lawyer. He was thrown out of a theater," he said, "and I want damages."

"The circumstances," said the lawyer. "You have a right to do it," he asserted. "You have a right to do it," he asserted. "You have a right to do it," he asserted.

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On His Breath.

Col. Stringer, as he drained his foaming mug, said his pipe anew. "Cold! I should say it was cold," he said, "and I won't take the case."

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ways double-heated and sprayed with a germicide, besides being filtered and distilled. It is as pure as it can be made."

"Excellent," said the patron. "Even the floor and the ceiling and the walls and the furniture are given antiseptic treatment every day, and all change handed out to our customers is first wiped with antiseptic gauze."

"Well, look here," said the patron, who had been sitting wrapped in the towel during all this, "why don't you go ahead and shave me? Think I'm loaded with some kind of a germ that you have to talk to death?"

"No, sir," answered the attendant. "But I'm not the barber."

"You are not? Where is he?"

"They are boiling him, sir."—[Tit-Bits.]

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ing," paying no heed to his impolite flock. Finally, though, four men arose together and started on tiptoe down the aisle. This was a little more than the good minister could stand.

"That's right, gentlemen," he shouted after the four; "that's right. As fast as you are weighed, pass out." E. K.

An Ingenuous Suggestion.

SHE is little, but she has the true feminine idea. A boy of about her own age has been so devoted to her that it has attracted the attention of his playmates, and the result has been distressing. He has been teased until life has become a burden to him. In an effort to escape his troubles he has forsaken her. His heart is still true, but he dares not look at her or speak to her when any other boys are near.

This being the state of affairs, it will not be difficult to imagine his distress when his mother decided to give a birthday party for him. He made up his own list of guests, and when it was finished his mother noted that one name was missing.

"You've left out Mamie," she suggested. "Yes," he replied regretfully. "I want to invite Mamie, but the boys tease me so about her that I am afraid to do it."

"But she'll be offended." "Can't you explain it?" he asked. His mother laughed, and meeting Mamie's mother, told her about the boy's troubles—and such troubles are very real to a boy.

Mamie's mother was amused and told Mamie. "Tommy is very anxious to have you at his party," she said, "but the boys will tease him so that he is going to leave you out."

Here is where the truly feminine appears. Mamie considered the matter deeply for a few moments, and then said ingenuously: "Well, why doesn't he leave out the boys then and invite me?"

When Mamie gets a little older she will find many young men only too delighted to give parties on exactly that principle, but very likely her own views will have changed by that time—at least to the extent of keeping such ideas to herself.—[Brooklyn Eagle.]

He Got It.

THE judge, the Sheriff, the Coroner and the Chief of Police of Red Gulch were enjoying a little game of poker. The pot was large and there was considerable excitement. The judge called the Sheriff, who casually remarked:

"I hold four aces. What do you hold?" "I hold a bowie knife," promptly returned the judge, as he perceived a fifth ace in his own hand.

"And I hold a gun!" exclaimed the Chief of Police, as he realized that he was not entirely destitute of aces himself.

The Coroner quickly dived under the table and waited. Presently, when the smoke of battle had cleared away, he crawled out.

"I hold an inquest," he commented, "and I guess that takes the pot."—[Brooklyn Eagle.]

Hobo Was a Good Doctor.

A GENTLEMAN passing through City Hall Park saw a tramp soaking a crust of bread in the basin of the fountain and gave him a quarter. A reporter, suspecting an old trick, drew nearer the tramp, who leaned against the basin and nibbled at the unappetizing morsel gingerly. The observer edged nearer the tramp, who continued nibbling.

"Waiting for another 'sucker,'" thought the reporter, but the tramp continued nibbling and actually swallowed some of the stuff. A second tramp arose from a near-by bench and headed for his colleague.

"How're ye feelin' now?" he asked. "The first specimen shook his head. 'Bum, Doc,' he said.

"Put out yer tongue, Christy," Doc said, at the same time feeling the other's pulse. "Feelin' tired all the time? Feelin' as if a whole squad had clubbed every bone hollow in yer body? Feelin' as if ye didn't care what struck ye? Can't swallow, an' if ye could ye wouldn't be hungry? Can't sleep, an' all that?" Christy nodded mournfully.

"I've got a butt of a pencil. If you'll get me paper I'll write somethin' that'll fix ye in jig time," Doc said. Christy produced a rag of wrapping paper from inside his vest, and Doc, leaning against the stone basin, began to write.

"Now get a newsboy to get that fer ye an' take it reglar," he said finally and walked away, while Christy halted an urchin and asked him to have the prescription made in a certain drug store in Park row. The observer followed the newsboy.

"Who gave you this?" asked the drug clerk, eying the ragged prescription critically.

"Man outside," said the little fellow, clutching his newspaper, ready for a bolt for the door.

"That's one of the best prescriptions that ever came into this place. Whoever wrote that knows his business," said the clerk and disappeared behind the partition of the prescription counter to put up the medicine.

"Thanks," said the newsboy presently as he grasped the bottle and hastened to the store.

"You see we never charge newsboys anything for putting up prescriptions," said the clerk, catching the inquiring eye of the reporter, who left for the park to see out the little play.

Christy was leaning against the basin, taking a dose from the bottle.

"If you don't mind telling me, who's your friend that wrote that prescription?" asked the reporter.

"That—that's just Doc. Ye can see him for yourself," said Christy pointing.

But Doc's suspicions were aroused, "I know all about me own troubles widout tellin' them to udder people," he said. "S'pose you tell me some o' yours?"—[New York Press.]

A Fatal Mistake.

YOU must have a bunch of humorists working on your linotype machines, haven't you?" asked the poet, as he entered the office.

"Haven't noticed that any of them have any falling in that line," answered the editor.

"Well, you're a poor observer. Do you read your own paper?"

"Occasionally." "Did you read my poem, 'To Agatha,' in yesterday's issue?"

"N—no." "I thought not. In the poem I wrote a line which read, 'I love you better than I love my life.'"

"That was a neat line." "And one of your linotype humorists made it read, 'I love you better than I love my wife.'"

"Er—"

"Exactly—my wife. And my wife, not being acquainted with the failings of these key-thumpers, thinks the poem was printed exactly as written and hasn't spoken to me since it was published."

And after taking a kick at the desk he crossed the hall and fell down the elevator shaft.—[Indianapolis Sun.]

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The Quack Cornered.

ONCE, when Attorney-General Knox was a young man, he had a case to conduct against a quack doctor. It was his purpose to prove the doctor quite ignorant of medicine, and the means he adopted to do this were ingenious and effective. Getting the man on the stand, he began:

"You used, sir, on my client here, when he called you in, all the most modern and approved methods?"

"Certainly, certainly," the witness replied.

"You made all needful amputations?"

"No less than nine, sir."

"Did you decapitate the man?"

"I did."

"And you performed the Caesarean section operation?"

"To be sure."

"Now about the post mortem—did you hold the usual post mortem?"

"Of course I did. In fact, I held two post mortems."

"Very good. That will do," said Mr. Knox. And the young attorney had no difficulty in winning his case against the quack.

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Graphic Pen Pictures Sketched Far Afield.

Wild Beauty of Alaska.

MRS. VOLNEY T. HOGGATT, a native of Kentucky, is now an enthusiastic Alaskan and, talking of the country and the 130 varieties of beautiful wild flowers, said to a representative of the Star:

"People who have never visited the territory of Alaska and are not familiar with resources and conditions generally, naturally are a little incredulous when we speak of the soil, the botanical experiments and conditions that exist and have existed perhaps for centuries before this great empire came under our government."

"From time immemorial, since the first sowing of the seed, in this Northland by the hand of the All-divine Planter, the wild flower has borne life from its soil and lifted its graceful head and beautiful face upturned to the sun and blue sky, with as much vigor and substance as any houseplant or outdoor flower in California. As many as 130 varieties of wild flowers have been found in the district of Nome, between the 66th and 68th degrees north latitude, along the coast of Bering Sea. I have spent hours and days among the hills and lowlands gathering the little waxen petaled flowers—of every tint and color—so beautiful and dainty in texture and color that it seemed as you studied them that the sweet breath of heaven had but merely touched them and left the blushes of love messages upon their petals."

"I found myself acquiring somewhat of a persistent fad, in searching for these feather-tinted flowers, that I might find one to outrival the other in color. I have walked miles upon the driftwood, along the overflow of Snake River (a name very appropriate to this river from its tortuous windings,) in search of the cowlip, of the deep yellow hue, with the rubbery stems; also a small white lily with shell-like tinted center, with these some long rubbery stems, which grew along the water's edge. They seemed conscious that I was in search of them, for they were in hiding here and there among the driftwood."

"The foothills and lowlands that slope down to the sea, through the months of June, July and August, are veritable gardens of wild flowers, mosses, ferns, etc. The reindeer moss is the moss upon which the reindeer subsists; it takes the place of the grass and grows everywhere in abundance. It is of a silvery gray and various shades of green; turns gray after frost, but remains nutritious. The moss forms beds everywhere for the wild flowers and ferns. As you wander through the lowlands following the small streams toward the majestic Sawtooth range—with its snow-white cape—forming a background to the soft old green of the foothills below, covered with wild flowers, you see a picture of grandeur and beauty."

"Among these foothills flowers are to be found in extraordinary growth and strength; the white and blue violet, sweet Williams, bluebell, lilies of the valley, buttercups, marigolds as large and beautiful as the cultivated ones. The tall forget-me-nots in the rich, delicate blue, and the white, can be found by the acre, spreading their fragrance. These, to my mind, are the most bewilderingly beautiful of all."

"There are a number of varieties of ferns also—the species of the maidenhair fern, the broadleaf, the old wood fern, etc. Then, too, there is the little delicate flower that pops its head up in the spring as soon as the birds begin their song—only not so early in Alaska as in more moderate climates where they have early springs—but it barely waits until the snow disappears. You will find here and there, wherever the full sun rays touch the earth one of these frail blossoms. The indoor plants and cultivated plants thrive well; they can be seen in many of the homes of those who were thoughtful enough to take with them into this country a few sprouts or seed; the experiment of cultivating flowers has proven successful and interesting."—[Washington Star.]

Owls in Winter.

OWLS are really much commoner in winter than one is led to believe by the occasional specimens which are seen abroad in the daytime. If we searched the hollow trees systematically this morning we should probably discover several screech owls, and perhaps some of the larger species. We might be surprised to find some of the screech owls red and others gray, and, like the early ornithologists, we might conclude that the difference in color was due to difference in age or sex. It is now known that there are two distinct color phases of this species not dependent on either age or sex, though just what they are dependent on is not yet known.

When taken from their retreats in winter these birds frequently feign death—shutting their eyes, and lying perfectly still in the hand. By and by, when they find their little ruse does not succeed, they will snap their bills and bite and scratch in a solemn but very effective manner. How they manage to get enough to eat on these dark, cold nights is a mystery to those unacquainted with the woods, but as a matter of fact there is more prey abroad on winter nights than is generally supposed—a fact which is attested by the footprints on the newly-fallen snow—and owls are most expert mouse catchers. Their hearing is so acute that not a squeak escapes them, and they themselves are so soft on the wing that they do not alarm the game.—[Woman's Home Companion.]

Where Winter is a Tragedy.

NEARLY 50,000 elk, unable to obtain food, owing to the hard crust which has formed over the snow, are roaming over the Jackson Hole country in bands of 2000 to 2500 and are devastating the ranches and farms. The elk do not hesitate to attack cattle and men.

The Thompson ranch was visited by a herd of 3500 elk on Tuesday and fifty tons of hay were consumed

in one night. Thompson took refuge in his house and did not dare to leave it until the band had moved on.

Three cowboys from the Hooper ranch had a wild ride for their lives on Tuesday and two big herds of cattle were stampeded by a band of elk that acted as if they were mad. While the cowboys were rounding up the cattle for the night a band of 1000 elk dashed out of the timber straight toward the long rows of fodder.

The cowboys fired into the band and attempted to divert them, but the elk came straight ahead, snorting and bellowing. In a moment the cowboys were between the cattle and the elk in a stampede. Spurred on by the elk, the cattle dashed across the valley and finally ran up the mountain side, three miles away, the elk turning off and continuing their flight along the foothills.

The cowboys' legs were gored and bloody and their ponies nearly killed. The cattle were wounded in the clashes between the elk and the stock. The long horns of the stags cut the hides of the cattle.

Hunters declare that there are fully 50,000 elk in Jackson Hole, but that unless there is a thaw the herds will be virtually exterminated this winter.—[Salt Lake Correspondence New York Sun.]

Perils of the Herring Fishery.

ONE of the branches of the New England deep-sea fishery which is affected by the Bond-Hay treaty is that for frozen herring in Newfoundland waters every winter, and no more perilous vocation is known to the world. The Gloucester, Mass., fishing fleet is manned chiefly by Newfoundlanders, and of its fatality roll of eleven ships and eighty-two men for 1902 four vessels were lost with all hands in the frozen herring fishery last season, while there are already ships "missing" this year, and four have been driven ashore, though with but slight loss of life.

Drifting about the gulf of St. Lawrence in the remorseless grip of Arctic ice floe, at the mercy of every wind that blows and every wave that gathers force enough to oversweep the frozen islets, the stanch little vessels battle with the blizzards, sometimes the broken hull of one is sighted dismantled and tenantless, and the fate of her crew becomes a matter for conjecture, though it is morally certain that its members are no longer above water. None but the most daring spirits man these fishing vessels, for an unequalled school for inculcating the lessons of reckless endeavor and marine heroism is afforded by this industry, though the courage and endurance constantly and silently displayed by these sturdy fishermen go almost unrecorded.

"If you cleared out for hell," said a Gloucester skipper not long ago, "and offered a month's advance you'd get hundreds of men in our town to join you." This about describes the crews of the herring fleet—the greater the danger the more there are ready to brave it. Early in November each year the active preparations for this remarkable fishery begin. A fleet of eighty stoutly-built and well-found schooners starts from Gloucester for this coast. The herrings are found in innumerable "reaches" in the deep inlets on the Newfoundland seaboard, where the fish spawn in the sandy creeks, navigable only for small boats. Here the fish are netted, then frozen in the keen, crisp midwinter air and put aboard the American vessels to be conveyed to market. The herring are used both for food and bait purposes.

It is in running the cargoes home that the great perils of this fishery are encountered. The St. Lawrence gulf and Cabot Sea, to the south of Newfoundland, are swept by fierce gales in midwinter, to which the intense cold adds an additional danger. The sprays, as they are flung against the schooners, freeze where they fall, until every rope becomes as thick as a hawser and every sail as stiff as armor plate. The ship's forepart becomes thickly incrustated with ice, which, as it "makes," buries her head from its weight until she is almost swept from stem to stern. To avoid the danger of fouling which this involves, every ship has a supply of hardwood mallets with eight-foot handles, which the crew wield energetically and almost without ceasing to pound the ice off the bows and jibboom, which the men dare not venture on under these conditions.

During the voyage the six or eight men imperilled on these little craft of 100 tons or so know neither rest nor sleep, for it requires the whole crew to pull a rope or trim a sail, owing to the coatings of ice that have first to be beaten off, and then there is the constant pounding to keep her free of the ice that cumbers the decks. Nothing but the daring of the men and the stanchness of the ship make the industry at all possible, and even then the total of losses each year is very large.

There is a saying that in Gloucester they run a crape factory for their own needs, and though this is an exaggeration the annual total of fatalities is an eloquent proof of the risks that are run. As the winter herringers make for home they run the chance of being sunk by the storms or driven ashore on the Nova Scotia coast by the northeast gales. Sable Island brings up many of them. If there is a weak rope, a worn sail, or a rotten spar in a vessel, it is certain to be found out on this voyage, and an accident often brings fatal results in its train. If anything important gives out there is little hope for either vessel or crew. She is overwhelmed ere repairs can be effected, or, broken-winged and helpless, is cast upon the ragged rocks that fringe the North Atlantic seaboard.—[New York Times.]

The Wichitas' Grass Houses.

THE finest house ever designed by a redskin is the grass house of the Wichitas, a tribe that at present live in Southern Oklahoma. They are the only tribe that ever accomplished successfully the erection of a grass structure. Soon they are to abandon these huts and take up their humdrum reservation life in two-room frame shacks which are being built for them by

the government. The grass house, it is said, is far from being healthful, but it is certainly comfortable.

There are about fifty old men of the tribe who understand the art of building them so that it will stand. And these old men are paid for generous wages. The government has some houses that may be preserved as specimens of ancient art. But they refuse, and the houses are used to dot the prairies of the Wichitas, now being torn down. The Wichitas say their huts shall not survive them.

Appearances are often deceiving. One a grass house and imagine it as a simple structure. But not so. It is indeed most intricate, gathered early in the spring, when it is sod-cutting usually takes place immediately the sod being removed to a thickness of inches. Buffalo grass sod is the only answer the purpose of the builder. The foundations as does the stone mason, lay the earth to a depth of about one foot. Then of the chunks of sod is laid to the outside is built to a height of from twelve to twenty feet of a pointed dome. There is an opening for the smoke to pass through, the hole away through a pipe on the outside of the door is usually in the south, and there is a small opening in the roof. Through each tuft of sod is run a wire, and these strings are bound clear around the house. The grass remains green and will grow plenty of rain. It is not at all unusual sides of these grass houses turn green and approach, just as do the pastures near them, are warm in winter and cool in summer. Often the Indians have barns made of this material. But in these days the redskins live in frame shacks, and the once famous will soon be but a recollection.—[Scraper.]

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The Development of the Great Southwest.

OUR MATERIAL GROWTH.

WHAT IS BEING DONE IN THE FIELD OF PRODUCTION.

Compiled for The Times.

The Times will be pleased to receive and publish in this department brief, plainly-written articles, giving trustworthy information regarding important developments in Southern California, and adjoining territory, such articles to be confined to actual work in operation, or about to begin, excluding rumors and contemplated enterprises.

"Lime Juice" from Lemons.

THE problem of putting up a lemon juice that will keep is said to have been solved by the Shaw Preserve Company of Ontario. The product has been named "California Lime Juice," although it is made from lemons. It is said to be very superior in quality and to contain nearly 3 per cent. more acid than the imported West Indian lime juice.

Machine Works for Ventura.

THE Ventura correspondent of The Times writes as follows:

The Ventura Machine Works has been incorporated with a capital stock of \$25,000. Most of the amount has been subscribed. Among the stockholders are William Hamilton, George C. Power, W. H. Barnes, J. Lagomarcino, J. H. Chaffee and J. S. Collins. The new company will make machinery of all kinds pertaining to agricultural industries, but principally bean thrashers. It will also enter extensively into the manufacture of a wrench and belt-guide, the patents of Mr. Hamilton.

Manufacturing Specialties.

THE manufacturing industry of Los Angeles advances with such rapid strides that it is difficult to keep track of it. For instance, the firm of Brown-Winstanley Company, of No. 340 North Main street, is now manufacturing and shipping all over the United States a number of specialties, including a bottle-washing machine, combination tilting and shipping crated bottles, anti-rust cut-steel plugs or shot, and other ingenious and useful contrivances, which the company is always glad to show to those who may be interested.

It will soon be unnecessary to go outside of the city for many things in the way of manufactured goods, except the staples, and not for all of these.

Another Wave Motor.

THE possibility of harnessing the waves of the ocean, and thus obtaining vast power practically free of cost, and at the same time perpetual motion, has captivated the minds of many shrewd inventors. In the patent office at Washington are models of a large number of these devices. There are motors of all kinds, but none of them, so far, have been made to "motor" successfully on a commercial scale. The value of the prize for which these inventors are striving may be realized, when it is stated that the amount of steam-power plants now in operation throughout the Atlantic and Pacific seaboard, where this power is applicable, is estimated at about \$1,000,000 horse-power. If a wave motor was an attractive proposition a few years ago, when it could only have been utilized for machinery near the ocean, how much more is it today, when, by means of electric power, it may be successfully carried over one hundred miles, with only a small percentage of loss? This would enable every important manufacturing center on the Pacific Coast to utilize wave-power, if it could be successfully harnessed.

Several wave motors have been invented by Southern Californians during the past few years. One of the latest of these, for which great things are claimed, is the invention of F. R. Reed of Los Angeles, for which a patent was recently issued by the United States government, while the confidence of the inventor and his associates in the value of the invention is shown by the fact that patents have also been taken out, at considerable expense, in the leading countries of Europe. The following is an extract from a prospectus of the Reed wave motor.

The latest invention of F. H. Reed of Los Angeles, for which a patent has recently been issued by the United States government, is a departure from all previous devices, inasmuch as he depends solely on the rise and subsidence of the surface, instead of employing the lateral or direct force of the waves, and because he places the principal mechanism at the bottom of the sea, beyond the reach of surface disturbance, and where a strong natural foundation is to be had on the earth, so as to render possible the employment of these great forces. The proposition is in itself very simple.

Familiarity with and interest in the sea, bred in the inventor no contempt for that element, but taught him to comprehend the truth in such matters; and therefore he does not attempt to oppose her natural, majestic forces with puny contrivances, but rather to cooperate with them, and thereby achieve tremendous and practical results. For this reason the device was largely planned to be at the bottom of the sea, and the attempt was not made to harness such erratic power directly to machinery, but to make the ocean first to create an artificial water-power on land by pumping a part of itself to some elevated point ashore for that purpose.

From known hydrostatic principles, any floating vessel displaces precisely its own weight of the liquid surrounding it, so that a vessel of given dimension and draught represents just so many pounds' weight. Thus, it follows that being buoyed up to some higher point by the rise of the surface, the vessel will descend with the decline of the surface, and this will constitute the

descent also of that number of pounds' weight. Now, if that weight be made to exert itself, in its descent on the piston of one or more pumps, certainly more or less water could thereby be forced to some other elevation ashore, so as to be returned from such elevation by gravity, to act as an ordinary water-power upon Pelton or other water wheels. The problem, then, was to so design the apparatus that it should be substantial, safe, create power in quantity, and be economic in operation. This, it is claimed, has been accomplished by the device in question, and if such is the fact, the world has another new and tremendous force all ready to be utilized for the advantage of mankind, in developing industrial conditions and enterprises.

Any person who desires further information regarding this invention may obtain the same from R. H. F. Variel, Esq., Tajo building, Los Angeles.

Big Irrigation Enterprise.

ACCORDING to the Phoenix Gazette, the United States government will construct a dam at a point called Bull's Head Cañon, two miles below the New Comstock mines, on the Colorado River. The first of nine holes has been drilled into the river bed, with a diamond drill. The first forty feet was through sand and gravel, and the next fifteen through granite of good quality. There are said to be about 50,000 acres of land that will be brought under cultivation below the dam and above Needles. The Gazette says:

"The dam will be 100 feet high and electric power will be generated and sold to the mining companies operating in the vicinity, at the actual cost of generating it. All the land to be benefited has been withdrawn from entry and will not be open for entry until the work has been completed, which will be about two years. Its construction will entail an expenditure of over \$1,000,000."

A Grand Scenic Railroad.

ACCORDING to the Phoenix Gazette, what is likely to be the grandest scenic railroad in the world is to be constructed in Arizona, along the Grand Cañon. It is said that the knowledge of the proposed building of this road led to the recent attempt of Utah to secure the Territory in Arizona, north of the cañon. The Gazette says:

"It is said, on good authority, that along the Grand Cañon and through Arizona will soon be building one of the grandest scenic railroad routes of the entire world. The plans for the road have been made, and the project is being backed by D. H. Moffitt, one of the richest men in Colorado, if not in the entire West. The road will have but one purpose, and that will be for pleasure and sight-seekers, and if the plans are carried out, and there is not the least doubt but that they will be, one of the world's most beautiful sights will be revealed to travelers, who will not be forced to leave the cars and travel for days through the roughest of country to view the sights that have attracted thousands upon thousands of people during the past few years."

"The company, headed by Mr. Moffitt, has already been incorporated, and it is understood will connect with the Colorado Southern in the lower part of Colorado, running west down the Colorado River and the Grand Cañon. It will cross the cañon twice, touching some of the most picturesque country to be found on the face of the earth."

Catalina Marble.

NOT much is being said about the Santa Catalina Island marble, to which the curator of the National Museum at Washington has given the name of "verde antique," but its fame is growing apace, and it is becoming very popular, both in the building and industrial trades, principal among which is the demand among electricians. This marble has the greatest tensile strength of any stone known. It has no "grain," and when drilled full of holes is still stronger than most other stone in fact. Goblets and cups are made from it. Although it is a dark green, mottled with black, in color, yet the manufactured articles are turned so thin as to become practically transparent.

The Banning Company has quite an extensive plant in Los Angeles, on North Alameda street, for the polishing and working of the marble into the various forms required, where it now has seven men and the latest labor-saving machinery employed, and work already contracted to keep them going for three months. They are now engaged on a contract for the Santa Monica City Hall, turning out columns, friezes and wainscoting for the ornamentation of the interior. They also have a large contract with one electrical company for making a lot of heaters, the marble slat acting as a radiator of the heat supplied by electrical wires.

All the cutting and polishing is done by machinery, and the marble dust resulting from the cutting and turning is carefully preserved and becomes a valuable asset, being sold to paper manufacturers. All the broken bits and odds and ends are ground up and likewise sold to the paper makers. While all the manufacturing is now done in Los Angeles, it is the intention of the Banning Company to remove the plant to the quarry at Empire in the near future.

Developing Nitre Deposits.

W. R. FALES & COMPANY of Los Angeles are opening up fifty-two nitre claims in Death Valley. This is a new mining industry for Southern California and one which promises to mean much to us. Nitre is one of the chief components of gunpowder and is used in numerous other utilities. Hitherto nearly all the nitre has come from Valparaiso, Chili, a little coming from India and Germany. The owners of the Death Valley claims maintain that when they get to running it will be no longer necessary to import the material

so far. The United States will no longer have to protect its commerce in southern waters on this one great account.

J. W. Unthank, a civil engineer, who built several railroads in Peru and other South American places years ago, saw the Chili nitre beds and afterward, while prospecting through Death Valley, discovered something of the same sort. Other prospectors had tramped over them many times, but having not had Unthank's experience, did not recognize their value.

Unthank said nothing about his discovery for a decade or more, but remembered the landmarks, and a sort time ago interested capital and began doing assessment work on the claims. The place is so remote from civilization that it was necessary to expend large sums of money in keeping the assessment work up. Each year a force of nearly fifty men have been taken into the country at an expense of some \$5000 each trip. The money thus expended seemed like wasted until the rumor of a railroad's coming through took tangible form. Now the railroad is in course of building within a short distance of the nitre deposits and the company is taking development materials into the lonely country. A plant is being established near the railroad line at great expense, because all the material and supplies have to be hauled by mule team from Daggett, 165 miles away, the nearest railway point at present.

The nitre claims, which are supposed to be duplicated nowhere else on the North American continent, are situated along Willow Creek, a little tributary of the Armagosa River that runs through a portion of Death Valley. They are in Inyo and San Bernardino counties. The wagon road leads from Daggett through the property of the Pacific Coast Borax Company, thence past Coyote Holes, Cave Springs and into Death Valley, the route traveled years ago by the stages from Utah to Los Angeles. There is no habitation from Borate, nine miles out of Daggett, to China ranch, in Willow Creek Cañon, a half mile from the claims. Willow Creek, which freezes in winter and gets warm enough to boil eggs in summer, is a considerable stream, sufficient to maintain the nitre company's camp and plant. All along the road to Death Valley prospectors have staked claims of various descriptions, depending on the railroad to open up gold, silver, copper and other mineral deposits. But the nitre claims are said to be the most promising. They are in low, many-colored hills devoid of verdure and having the appearance of sand dunes. All sorts of minerals abound, but the predominant one is nitrate, and it is nearly pure.

Lemons via Cape Horn.

E. DAVINES of Sierra Madre is making arrangements to erect a plant for the preparation of a wrapper for curing, preserving and shipping lemons and oranges. This decision has been arrived at in consequence of the successful experiment of a shipment of lemons by the S.S. Oregonian of the American Hawaiian Steamship Company, which sailed from San Francisco on the third of November, last, and reached New York on the fifth of January, following. The fruit was inclosed in the preserving wrapper as soon as picked and packed, in boxes containing from seven to eight dozen each, according to size.

The experiment is said to be a success. In the few boxes that had been opened not a bad one had been found. There were, perhaps, half a dozen that were softer than the others, but on being cut in two the quality was found perfect and the slight softness was apparently on account of the thinness of the skin more than from any other.

The freight is only 50 cents per 100 pounds and 45 cents in carload lots from San Francisco to New York and as this method of packing does not require any refrigeration, it should enable the shipper of Californian lemons to compete successfully with lemons from Sicily.

Mr. Davines is preparing a shipment of oranges by the Panama Railroad and after the experiments already made he feels confident of success. The Panama route will also offer an outlet for European ports at a considerably reduced rate.



Prevents and Cures Sunburn, Tan and Freckles.

"Pon-setta" is nature's true emollient—a skin food and cosmetic combined. It is harmless and instantaneous in action, and while it acts as an imperceptible powder, it softens and preserves the skin. For men it is indispensable after shaving.

"Pon-setta" never spoils or dries up. Send 6 cents for sample or 50 cents for full size jar. Ask your druggist to get it for you.

ANITA CREAM & TOILET CO., Los Angeles, Cal.

Farming in California—The Land and Its Products.

FIELD NOTES.

By J. W. Jeffrey, Agricultural Editor.

New Apple Bulletin.

THE Board of Supervisors of Los Angeles county has just caused to be published, under direction of the County Board of Horticulture a new bulletin upon the cultivation of the apple. The pamphlet is ready for distribution to all who call for it at the office of the commission. The treatise gives a pretty thorough review of apple growing and contains several pages of original reports made by a committee of the Apple Growers' Association of Los Angeles county. It should be in the hands of every orchardist interested in apple culture as I believe it will be the means of greatly improving one of our most important branches of fruit culture.

Eucalyptus Robusta.

IF ONE is so unfortunate as to have this variety of eucalypts upon his premises he may put off the evil day of removal sometime by heavy pruning. Two years ago The Times contained a "note" stating that a town whose streets were largely planted to this variety had caused the trees to be cut back to the main trunk. I promised to make further observations upon upon this matter and report them. As you pass through South Pasadena you will see a beautiful lot of trees—the result of this severe trimming process. The tops have become dense, symmetrical and erect. Whether this severe treatment will make the trees hold their shape remains for the first seed-bearing season to prove. At present it is a success and will have a tendency to restore to favor this fine rapid-growing but tabooed eucalypt.

They Show Their Scars.

SINCE the winter rains ceased early in February the foothill range of the Sierra Madre from Los Angeles to San Bernardino presents a gay appearance never seen so plainly before. It is but the continuation of the destruction wrought by the mountain fires that have ravaged this range for the last decade. The eroding process has lent an entirely new aspect to the mountain scenery along this line. The billowy hills then thatched with green have now become ridges furrowed deeply with the rivulets that were not there before the holocaust of destructive flame. With this monument of sombre gray granite and corrugated shale before the irrigators how can they in the future fail to call for greater protection from the government, that this forest and chaparral may be preserved and the depleted portions reforested by artificial planting?

One Great Vineyard.

THE lighter, sandy lands of San Bernardino county lying east and southeast of Ontario are being planted to vines at a rate that may soon place the largest county in the State at the head of the list of wine producers. Last Tuesday I passed through this new vineyard and noticed that hundreds of acres are going into vines this spring to add to the immense area already planted in that county. Successful crops are grown without irrigation. In fact none of this new land has any water whatever save that which falls occasionally from the clouds. Not all of this land is light. Cucamonga, for example, has some of the most fertile lands given to the vine. Should the prices of wine grapes continue at last season's figures San Bernardino county will soon have an opulent lot of grape growers upon the plains west of the county seat.

Production of Garden Seed.

NOW that everybody with a bit of vacant land is interested in garden "sass" it is timely to remark that California promises to lead the world in the production of garden seed. Santa Clara county alone grew 8000 acres of plants for seed last season. They were mostly onions, lettuce and carrot seed with a limited quantity of flower seed. California also grows for the trade leek, kale, parsley, parsnip and other kinds. Peter Henderson, the greatest of vegetable seedsmen, predicted before his death that California would some day supply the seeds for the world. The reason why preference is given to this State by the seedsmen is that the climate here has long, dry summers which permit a large portion of the work to be done outside, making the expense of large barns and drying sheds unnecessary.

Grape-planting Activities.

FROM the way rooted grape vines and cuttings are moving, vineyard extension will be lively again this spring in Southern California. It is possible that we are to have a long period of freedom from disease. For two or three years no malady has appeared to seriously disturb the grape-growing business. This is a blessed relief after the years of depletion following the introduction of the Anaheim disease, in 1884. Should these years of health continue the South will soon have resumed its former degree of importance as a grape-growing district. The greatest damage Santa Clara county has sustained the last year lies in the loss of vineyards. From Entomologist Ehrhorn's report just received I learn that the phylloxera has spread to nearly every district in the county. Some vineyards have died with the Anaheim disease, and altogether the older vineyards of Santa Clara county are in a very bad way, especially those of older age and extensive area.

Investigating Lands.

THERE are several thousand visitors now in Southern California more or less interested in the land of this section and hundreds are making definite investigations

with a view of becoming purchasers. A majority of these people will go over the near-by sections and a few may take a thorough survey of the territory before deciding to invest. Tourists will find the proposition difficult from two principal causes—distance and difference. From Yuma to Santa Barbara is a long stretch to cover by the ordinary "land looker," but it must be done to understand the wonderful diversity of the soil and its range of products. Another point to be considered is the wide difference between the agricultural conditions here and those of the East. Visitors may read this note and be helped by the suggestion to take due time to investigate. If, then, fair judgment is used there will follow a minimum of dissatisfaction.

Unique Protection.

ONE of the novelties in "the land and its products" was found afield last week. The owner of an orange orchard in San Bernardino county had occasion to cut back his trees and bud them to a new variety. After they were cut back last spring he planted a cordon of popcorn closely around each tree. When the ears had matured and were harvested the stalks were allowed to stand and when the frost began to fall the foliage was drawn around the tender buds and tied into a neat little Psyche knot at the top. The trees presented the appearance of a village of wickiups and it is safe to say that very little frost penetrated these novel protective tents in that orchard. Another young grove in that neighborhood was protected with boughs of Monterey pine, the ends driven into the ground and the tops fastened firmly with strings about the foliage of the plants.

Old Age Unattractive.

POOR Euclid avenue, with its serious incumbrance of neglected pepper trees! One of the grandest conceptions of a fine avenue in the world, the plan was carried out in the letter and spirit, creating one of the great show places of Southern California. For years this famous quadruple alignment of shade trees was the pride of this end of the State. Now scores of these trees are standing neglected and sickly, a relic of what they once were and a lesson not to plant—unless there is some one to water. Indeed, Euclid avenue is still a fine sight to those who did not see it when the trees were vigorous and healthy. Perhaps it may be restored again, but at present its condition illustrates the paucity of provision for the maintenance of our public shade trees. Not from lack of favorable sentiment are these avenues all over the State allowed to languish, but from the lack of policy and means. No orchards in the South are more beautiful or productive than those at Ontario and Upland, skirting Euclid avenue on either side, and nowhere are there more beautiful homes than they shelter and maintain. In these notes I have deplored similar shade tree conditions in Los Angeles and other counties and once this department of The Times gave assistance to an organization formed to promote the shade-tree interests of this section. Public sentiment may be forming to burst forth in a successful effort to better the present conditions. Until that happy time we can only express regret that a matter of such vital importance should so long remain in the background, and fail to encourage big shade tree propositions unless provision is made for their perpetual support.

Three Thousand Inhabitants.

TWO years ago last June the agricultural editor of The Times was detailed to visit the great Salton basin and report upon the prospects of that section's becoming a factor in the production of farm products, should the proposed Imperial canal be put through and water supplied upon a basis of irrigating a large area of the desert delta of the Colorado. The report of that visit was published in the Daily Times on the fourth day of July, 1908—the first story of the work proposed and the possibilities of that country, given to the public. The canal gradually assumed shape within the next few months, and by January 1, 1901, actual farming had commenced. From these dates it will be seen that only two years have passed since the great Imperial land area began to develop, and yet it has made phenomenal progress. A gentleman just from these lands says there are now 3000 people living upon the newly-irrigated lands within the territory watered by the new canal, and thousands of acres are under cultivation already.

Eastern visitors should see the Imperial lands before returning to their homes. They are watered from the flow of the largest river of an arid region in the world. It is comparable to the Nile in many respects, especially in size and physical surroundings. In the summer when the lands need abundant supplies of water the Colorado has reached its highest point. It carries a rich sediment. In urging visitors to investigate these lands The Times is governed by a desire to give the tourists a more comprehensive idea of the scope of California's resources, and to assist in the development of a section capable of furnishing forage and other farm crops in sufficient quantities to obviate the importation of these commodities from the East. March is a pleasant month in which to visit these lands.

The So-called Orange Thrips.

TWO weeks ago slight reference was made in these columns to the discovery of a new enemy of the orange. I stated that the report would have to be verified concerning the origin of the new spotting found on the oranges. It is not probable that the identity of this malady will be established this year. While in San Bernardino one day last week the horticultural commissioners showed me dozens of oranges affected by these brown spots. The fruit seems to be affected more

extensively at Redlands than elsewhere. It is found at Ontario and as far west as the River. The specimens in the office at Redlands were taken from trees neither fumigated nor so the damage is clearly from fungus or insect.

Commissioner R. A. Pease of San Bernardino discovered this insect's work, if it were thrips. He has sent specimens of the affected oranges to several entomological experts, but so far the evidence that the origin is purely circumstantial, with a pretence that it is caused by thrips. The life history of thrips is not well known, and Washington are not very positive that thrips have lived indigenous to California since they began to grow for commerce without molesting the last year or so. It is indeed strange that they should so change its feeding habits in one year to become a menace to citrus fruit crops. After fruit on exhibition at San Bernardino, however, admit that thrips should stand condemned as guilty.

Were They Fairy Tales?

THE forcing power of California climate is better illustrated than by the testimony of vegetable growers of sixty years ago. When hunters did not succeed in accumulating millions as they expected some of them turned to cultivation of the soil, as early as 1850. In the summer of that year planted twenty watermelons near the present site of Marysville. The melons were all sold for \$25.00 each, and sold for forty cents a pound and in these days a load of garden truck commanded a price of precious dust.

The first public exhibition of the horticulture of the State was held at San Francisco in 1851. The show was brought about in a way that was an average horticultural liar of the present time. Before twelve men of good repute till they had report had placed their names to the following statement: "On land owned and cultivated by the heirs of Santa Cruz, an onion grew to the weight of twenty-one pounds, and a turnip which equaled exactly in size the top of a house. On land owned and cultivated by Thomas H. Hage grew which measured while growing to be six inches around its body. Its weight was a best grown by Isaac Brannan, at San Jose, sixty-three pounds; carrots three feet in length, forty pounds. At Stockton, a turnip weighed in and at a dinner for twelve persons, of a size larger than the size of an ordinary hat, leaving at least the half untouched." (Patents, 1851.)

Is it any wonder that the pioneer people of a show-down when they heard what they saw fairy tales from San Jose and Santa Cruz. But I have not space to enumerate the stories were shown at the first California fair, and it stronger than to state that the twelve completely vindicated for so, the vegetables were to San Francisco and placed upon exhibition at this pioneer fair weighed 140 pounds what would that squash be compared to the exhibited by Southern California at Chicago World's Fair? I have seen them weighed on sale by the ton running 300 pounds for the

THE FRUIT INDUSTRY.

Fruit Growers' Convention.

THE Fruit Growers' Convention, under the auspices of the State Board of Horticulture and the Chamber of Commerce will be held in some time during the month of April. President of the State Board has appointed Capt. M. J. Riverside and John Isaac of San Francisco, of the Angeles Chamber of Commerce has selected Goodwin of Los Angeles and A. P. Griffin of these four gentlemen will constitute a committee to make arrangements for the holding of the convention. It is the intention to make the convention of Southern California convention, and with a view considerable time will be devoted to the fruit industry; this subject, in fact, will be the feature of the convention. Interesting prepared dealing with the packing, shipping and marketing of citrus fruits, particularly in the line of exportation, and it is expected that Riverside will materially in this part of the programme as has been made such a success in that section.

The intention is also to have in connection with the fruit and fruit products, labor saving devices for picking, packing, grading, etc. The Chamber of Commerce will have in charge the Riverside exhibit and it is expected that a new one will be installed. During the Fruit Convention recently held in San Francisco, the results were far ahead of the expectations of the Press.

The Buyers to the Importers.

THE following letter will be sent to the buyers of foreign fruit. It deals with the matter of and is practically a hard-and-fast agreement between men who rank high as buyers of foreign fruit. It should result in the abolition of the evil. It reads as follows: "We, the undersigned buyers of fruit at public auction, being convinced that the inducement to the buyers to bid upon and

or parts of invoices of goods consigned to them, is a pernicious practice, which establishes fictitious prices, produces uncertainty, creates inequalities, invites suspicion and operates to the detriment and discredit of the trade as a whole, have mutually agreed, and individually and severally pledge themselves to refrain from buying or bidding upon any lots of lemons, oranges or other goods, consigned to, or offered at public sale by any importer or firm of importers, paying or promising to pay any rebate, concession or other pecuniary inducement, to any buyer, whenever we shall be morally satisfied that such rebate, concession or inducement has been paid or promised.

"Believing that the importers, as a class, are desirous of ridding the trade of a destructive and far-reaching evil, we feel confident that our wishes in this matter will be respected, and that, to the credit and advantage to the trade, the practice complained of will be immediately and permanently discontinued.

"Very respectfully: Chas. H. Parsons, S. Salita, Victor L. Zorn, Chas. W. Maxfield, C. Wilkinson's Son, G. DiCola, P. Ruhlman & Co., Schott & Franke Co., Zuoca & Co., A. M. Bank's Sons, Frank H. White, Theo. H. Wegman, L. B. Greason, Robt. Dixon, H. L. Thompson."

—[Fruitman's Guide.]

A Job for the Fool Killer.

EVERYBODY is supposed to know all about farming; but the way that rule doesn't hold good is beautifully illustrated almost every day. No finer examples are to be found than those occurring in the common newspapers; but the following display of ignorance is rather more than could be expected of a handsome and entertaining weekly. Such a paper it is, however, that prints the following story under the absurd title of "Hypodermics for Trees."

"As a result of recent experiments in science, it is claimed that the days of the woolly aphid, the codling moth and other fruit pests are numbered. The new process of fighting orchard insects is unique. A hole or socket is bored into the trunk of the tree, and in the opening is deposited a compound to be taken up by the sap into the branches of the tree.

"It is claimed that not only are fruit and tree pests thus destroyed, but that the tree, by its absorption of the injection, is made healthy and thriving.

"The compound injected into the tree consists of gunpowder, saltpeter, copperas and sulphur. Pulverized and mixed and applied according to a patented process, the ingredients are said to be readily absorbed by the tree.

"Thoroughly diseased apple and peach trees experimented upon were purged of their pests, and the quality of the fruit improved, and the trees grew sturdy under the tonic effect of the insecticide."

This scheme is as old as the rules of witchcraft; it is founded on the same principles, and it lives in minds of the same grade of intelligence. For fifty years every agricultural journal in the country has tried to conquer this stupid old fraud, and every man of average common sense who ever grew a tree knows how absurd the whole thing is. One would naturally suppose that a man capable of pasting up time copy for the paper in which we find it would know better. We might even expect that any wonderful new discoveries in science or agriculture would be referred to some one who knew something of agricultural science before the subject was mentioned in the paper. If it had been a matter of electrical engineering, or banking, or land titles, or theology, doubtless an expert opinion would have been asked. But since it was merely a matter of growing trees, any fool could manage it.—[San Francisco Chronicle.]

THE FARM.

Seed Oats Early in Southwest.

THE oat crop has yielded well in Oklahoma for the past three years, and has brought good prices. The average of the yields on the experiment station farm at Stillwater was as follows: 1900, 72 bushels; 1901, 41 bushels; 1902, 54 bushels per acre. The variety used in these trials was Texas Red, one of the very best tested and one most commonly grown in Oklahoma. The data on which the above yields were secured were secured as follows: 1900, March 2; 1901, March 1; 1902, March 4. Early seedling has been found to be very important, as it usually gives much the best yields. If the season is not backward, the seedling should begin in the middle of February and be finished not later than the middle of March. Oats may be soaked in water, allowed to germinate, and to freeze, and still they will grow. If the plants have been up several days and growth has continued until the substance is all out of the seed and the plant not yet well rooted, a hard frost will kill many of the plants.

Oats do best on a compact, well-settled seed bed, and whatever method is necessary to obtain it at seedling time should be followed. If oat ground is to be plowed, it should be done in the fall or early winter, so as to give it time to settle. Spring plowing will often give good results if it is well worked down with a drag and if heavy rains fall so as to settle the soil before the spring drought. Because of the rush of work and the risk of not getting the seed bed fine enough, spring plowing for oats is not usually advisable. The ground should be gone over thoroughly with a disk or cultivator before the seed is put on. If the season is a dry one, care should be taken that the soil is not allowed to dry out too much after this is done and before the seed is put in and the soil worked down again.

Oats are quite generally broadcasted, but the results are poorer and more uniform if the drill is used. The Oklahoma experiment station seeds oats at the rate of five bushels per acre. In the experiments mentioned above, this amount of good, clean seed was put in with a drill and the soil was in the best of tilth. A good, liberal seedling gives a good, thick stand that keeps down all weeds, and the plants do not tiller so much as when thin seedling is followed. With thin seedling, the sucker stalks are much later and more numerous in ripening than the seed stalks, and are really damaged by rust. The oat crop should be included in the rotation on every Oklahoma farm, not so

much because it is a cash crop to be sold from the farm, as for its value in the rotation and its feeding value on the farm.

Coburn and the Exposition.

THE Kansas Farmer, which certainly has a good opportunity to know whereof it speaks—though Secretary Coburn's fame has extended far and wide—says:

One of the most important events in the development of the Universal Exposition in commemoration of the Louisiana purchase is the success of the management in securing Secretary F. D. Coburn of the Kansas State Board of Agriculture as chief of the department of live stock. Congratulations are due to the president of the exposition company, ex-Governor Francis, on the acquisition of Coburn, a man known throughout the civilized world, and especially well known for his public services in the interests of improved live stock.

Under Coburn's management there will never be any jobbing in his department, and no breed or class of animals will fail to receive just recognition. Breeders will know that a great exposition of live stock will be made, and each will be eager for a part in it.

The success of the live stock exhibit at the great exposition is now assured. The \$1,000,000 that it is said will be devoted to prizes will be judiciously and fairly placed and honestly awarded, and the greatest show of live stock ever made in any country will be created.

This work will occupy a large part of Mr. Coburn's time and energy for the next two years, after which Kansas will again claim his undivided services.—[New York Tribune.]

Benefits of Driving.

NO OTHER exercise known combines the same degree of physical activity, of functional invigoration and of pleasure, with such slight tax upon the vital powers, as driving," says a London writer. "The physical activity is the result of two causes: First, the jolting, jarring and swaying of the vehicle; and, secondly, the vital stimulation incident to the pleasure of the drive. It is difficult to say which of these influences is the more important as a vital stimulant, the mechanical agitation or the exhilaration. The movement of the vehicle necessitates a certain amount of muscular action, mainly in the muscles of the abdominal region and the waist. Every swaying of the trunk backward, forward or to the side calls for a gentle contraction of these important muscles, and every such contraction accelerates, by just so much, the action of the heart, lungs, stomach, liver and bowels. The mechanical agitation imparted to the body by the vehicle acts in quite a different way to emphasize the same effect—to encourage deeper respiration, heart action and peristalsis. Then the rapid movement through the air, bringing the skin constantly in contact with fresh supplies of air (thus creating a kind of artificial breeze) is of immense value in increasing the amount of oxygen absorbed by it."—[American Cultivator.]

THE DAIRY.

The Farm Separator.

THE increasing popularity of the farm separator and of the taking of cream instead of whole milk to the creameries, is shown by the report of Dairy Commissioner Norton of Iowa, who said that in 1899 there were 1762 in use in that State, and in 1900 nearly twice that number, or 3332. We have not seen a later report, but an increase at the same rate would have resulted in the use of ten thousand the past year. The only objection we have seen urged against them is the difficulty of bringing the cream to the factory in good condition in very hot or very cold weather, and the partial churning of it in the cans when carried over a long route. The former can be overcome in the wagon as it is in the creamery, by making the wagons protected from extreme changes of temperature, and by use of ice in summer and a heating apparatus in winter. The churning can be mostly checked by the use of a float in the can, or other receptacle in which it is carried. We feel anxious for the success of this plan, because it leaves the sweet skim milk at home for table use and for the pigs and calves. It saves time for the farmer, because one cream gatherer from the factory can take the cream from a hundred farms, and allow the farmer to remain at work at home or to oversee his hired men, which on a large farm may be of much more value than his own strength put to hard labor.

When the cream is tested for butter fat at the farms there should be half-pint jars taken of each lot, to be again tested and examined at the factory, that if there is any lack of care in handling the milk there, or in any other particular, as improper food, impure water or a lack of cleanliness, it may be detected and traced to its cause, which should be rectified at once. Such of these samples as are not used in the test bottles can be added to the cream in the vats, and therefore they should be as well protected from excess of heat or cold as the rest of the cream. In fact, if this is not done the second test may not be reliable.—[American Cultivator.]

THE SUGAR BEET.

Banana Sugar.

A BARREL of sugar made from bananas was recently shown in New York, the first of its kind in that city. A correspondent says of it: Some months ago I wrote you concerning a new kind of brown sugar that was being experimented with in the West Indies and obtained from the "meats" of the banana. I also stated that it was fairly satisfactory and that later a few hundred barrels would be manufactured to introduce it in the American market. A barrel of this sugar arrived here last week and I was given an opportunity of testing its merits.

The sugar flavor is all there, and the taste is pleasant and palatable, but there is a slight banana flavor, which is more noticeable when the sugar is dissolved in coffee, tea, etc. Still it is an agreeable flavor, for the banana taste is full and sweet in itself and conveys a really tropical impression.

The great trouble has been, however, to make the sugar perfectly dry, and I notice that it is still quite damp. All the experiments tried would not do away with this condition. But the manufacturers claim to

now possess the secret of this feature and will at once proceed to put it into execution.

Should the dampness be eliminated I can see no reason why banana sugar should not take its place as a regular article of commerce and enter the markets on a fair basis with other similar goods.

It can be sold much cheaper than the present sugars, the most enthusiastic of its champions claiming that 3 cents per pound would allow a handsome profit.—[California Fruit Grower.]

Beet Planting in Progress.

MANAGER J. T. SCHROEDER informed us the first of the week that there were at that time 900 acres planted to beets for the Chino factory and that planting is now going forward steadily. There will be approximately 8000 acres planted for this factory, and Mr. Schroeder says that is as large an acreage as the company wants to handle. In fact, a larger acreage could have been secured had it been desired.

A number of experimental plots of beets are being grown by the company in the vicinity of Indio on the Colorado desert. Should that country appear to be adapted to the culture, a supply of beets could be matured there in time to open the factory by June 1. The matter will be thoroughly tested this year, J. V. Dunn having charge of the desert beet "fields." Freight from Indio would be about the same as from Westminster, so the distance is not considered prohibitive. The great object, of course, of testing that locality is to secure a supply of early beets and so advance and lengthen the sugar campaign.

Several fields of beets, just coming up, in Orange county, were injured by the frost of two weeks ago, and have been replanted. Otherwise the plantings so far are making a good, thrifty growth.—[Chino Champion.]

THE VINEYARD.

Birds and Grape Growers.

IN A REPORT on the trade and commerce of Bordeaux, France, British Consul Hearn refers to the evil of destroying birds. He says:

"A most important matter is that of the insect pests which attack the vines and grapes, to kill which chemicals are used which are certainly not conducive to improving the vines or the wine. I believe these insect pests are largely due to the absence of bird life in France. A bird, no matter how small, that can live out a season in these parts bears a charmed life. Every bird, from a tit upward in size, is stalked, potted and devoured by the French peasant, who invariably owns either a fowling piece or a military rifle converted to carry shot cartridges, so that as soon as the shooting season commences every bird that flies finds itself hunted from one row of vines to another. The song of the thrush and blackbird is hardly ever heard in the vine district, and the smaller insect-devouring birds are seldom seen."

He then gives a calculation of a French advocate of bird protection, which, if only half correct, shows the stupendous folly of destroying the birds which are the great friends of all producers.



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Conservative Life Insurance Co., Its Growth and Its Making

THE wealthiest corporations in the United States today are the great life insurance companies of the Atlantic cities. With few exceptions they are institutions that have been established successfully in business for forty or more years. That the progressive west should permit them undisputed possession of the field of life insurance operations was not to be long continued. Yet until a comparatively few years ago there had been no life insurance company organized west of the Mississippi River that gave promise of development into a national force. With the steady progress and growth of the cities of the Middle and Western States has come naturally the creation of a number of life insurance companies that have met with gratifying success.

It remained, however, for the city of Los Angeles to present to America a corporation constructed for insuring lives that has carved out the distinction of being the most unique and successful life insurance company organized in late years. The Conservative Life Insurance Company of this city is but a youngster in the business, but it stands forth conspicuously for its remarkable growth, its skilled management in all departments and the unquestioned possibilities for its development into one of America's greatest life insurance organizations. That Los Angeles was eligible for place among the ranks of cities having claim to financial distinction has been demonstrated by the prominence attained by the Conservative Life in the financial and insurance world. It is one of the youngest members in the family of life insurance companies. Its present undisputed position among the life insurance companies of merit and worth may well be said to have marked an epoch in the growth of this city as a financial and insurance center. And to the men who have contributed so substantially to the fame of Los Angeles too much credit cannot be given.

The Conservative Life Insurance Company was incorporated under the laws of California, on the sixteenth day of May, 1900, with a capital stock of \$200,000, at a par value of \$100 a share, and with a surplus of \$100,000 all being paid in. The basis of the organization on its insurance operations is that accepted the

world over as the only true scientific calculation for safely offering such indemnity. It is technically known as the "old-line legal reserve" system. In financial circles throughout the State and the country the company was at once recognized as having started under most auspicious circumstances, and within a short time after its incorporation its stock was quoted at 60 per cent. above par.

From the various statements of the company's affairs made to the California Insurance Department, the sound and rapid building up of the company has been recognized. Indeed the growth of its business has been remarkable and is unprecedented in the history of life insurance companies in this country. The last official report, on the company's operations during the year 1902, shows the company to have \$1,236,572.22 in assets with a surplus of \$301,221.25. The insurance in force on lives accepted amounts to \$11,000,000. No company at the same age ever showed so much insurance in force, so much assets and so much surplus.

Probably few people appreciate the gigantic task involved in launching a new life insurance company in this day and age. That such a corporation is "successfully" launched is no guaranty always that success will attend its prosecution of its functions as a life insurance company. Many a life insurance company has been financed in a manner promising flattering prospects, only to meet with crippling consequences in its efforts to develop successfully its life business. Naturally, it was thought that with a field developed as that of life insurance, there would be scant chance for a new company on the Pacific Coast. Yet despite keen competition and a crowded field the Conservative Life has attained within the short space of two and a half years a secure foothold among the recognized safely conducted life insurance companies in this country.

That such a thing was made possible under such circumstances has a contributing cause. It may be found primarily in the character of policy forms offered to the public by the company and the caliber of the men presenting them. In the creation of these policies it was recognized that the company would have to present an

unusually attractive proposition to the public to offset the advantages held by the old established companies whose prestige hampered the companies in competition.

Among the founders and organizers of the Conservative Life, the task of creating the company's insurance contracts and literature fell to William Tupper, the First Vice-President and General Agent of Agencies. The company's phenomenal success is in no small degree directly attributable to the unique forms of policies the product of the mind of Mr. Tupper. His whole life has been devoted to the scientific study of the underlying principles of sound life insurance, supplemented by many years of practical office and field work. For the task was, it will be seen, completely brought to the work a knowledge of affairs that found expression in the great sale of the company's attractive forms.

Perhaps the most interesting thing in the operations in this country was the launching of a policy form whereby a man could secure absolutely complete protection. Under the Conservative Life given life, accident insurance in a form of simple and satisfaction that before, could not be obtained except by separate policies and at greater cost. The success of the company's business has been largely due to the sale of this special combination contract, the most popular policy contract on the coast. It is calculated with such expert actuarial skill that it makes it an absolutely safe proposition to insure and a splendid holding for the insured.

Mr. Tupper has spent years of study in the form of policy and has contributed to the business many valuable dissertations. These articles are scholarly yet easily understood and have been widely quoted in America by recognized authorities on life insurance. A few pithy extracts from one of his previous "partial loss in life insurance," will be found in the following is from an address which



CONSERVATIVE LIFE BUILDING—HOME OFFICE OF THE CONSERVATIVE LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF LOS ANGELES.

was invited to deliver before the University of

Life insurance rests on the same basis as fire insurance. While life is precious, viewed in the light of investment, it is the financial value of a life which is insured. Human life is insured for the same reason as a building, and for that reason only. Now we call your attention to a singular anomaly; suppose that a building or furniture has been insured, and is by fire partly destroyed. That partial loss would be paid of course, because the insurance company insures for whatever loss may occur to the property by fire, within the amount of the policy and the value of the property. Now, remembering that it is the productive energy of human life that is insured, what shall we say of a partial loss of life through accident or disease? Insurance against accident and insurance against disease are well recognized branches of the business; but they have been heretofore looked upon as something distinct and apart from life insurance. As a matter of fact, they are both life insurance in the full sense of the term, as much as the insurance which protects your property against a partial loss is fire insurance, equally so that which protects it from a total loss. Life insurance policies are now being devised which will protect life fully and completely and pay the par-

closed, wrote over \$1,000,000.00 of new business. The cost of procuring this business, in commission to agents, salaries, etc., was as low as obtains with any life insurance company in this country. The company's field force is being increased each day, with recruits that have been trained in the school of practical experience. They are as fine a lot of well-equipped men as can be found with any life insurance company in America.

In this connection, an interesting event has just been celebrated the past week at the company's Home Office. It was the gathering of a large number of its agents for the First Annual Agency Convention. A programme of instruction and entertainment was carried out that was greatly enjoyed. Agents from every section where the company does business were in attendance. They came as guests of the company, having qualified for the honor by writing a certain sum of business assigned to each. There was never in the history of life insurance conventions a more enthusiastic gathering of a faithful band of workers, and the Conservative Life will certainly reap splendid results from its first plan of bringing the field representatives to touch elbows and get acquainted with the home office officials.

Among the assets of the Conservative Life is the handsome six-story office building, a half-tone of which is reproduced in connection with this article. The

alon and management of the extensive estate left by his father. And the ensuing few years found him occupied in the details of its management. He ever manifested a praiseworthy public spirit, and presented to Cambridge a City Hall, Public Library and a Manual Training School. The latter institution he conducted for over ten years at his own expense, finally turning it over to the city. A direct result of this benefaction was the passing of a law by the State Legislature, making compulsory the establishment and maintenance of similar schools by all cities of over 20,000 population in the State.

Mr. Rindge still retains extensive interests in various manufacturing enterprises in Massachusetts and New England. Upon his arrival in California, he at once became identified with the best interests of this State. He is the owner of much realty, among which is a beautifully-located and highly-productive ranch, which lies along the coast line for a distance of twenty-five miles. It is principally devoted to cattle and grain raising, and has the distinction of being one of the largest ranches in this country of princely domains.

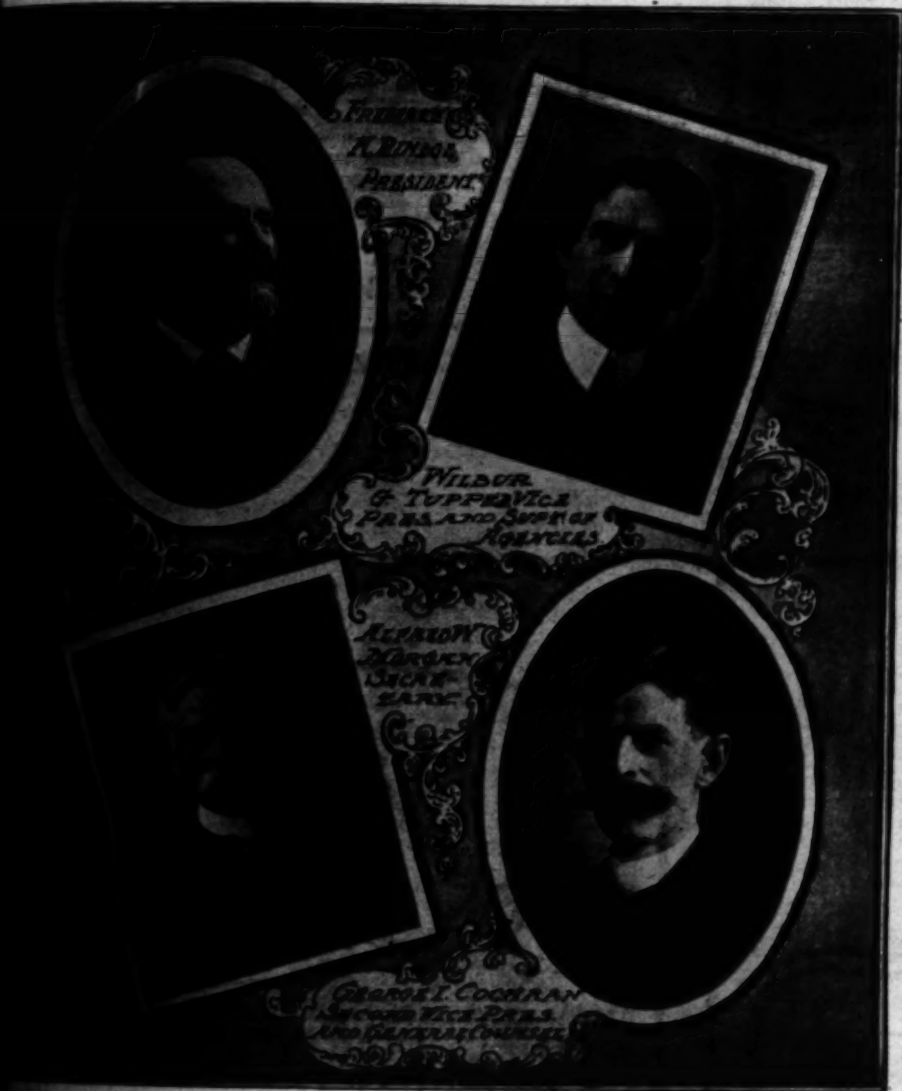
Wilbur S. Tupper, Vice-President and Superintendent of Agencies, owes his nativity to the Badger State, where he was born at Evansville in 1864, following the strenuous days of the war. At an early age he set his heart upon the acquirement of a University education, and so persistently did he work along those lines, that he was an honor graduate of the University of Wisconsin, at a time when he was barely out of his teens. He later was offered a position in his alma mater as instructor. After filling the position for a number of years, he became imbued with the immense possibilities in the field of life insurance, and commenced a systematic and scientific study of the subject. After mastering the theoretical and actuarial details, he became an executive special for one of the great life insurance companies, and thereby familiarized himself with practical field work, where he won gratifying success and distinction.

When the opportunity was ripe for him to assume a place upon the directorate of the Conservative, it will be seen that he came with attributes essential to the success of the new company. His previous experience had equipped him peculiarly for solving the problems which confront a new life company. As Superintendent of Agencies, Mr. Tupper has manifested rare discrimination and judgment in the selection of men, as is evidenced by the few changes made in the working force when installed under his supervision, and by the great band of workers now serving under him. His knowledge of human nature has conduced to this in a generous measure. He is the active manager of the company's immense business. Mr. Tupper possesses that charm of personality, which comes of travel, experience, education and good breeding. He is a man of force and character, and in all relations of business and friendship commands at once the confidence and esteem of all who have the favor of his acquaintance. He is regarded as one of the very best equipped life insurance men in America.

The Second Vice-President and General Counsel, George I. Cochran, is a Canadian by birth, although he has been a resident of this city since 1867, when he commenced the practice of his profession. He met with immediate and gratifying success, early establishing a reputation as a successful corporation lawyer. He has been associated with many corporate organizations in this section of the State, and as a director of the Broadway Bank and Trust Company is in close touch with the financial interests of Los Angeles and California. As chairman of the committee on finances and investments of the Conservative Life Insurance Company, he has contributed in no small degree to the upbuilding of the company's financial strength. He conceived the idea of the new office building, and it was largely through his untiring efforts that it was erected. Mr. Cochran is a man of energy, but is as unassuming in manner as he is forceful in presence. His keen observation, is apparent but unobtrusive. His address inspires confidence, and all impressions proclaim him the man of capability his exceptional career has proved him to be.

Alfred W. Morgan, Secretary of the company, was born in England. He became associated with a prominent firm of public accountants in England, as early as 1877, and three years later was associated with the well-known firm of Humphrey, Morgan and Company. He retained his interest in the firm until coming to California in 1887. For a few years after his arrival in this State, he engaged in ranching, with the object of bettering his health. In 1896, he again began the active duties of his profession in this city, where he soon gained as clients some of the most prominent corporations in this section of the State.

Upon the organization of the Conservative Life Insurance Company, Mr. Morgan was made Auditor, a position he held until tendered that of Secretary. His wide experience as an accountant, together with his exceptional knowledge of all that pertains to the science, and his keen insight into insurance principles and methods renders him a most valuable member of the company's executive staff. He is a man of fine personality, as well as of business acumen, and discharges the duties of citizenship in all its capacities with the utmost honor. The names of these gentlemen stand for integrity, business ability and success in everything pertaining to insurance, and they are held in high regard in business and financial circles.—[Adv.]



well as the total loss of life. And in one of the greatest developments of life insurance, a contract which protects the family of the insured in case of death; which protects him in case of infirmity by sickness or by accident. Life insurance in its most complete and perfect

form, one of the greatest developments of life insurance, a contract which protects the family of the insured in case of death; which protects him in case of infirmity by sickness or by accident. Life insurance in its most complete and perfect

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Conservative Life in the month of February, just

building was erected by the company during 1902, and is rented largely to corporations on long-time leases. It is said to net 7 per cent. on the investment, and is one of the handsomest office buildings in Los Angeles, being modern in every particular and fire proof throughout. The location, corner of Third and Hill streets, is most desirable, in the heart of the growing business center of the city.

The stockholders of the company are among the most prominent financial, business and professional men of this city and State, and represent aggregate wealth of many millions. The entire success of the corporation depends upon the men who officer it, and in this respect the Conservative Life Insurance Company is remarkably endowed. The executive staff is composed of the following well-known men: Frederick H. Rindge, President; Wilbur S. Tupper, Vice-President and Superintendent of Agencies; George I. Cochran, Second Vice-President and General Counsel, Alfred W. Morgan, Secretary and Thomas B. Inch, Treasurer.

Frederick H. Rindge is a native of Massachusetts and was born in 1859. The early days of his life were passed in the city of Cambridge, where he received his education, later, graduating from Harvard University in the same class with President Roosevelt and other distinguished men of affairs. Shortly after receiving his degree from the University, he succeeded to the pos-

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